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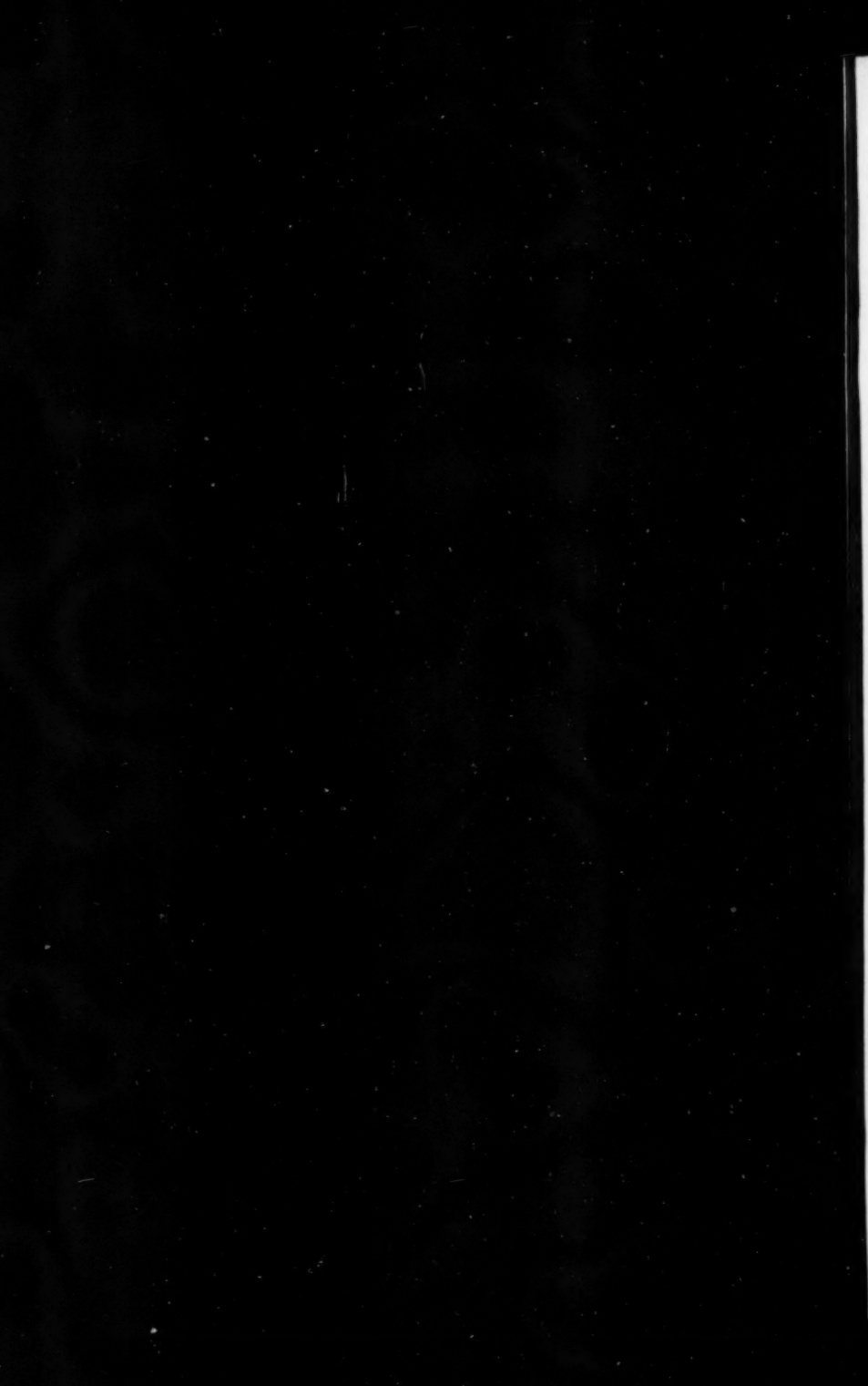
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LORD ACTON AND THE "RAMBLER"

Lord Acton and his Circle. By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B. London: Burns and Oates. 1906.

William George Ward and the Catholic Revival. By Wilfrid Ward. London: Macmillan. 1893.

TO those who are especially interested in the cause of progress in thought and learning among Catholics, the Letters of Lord Acton, just published, and Abbot Gasquet's historical introduction to the volume, will be of absorbing interest. Some compression would have improved the book, we think. But it is a mine of interesting material, and the introduction is a very able and informing piece of work, which gives us the hitherto unpublished documents for a very important chapter in Cardinal Newman's life. Although a good many unimportant letters from Lord Acton appear in the volume, there are also a considerable portion of surpassing interest. If the letters to Mrs Drew present him to us as he lived and moved in general society in his later years, these letters show him to us at the outset of his career, as a strenuous student, working in partnership with other students, and endowed with a passion for learning that recalls his German descent. Fresh from Munich he had there caught something of the spirit which made Döllinger, Möhler, Görres and the rest of their school the apparent harbingers of a movement—never, alas, fully realized in the event—on behalf of thought and learning within the Church.

It is often said that the early career of Lord Acton—or Sir John Acton as he then was—is interesting as embodying a great effort of "Liberal Catholicism" to secure an influence in England. To us the most interesting story told by these letters is other. That the very loose and elastic phrase "Liberal Catholic" might be applied to some of the tendencies of the *Rambler* and the *Home and Foreign Review*, which Acton had so large a share in conducting, we are not concerned to deny. That Acton had, in point of fact,

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an almost fanatical worship for the abstract idea of "liberty" which in a more consistent thinker would have been irreconcilable with Catholic principles, we believe. That his prejudices at times made his historical judgements flagrantly unjust, again, some of the later letters to Mrs Drew have convinced most people. But these are matters of which the present volume tells very little. What it does bring home to us is the battle, in the 'fifties and early 'sixties of the last century, not so much between Liberal Catholicism and orthodox Conservatism, as between the deep desire for intellectual reform which most educated English Catholics felt in common at that time, and the complacent optimism of the half-educated who were in a numerical majority. This is the first point which strikes the reader of the volume before us. If for the moment we confine our view to the aim which Lord Acton set before himself in conducting the *Rambler*, as revealed in the earlier of these letters, and apart from subsequent defects in the manner of its realization, we find it to be largely an aim in which not only Cardinal Newman but Mr W. G. Ward entirely sympathized. How far the professed aim was entirely consistent with the real aim, and how far it was actually achieved, is another question. And of this we shall shortly speak. But that the general advance of thought and learning in the nineteenth century did call for a reformation in the Catholic textbooks in use at that time, in theology and philosophy alike, was a sentiment in which the more able and learned Catholics of all schools of thought concurred. Allowance must, of course, be made in recording Mr Ward's expressed opinions on this subject for his habit of speaking and writing in strong language. But the following words from a letter of 1858 to Mr Richard Simpson (Acton's chief collaborator) unquestionably represent a deep-rooted conviction when every necessary deduction has been made.

"I most fully agree with you," writes Mr Ward, "not only (as of course I do) on the intense interest of theology, but also in your criticism that it needs entire reconstruction to meet the exigencies of the day. For a really competent

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theologian it seems to me no less requisite that he should have a general knowledge of the present state of mental and physical science than that he should know the *loci theologici* themselves. I always tell my pupils here [at St Edmund's College] that as far as I can see at the present time the Catholic world to the Protestant world is in much the same condition as barbarians to civilized men."

Mr Ward's reading and interest in philosophy made him feel especially the need of keeping abreast of the course of thought in that department. And he congratulated Mr Simpson especially on his recognition of this necessity in the *Rambler*. "I think," he writes, "the *Rambler* has been the only publication which has shown the most distant perception as to the immense intellectual work incumbent on us in both theology and philosophy. . . I am most deeply convinced that the whole philosophical fabric which occupies our colleges is rotten from the roof to the floor (or rather from the floor to the roof). No one who has not been practically mixed up with a seminary would imagine to how great an extent it *intellectually debauches* the students' minds."

With Aetion history naturally came first. We are now generally familiar with the view that the study of their origins and growth in history is essential to the understanding of present social phenomena and of many intellectual beliefs. In the 'fifties of the last century this view was only struggling into acceptance. Theology was for the most part studied on the plane of the present. The perspective belonging to the various dates at which its problems were brought forward and its dogmatic formulæ were fashioned, and the conditions which led to their formulation and affected the lines of further theological development, were generally lost sight of. Aetion was not in the ordinary sense a theologian; but under the influence of Döllinger he had got a fast hold on the scientific method of history in all departments. And the history of theology was not excluded from his purview. He saw at once in Newman's writing on the first three centuries of Church history that familiarity with original sources which his laborious reading

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for *The Arians of the Fourth Century* had first begotten, and Acton hailed him as a theologian of the truly scientific stamp. His equipment as an historian of dogma marked him off as belonging to a different world of thought from those to whom the origins of theology were unknown territory.

The character Acton desired to impress on the *Rambler* is brought out with especial clearness in the following reply to Mr Simpson's remonstrance with him for not treating with greater respect the theological writing of an able but entirely unhistorical writer of the day. The passage is so characteristic of Acton's whole mind and of the nature of his own work that we quote it in full in spite of its length.

The Germans have a word, *Quellenmässig*=*ex ipsissimis fontibus*, and another *Wissenschaftlichkeit*, which is nearly equivalent to the Platonic *ἐπιστήμη* as opposed to *αἴσθησις*, *δόξα*, *μνήμη*, etc. When a book of theology, history or any other science, is destitute of these essential qualities, it belongs to a wholly different category, and, however meritorious it is in its proper sphere, is not to be treated or spoken of seriously. I might have Gibbon or Grote by heart, I should yet have no real, original, scientific knowledge of Roman or Grecian history, though I might make a great show of it and eclipse a better scholar. So in theology I might know profoundly all the books written by divines since the Council of Trent, but I should be no theologian unless I studied painfully, and in the sources, the genesis and growth of the doctrines of the Church. A theologian cannot choose between the Fathers, the scholastic writers or the modern schools, any more than an historian can choose whether he will read Livy or Polybius to write his history of the Punic War. Now, I went through a three years' course of this kind of study of theology, so that, although I did not exhaust any subject, and am, therefore, no authority on any question, yet I know very well the method on which it is necessary to proceed, and can at once detect a writer who, even with immense reading of theologians, is but a *dilettante* in theology. That's why I said Newman's essay on *St Cyril*, which on a minute point was original and progressive, was a bit of theology, which all the works of Faber, Morris, Ward and Dalgairns will never be. They have all got a *regia via* which leads them astray, and for scientific purposes all their labour is wasted. It is the absence of scientific method and of original learning in nearly all even of our best writers that makes it impossible for me to be really interested in their writings. *Lite-*

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rally, to my judgement, they are to be classed with Formby's *Bible History*, rather than with Newman's *Essay* or Möhler's *Symbolik*, and this no talent can redeem. Altogether this is almost an unknown idea amongst us in England. It is what I attempted to urge in my last paper. Everything else has only a momentary passing importance; it is like skirmishing and sharpshooting in a battle, *tant que la garde n'a pas donné*, as Napoleon said. ἀγώνισμα ἐς τὸ παραχρῆμα is the motto of almost all our literature; and that is why, as I say, no progress can be made. Science is valueless unless pursued without regard to consequences or to application—only what the Germans call a "subjective" safeguard is required. I did not go farther into this in the article, partly because it was already too long, and partly because I did not think you would agree with it. You want things to be brought to bear, to have an effect. I think our studies ought to be all but purposeless. They want to be pursued with chastity, like mathematics. This, at least, is my profession of faith.

In February, 1858, we find the scheme for the *Rambler* under the directorship of Acton and Simpson in its first stage. W. G. Ward was invited to be a joint proprietor, and though he declined he was still regarded by Acton as "a good fellow" and a sympathizer. Newman was the trusted mentor. For a moment the zeal which all had in common for the development of the English Catholic intellect, and their common dissatisfaction with the teaching at the existing colleges, seemed to give some promise of joint action. For Newman's experience at Dublin and Ward's at St Edmund's College had deeply impressed on them both the intellectual shortcomings of education among Catholics.* In the event, when common enthusiasm translated itself into practical work, the lines taken by the three men proved hopelessly divergent. The divergence became first most plainly apparent between W. G. Ward and the *Rambler*. Ward's conviction that all our activities ought to directly subserve the spiritual life led him to press the claims of authority in matters open to intellectual investigation to a degree which appeared to the *Rambler* writers inconsistent with that freedom which the intellect demanded if thought was to be real and candid. Newman also to some

* We need hardly remind the reader that nearly fifty years have elapsed since the time to which we refer.

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extent concurred in this criticism. Authority was invoked, Ward's critics considered, where in its absence uncertainty would tempt his own somewhat sceptical intellect to doubt. Its functions were the supply of a moral need; and it was trusted on the ground that in the providential scheme the supply for the moral and intellectual need was identical. Thus authoritative utterances, neglected by the *Rambler* writers and regarded by Newman as provisional and designed for practical guidance, were treated by Ward as the final expression of intellectual truths. Ward's mind was, by his own avowal, unhistorical, and he tended to regard the more difficult historical problems as simply insoluble by the human mind. Therefore he was readily disposed to take as authoritative in their regard the views urged in high quarters, and crushed the incipient doubts of the recalcitrant intellect as he would put away any temptations against faith. While in his own subject, philosophy, in which his intellect saw its way clearly, he was largely a champion of freedom, in the historical and critical sciences he constantly found "no road" marked up by authority against further investigation. To Newman and Acton alike history meant so much, and, in spite of its regions of twilight, was in many cases so far the clearest intellectual guide to the reality of things, that such a mode of procedure was opposed by them. This and other differences, in which Newman held a *via media* between the two parties, opened a chasm between the *Rambler* and the future editor of the *Dublin Review*.

Thus at an early date Ward* made common cause, though largely on different grounds, with Cardinal Wiseman in his war with the *Rambler*. He did not in the least abate his admiration of its intellectual merits, but he maintained at the risk of paradox that it tended to transform English Catholics from their existing state, which combined intellectual "barbarism" with Catholic principles and sympathies, to one of

* The *pièces justificatives* for this account will be found in *W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival*, chapters vi, vii and viii, in which is given a fuller analysis of the respective attitudes of Ward, Newman and the *Rambler* writers.

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high intellectual development in which these principles and sympathies would be destroyed. Newman, who so far sympathized with Acton and Dollinger as to feel that nothing but conscientious research, which might bring to light many a page of history full of perplexity and difficulty for a Catholic, could put the Catholic intellectual position on a footing permanently tenable for educated men, deprecated as tyranny the dogmatism which checked such labours in the name of supposed authoritative conclusions of theology, which, as advanced in detail, often had no solid basis apart from the mutual support of their upholders. The efforts to crush the *Rambler* saddened him deeply, and he advocated all possible diplomacy to keep it alive; for it appeared to him to be the only Catholic periodical which seriously attempted certain imperative intellectual tasks. True to the principles of the Dublin University campaign in Ireland, Newman held that only the presence of wide learning among Catholic thinkers could effect those modifications in their practical conclusions on the borderland between theology and science, which changes in the scientific outlook demanded. The benefit was to be mutual. Theological tradition was to give pause to the acceptance of rash scientific theories. But solid scientific probability was to be allowed its due weight by the theologians. Theology in the technical sense was deductive, and professed to keep outside the territory of the secular sciences. It was thus irreformable by history or science so long as deductions were really demonstrative and the sphere of secular knowledge was really avoided by its exponents. But practically, as in the Galileo case, theologians did almost inevitably draw deductions on matters which might later on come within the cognizance of the positive sciences; and they seemed at times to claim for these deductions a demonstrative certainty which the event disproved. The claim that such deductions were within their province was found, however, eventually to give way before the final and united verdict of the men of science.

Direct argument with the theologian might perhaps have little effect. But the gradual pressure of ascertained fact made familiar to his thoughts has generally in the end prevailed.

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It was thus that the theological views on which Galileo's condemnation was based gradually gave place to our present admission that Scripture may be interpreted in accordance with the Copernican theory. Thus, too, the chronology of the Old Testament came to be more and more generally revised to meet the pressure of ethnological and geological discoveries. Thus again the literal universality of the Deluge came to be by many modern apologists called in question. The vivid realization, then, in an University, of the present conclusions of the positive sciences, historical as well as physical, was the most hopeful means of inducing the theologians to reconsider conclusions they had drawn on the borderland between the theological and scientific territories, which had been regarded as unquestionable only because no serious reason had arisen for questioning them. This, we may remind our readers, is the ideal which in our own day has been put forward with so much feeling by Father Rickaby in one of the notes to his translation of the *Summa contra Gentiles*, in which he pleads for a University which should fulfil the functions of a "sort of boundary commission of physicists, historians, critics, philosophers and theologians, working with a common endeavour for the adjustment of the contested frontier" between these sciences.

Newman had founded his own Review, the *Atlantis*, with the idea of encouraging scientific and historical research of a serious kind largely with this object, but he welcomed the *Rambler* as a brilliant ally. He felt that English-speaking Catholics could afford to dispense with neither. His distress at the opposition to the *Rambler* on the part of the authorities and of their theological allies is depicted in a graphic page of the letters before us.

I had a three hours' talk with the venerable Newman [writes Sir John Acton], who came out at last with his real sentiments to an extent which startled me with respect both to things and persons, as Ward, Dalgairns, etc., etc.; the natural inclination of men in power to tyrannize; ignorance and presumption of would-be theologians. I did not think he would ever cast aside his diplomacy and buttonment so entirely, and was quite surprised at the intense interest he betrayed in the *Rambler*. He was quite miserable

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when I told him the news, and moaned for a long time, rocking himself backwards and forwards over the fire, like an old woman with a toothache. He thinks the move provoked both by the hope of breaking down the *R[ambler]* and by jealousy of Döllinger. He asks whether we suspected anyone, and at last inclined to the notion that the source is in Brompton. He has no present advice, being ignorant of the course of such affairs in Rome, except that we should declare, if you can make up your mind to do so, that we do not treat theology in our pages. He thinks such a declaration would go a great way. If you wish, it can be done at the end of my paper, when I come to speak of *our* position and aims, subject, as the whole article will more particularly be, to your correction. He wants us to have rather more levity and profaneness, less theology and learning. A good story, he thinks, would turn away wrath, and he enjoys particularly your friendly encounters with Bentham, Combe, Buckle and the like. On the other hand, he wants our more ponderous efforts to be devoted to the *Atlantis*, which he would be ready to quarter, Longmans urging him thereto and Sullivan promising 400 subscribers in Ireland. . . He is most entirely friendly, and considered the *Rambler* invaluable, to be kept, according to Madame Swetchine's answer to the "vers Latin, Quis custodiet custodes?" for the authorities.

The alliance between Newman and the *Rambler* did not last. He saw that only the greatest consideration for the feelings and even the prejudices of the average Catholic reader and for the views of the ecclesiastical authorities could make the continuance of the Review possible in the existing state of opinion. The contributors failed in both respects. Newman found the ecclesiastical authorities on the other hand insufficiently alive to the immense importance of a Catholic Review edited by exceptionally gifted men as a factor in the formation of Catholic thought. The *Rambler* writers again, far from exercising the wise self-restraint which Acton's own theory (as formulated in his letters) called for, in order to avoid giving offence, seemed on the contrary to take a certain malicious pleasure in shocking the unintellectual orthodox reader and annoying the Bishops. This characteristic Newman strongly censured.

"I have all the pains in the world," writes Acton to Simpson in 1861, "to keep Newman in good humour. He

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is so much riled at what he pleasantly calls your habit of pea-shooting at every dignitary who looks out of the window as you pass along the road, that I am afraid he will not stand by us if we are censured." Newman tried himself to edit the *Review* for two numbers. He found, however, even Bishop Ullathorne—in general a loyal supporter of his—quite insensible to the importance of the work, dreading all attempt to deal with even the most urgent intellectual difficulties of the hour as though it were a wanton unsettling of the minds of a peaceful laity. At his request Newman resigned.

The problem of a Catholic *Review* which should be of any serious value from the point of view of historical science, and should yet be acceptable to the authorities, was not solved by the *Rambler*, nor by its successor the *Home and Foreign*. Yet it is noteworthy that the *Home and Foreign*—a Catholic *Review*—contained probably more work of lasting scientific value during the two years of its existence, than any other *Review* in the country at the same time. "Perhaps in no organ of criticism in this country," wrote Mathew Arnold, "was there so much knowledge, so much play of mind."

Newman's judgement is plain in the correspondence before us that the conductors of the *Review* were partly to blame for the failure. Yet in a letter written a little later in connexion with the foundation of the Jesuit *Review*, *The Month*, we find some very remarkable words showing that he considered the state of thought among Catholics to be such that the thoroughness and candour which were so much needed, especially in the department of history, were for the time being practically impossible.

Nothing could be better than an historical *Review* [he writes], but who could bear it? Unless one doctored all one's facts, one would be thought a bad Catholic. The truth is, there is a keen conflict going on just now between two parties, one in the Church, one out of it—and at such a season extreme views alone are in favour, and a man who is not extravagant is thought treacherous. I sometimes think of King Lear's daughters—and consider that they after all may be found the truest who are in speech more measured.

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Newman's sense of the immense importance of a good Catholic Review did not abate after the failure of the *Rambler* and *Home and Foreign*. With statesmanlike instinct he moved towards the practicable, even though it fell far short of what was desirable. Let the bulk of Catholic readers first acquire the characteristics of thoroughly educated men, let them share in the culture of their countrymen, influencing them religiously, influenced in turn intellectually by the best educational traditions of thinking Englishmen, learning to speak a common language with their neighbours, withdrawn from the state of siege which the Reformation had established, in which intellectual equipment as well as religious faith in Protestant and Catholic had as it were been those of different camps and races. This must be the first step. And it could be largely won without touching, for the time, in periodical literature, the contentious ground of theology. When once this step was achieved, then most of that which was good in the aims of the Acton school would prove tolerable to a public opinion in which the intellectual candour which comes of thorough education had come to prevail. Thus the problem, in his treatment of it, went back to the initial aim in which he had joined hands in 1858 with Ward on one side and Simpson on the other—namely, the further education of the Catholic intellect. This was the indispensable preliminary to a wider and more historical view of matters theological, which must be set aside as an immediate object, until the mental qualities necessary for its appreciation had been developed.

Let us recall in illustration of this two letters written to Father Gallwey in connexion with the foundation of the *Month* (and more recently published in its pages), in which he dwells primarily on the influence which such a periodical, conducted by educated Catholics, would have on the outside world. Its value in giving Catholics themselves "enlargement and refinement of mind" is also emphasized. It was in reality, as he intimates, another side of the same question. To understand and influence the thought of the day and yet to be a Catholic is just to exhibit those characteristics which are essential to a well-educated Catholic mind.

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... As secular power, rank and wealth are great human means of promoting Catholicism [Newman wrote to Father Gallwey], so especially in this democratic age is intellect. Without dreaming of denying the influence of the three first-named instruments of success, still I think the influence arising from repute for ability and cultivation of science, in this age, is greater than any one of them. The Catholic body in England is despised by Protestants from their (unjust) idea of our deficiency in education, and in that power which education gives of bringing out and bringing to bear natural talent which Catholics have, as others. They have an idea that few Catholics can think justly or explain themselves suitably. A first-rate journal then, of which the staple was science, art, literature, politics, etc., would be worth more to the Catholic cause than half a dozen noblemen, or even a millionaire.

Next, I think that Protestants are accustomed to look on Catholics as an un-English body, taking no interest in English questions, and indeed not being able to do so, useless and hostile to the nation, and the mere instruments of a foreign power. A magazine, then, which, without effort or pretence, in a natural way, took part in all the questions of the day, not hiding that it was Catholic to the back-bone, but showing a real good will towards the institutions of the country, so far forth as they did not oppose Catholic truths and interests, showing that it understood them and could sympathize in them, and showing all this in the medium of good English, would create in the public mind a feeling of respect and deference for the opinion of the Catholic body which at present does not exist.

As to the direct inculcation of Catholic truth, as such, in such a periodical, I should dread its effect. I conceive the magazine would be useless—for those purposes which alone I contemplate—if once it came to be generally considered as an “*Ultramontane organ*.” It seems to me that what is to be aimed at is to lay a Catholic *foundation* of thought—and *no* foundation is above ground. And next, to lay it with Protestant bricks: I mean to use as far as possible Protestant parties and schools in doing so, as St Paul at Athens appealed to the altar of “the unknown God.”

Then as to the good such a magazine would be to Catholic readers, I should consider it to consist in making them what it is itself, in creating in them that enlargement and refinement of mind, that innocent and religious sympathy in national objects, that faculty of intercourse with Protestants, and that power of aiding them in lawful temporal objects, which would ultimately be a means, more than any human means, of bringing converts to the Church from all classes of the community.

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Cardinal Newman continues the subject in subsequent letters which are less full but not less interesting. The ideal should be a serious Review, marked by general culture, literary and scientific, technical theology being reduced to a minimum. He says that he personally should discuss in such a Review problems connected with certitude, and with faith and reason. He recommends that whatever theology is introduced should be in "undress," his standard being what such a journal as the *Quarterly* would admit. His general view on the whole subject may be taken to be that which inspired him in founding his own Review the *Atlantis*—that the formation of thoroughly well-trained and well-informed minds among Catholics, minds acquainted with the scientific, literary and historical developments of the day, was the great desideratum. This would enable Catholics to appreciate themselves and to impress upon others the true genius of the Church. The technical theology as taught in the schools still preserved—even more than now—the form of expression which the great scholastic revolution of the thirteenth century had impressed upon it, and this form was not one which appealed to the average Englishman of the day. But once Catholic thinkers come to share fully in the culture of their contemporaries, theology could be expressed by them in periodical literature in a manner more congenial to their fellow countrymen, and theologians would take account of the existing scientific outlook as known to the men of science. Meanwhile he advised only such theological writing as would recommend itself to English common sense.

I think theology, even when introduced [he writes], should always be "in undress," and should address itself to common sense, reason, received maxims, etc., etc., not to authority or technical dicta. Of course the hidden basis of a discipline ever must be the voice of tradition, the consent of the schools, the definitions of the Church; but, as I do believe that the whole of revelation may be made more or less palatable to English common sense (for, e.g., though so sacred a doctrine as the Holy Trinity is necessarily above reason, yet it is common sense to say from the nature of the case it *must* be), so I think that to go beyond the line of English common

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sense—e.g., to continue my instance, to prove the doctrine of the Holy Trinity as St Augustine does by the memory, intellect and will—would be a great mistake in a magazine. And, as to the instance you take, I am bound to state my feeling, though I say it under correction, that you *cannot* harmonize the narrative of the Gospels in every point *agreeably to English common sense*; and that now, when faith and reverence are low, and common sense—shallow common sense—has its full swing, it would be a blunder to attempt to prove in a magazine that to go into Jericho is the same as to go out of it, or that one blind man is two blind men.

We have other sources of information besides the present volume as to Newman's final attitude towards the *Rambler* and the *Home and Foreign*. With the avowed principles of both periodicals he agreed. "It was a smack of something or other, what I should call a tone," he wrote to the late Lord Emly, "which ruined the *Rambler*." What he desired was a periodical which, like the *Rambler*, genuinely attempted to enlarge the minds of Catholics, and was yet unreservedly Catholic in spirit, in fullest sympathy with the Church, by that sympathy making palatable to all reasonable Catholics such novel aspects of problems bearing on theology as the advance of contemporary thought and science must bring before an educated man. The *Rambler* and the *Home and Foreign* failed to achieve this combination.

The very fact that most of us can now turn over very many pages of both these periodicals and wonder what can have been seriously amiss with them, shows how much has been achieved in the formation of the English Catholic mind since those days. Notably in the treatment of history we are now accustomed to a frankness and reality which Newman held in the 'sixties to be impossible without sacrificing all reputation for orthodoxy. Leo XIII's direct encouragement of the historical movement, and his throwing open the Vatican library to non-Catholic students, had, without doubt, its effect in this direction. Dr Pastor, Abbot Gasquet and Monsignor Duchesne have been able to exercise with impunity a degree of historical candour certainly not less than made many of a past generation speak of that great historian, Dr Lingard, as a half-hearted Catholic.

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Still the problem raised by the history of these Reviews is a lasting one. As we pointed out in our last issue, there are many facts and thoughts which must be faced and pursued in the search for scientific truth in all departments which are depressing and upsetting to the sanguine life, the self-confidence, the *esprit de corps* of a community. What in our youth we accounted *terra firma* for the controversialist, is now found at least to contain quicksands here and there for which we must warily be on the look-out. And those most interested in the cause of education will not maintain that the defects of our fathers in this department have wholly disappeared. Let us, with a view of learning for the present, note a few of the dangers in the struggle for the development of Catholic thought which the story of these Reviews brings home to us. And two such dangers at once occur to us, from which the Reviews in question did not wholly escape.

In the first place, the ideal of total impartiality, though admirable in itself and largely attainable in physics and mathematics, is not practically attainable in theology and history. The "chastity," of which Acton speaks in the first letter we have quoted, should doubtless be encouraged as an aim, but it cannot be entirely realized. But if human sympathies and even prejudices are sure to appear, it is natural and fitting that in a Catholic Review they should be rather with the Church and her rulers than with her enemies. The man who boasted that he called a "spade a spade" was accused by his critics of calling it a "d—d shovel." So too, under the plea of being frank and truthful, a hostile *animus* to Popes, Saints, Jesuits and ecclesiastical officials in general may be indulged in. The special pleading of Abbé Darras on one side may be replaced, not by real impartiality, but by special pleading on the other—thinly disguised by a parade of scientific method. Truth is not served by such a method, while the religious sympathies of many honest readers are estranged. This is one of the just reproaches against a form of Liberal Catholicism which is as unpleasant and unnatural as Little-Englandism.

Then again the Church was in the 'sixties and still is under pitiless persecution. The Holy Father was in those

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years being deprived of his territory by people whom Newman himself—no fanatical defender of the Temporal Power—called “sacrilegious robbers.” At such times party spirit in the sense of *esprit de corps* is a primary duty of a Catholic writer. The absence, on the other hand, of all passionate zeal against wrong-doers, and the choosing of such moments of trouble and suffering among our rulers to criticize and disparage their action and policy savours of bad feeling as well as bad taste. Writing which errs in these respects will not only fail to become the ideal instrument for the formation of an educated Catholic mind; it will put the cause of such education back. Newman said of the *Rambler* that he was attracted by its prospectus, disappointed in its actual achievement. If want of candour and a degree of anti-Catholic party spirit appear among the champions of more liberal views, their cause is discredited even among really honest and receptive minds—just the minds we ought to count on for changes which, though unpleasant, are really desirable and even necessary—and the important message such writers may really have for their generation thus loses half its effect. Hundreds who would accept it if it came in the dress of loyal Catholic sympathies, will reject it if it is accompanied by a disloyal tone, or even by an ill-mannered disregard of the external respect due to ecclesiastical authority. This is one all-important distinction between “Liberal” Catholicism in the invidious sense and the spirit which animates really progressive thought in theology—the spirit of the great schoolmen of the thirteenth century. Those great men adopted much that was in their day accounted intellectually progressive—unpopular and scandalous though it was in the eyes of conservative theologians—and yet preserved the deepest reverence for the theology of the past and for authority. The distinction between the two tempers is a lasting one, and should never be lost sight of.

Still, human nature being what it is, we have in practice to strike a balance. The best thinkers and critics are likely enough to have some faults of temper and to fail in keeping to the perfect *via media*. The eminent Catholic specialist has

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not necessarily the complete intellectual balance of a great Christian philosopher. And if we read Newman's attitude aright, he would to the end have upheld the *Rambler* and *Home and Foreign* in spite of their faults, but for the distinct judgement of the Bishops, with which he did not at heart concur, but to which he nevertheless considered its contributors bound to defer.

The great Cardinal felt the defects of these Reviews, but he seems to have felt still more strongly an opposite defect among others of his co-religionists, as may be seen especially in the *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk* on Mr Gladstone's Vatican pamphlet. To be somewhat carried away by sympathy with the achievements of modern science and civilization was a fault. Yet in pious Catholics like Mr Simpson (whom he most directly criticized) it was not likely to go to great extremes. And for the young to be affected by the intellectual fashion of the day was natural and largely excusable. But he felt more deeply the opposite tendency in some quarters to erect into dogmas the accidental fashion of the moment set by extremists of another kind, the untheological exaggerations of zealous but unwise writers on behalf of Papal claims. To treat the necessity of keeping the old Papal States as though it were a revealed dogma; to speak of the Pope as though he were almighty God; to close the door to a candid survey of history by declaring the road barred beforehand by pretended theological certainties which had no real existence—such worship of contemporary religious fashions tried Newman far more than the faults of the *Rambler*. They struck at the root of all reasonable thought and all cogent apologetic for Catholicism by arousing the cry of unorthodoxy or half-hearted faith against those whose intellects were too reasonable to accept views that were not rationally proven or provable, even though they might tend to the exaltation of Church and Pope.* Such a policy must tend to keep outside the Church all the

* We need hardly say that Newman had no temptation to question the teaching of the Syllabus as to the necessity of the Temporal Power to secure the spiritual. What he repeatedly censured was what we have above referred to—the attempt to convert into a revealed dogma what neither was nor could be such.

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greater minds who were led to regard these fashions as inseparable from loyal Catholicism. They obscured the deep philosophical arguments on behalf of the claims of the Church by making the conclusion apparently ridiculous and on a par with the extravagances of all extreme sectarianism. A loyal devotion to the Holy See, an intense zeal for the vindication of its rights was one thing; but to translate what was practically desirable into an eternal dogma was hopelessly to confuse Catholic thought and to stultify theology. His early years had been primarily spent in opposing the fashions of modern Liberalism. His efforts as a Catholic were largely spent in opposing, by thought and education, the fashions which threatened to destroy intellectual life and to damage the science of theology. He urged "a wise and gentle minimism," and deprecated "tyrannous *ipse-dixit*." The inferiority of intellectual interests to spiritual he never forgot. Yet the former were in their place indispensable. In both campaigns he relied on the spirit of the Church herself, not as shown in the fashions of her writers, or even the policy of her rulers, at a particular date, but as ascertained by the study of the distinctive genius she has displayed throughout her history, that *ethos* which has been characteristic of her Saints, and has been the same in all ages, and which symbolizes the unchanging doctrine on which it rests. The Reformers were wrong in regarding as a sufficient guide to present belief words—even inspired words—used before later questions and distinctions were known. Those too were wrong who adopted uncritically doctrines brought later into prominence within the Church as though they represented new truths—as though they superseded rather than developed the past. The man who practically treated Infallibility as a new power conferred on the Papacy in 1870 was as much wrong as he who denied the doctrine because he could not find it in Scripture. The true view was, to adapt the phrase of St Augustine, to find the doctrine latent in Scripture, and the Scripture texts patent in the definition—to read Scripture and the history of the early ages in the light of the later definitions, and to interpret the later definitions in such a manner as to be consis-

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tent with their truth in ancient times. A deep, open-minded conservatism was the true aim—an aim most hard for men to achieve, yet one never to be lost sight of. It was realized completely in the *Donum Sapientiae* imparted by the Holy Ghost to the Church herself. Some instinctive participation in the spirit conferred by that gift was the royal road to truth—a road on which the self-sufficiency belonging to the zealots for fashion on either hand is not to be found.

The STORY of an AGRARIAN REVOLUTION

WHATEVER the Irish Land Code may have been in ancient days—and it certainly was not founded upon the ordinary relationship of landlord and tenant—there can be no question that this system was afterwards forced upon Ireland by conquest and confiscation. In other words, a theory of land tenure, possible in a country of comparatively large holdings such as England, was forced upon a country of extremely small holdings and therefore totally unfitted for such an experiment. In this way what has been called dual ownership of the land was first established. Under the English system a landlord could and did build the farmhouse and offices—could and did let the farm fully equipped as a going concern. It was otherwise in Ireland. The multiplication of small holdings precluded the landlord—child of conquest and of confiscation as he was—from doing what the English landlord did as a matter of course. The Irish peasant, therefore, built his own house, or hovel, as it often was. He erected the offices necessary for the farm. He drained, fenced, and made roads, such as they were. And in this way the two systems—the Irish and the English—were differentiated from the very beginning of English rule in Ireland.

So long as the ordinary relationship of landlord and tenant existed, the system worked little else but ruin and havoc in the country. Notwithstanding plain facts the landlord reaped where he had not sown. Although in fact and in morals he owned nothing but the bare soil and its inherent properties, he assessed rent upon the farm that had been equipped by the tenant. In a country with practically no industry save that of agriculture competition for the land was keen and excessive. Rents ran up until they were oftentimes impossible. Agricultural chaos was the result. But it was not until 1870 that Parliament even thought of interfering. In that year the work began which has culminated in perhaps the greatest revolution of modern times.

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Mr Gladstone began tentatively in his great work of reform. In the Act of 1870 he, no doubt, laid down great principles. The Act asserted, for example, that owing to the work and the expenditure of the tenant he had acquired an actual property in the soil. And he proceeded in a tentative and hesitating manner to protect this property, should the landlord resort to what was called capricious ejection. In such a case the tenant could claim compensation for certain improvements; and above all the Act recognised that disturbance of his occupancy constituted a valid ground for compensation. Had the Irish landlords been wise, this moderate Act might have gone far. They were not wise. They sought to undermine it. And they succeeded in driving what O'Connell called a coach and four through its main provisions. They compensated the tenant whom they evicted. But they paid the compensation out of a fine upon the incoming man. In some cases they even made a profit out of the transaction.

The Act of 1870 was therefore followed by the Act of 1881. This was a much sterner measure. Mr Gladstone, aided, no doubt, by the tremendous agitation of the Land League, had by this time got rid of his scruples—had mastered the problem, which he had previously only glanced at. And after a great struggle Parliament enacted that: (a) A Fair Rent Court should be established and that no rent should be placed on the property of the tenant; (b) that so long as this rent was paid and certain statutory provisions were kept, eviction should not be possible; (c) that a tenant should be at liberty, subject to certain conditions, to sell his interest in the open market.

This was a revolutionary measure, and it operated in a variety of ways. In addition to the actual relief it brought to the tenant, it brought the saner landlords to a sense of their position. They discovered that they were no longer lords of the soil—that they could not raise the rents as they desired—that they could not evict or displace a tenant who kept his land. And they began to realize that the game was no longer worth the candle, and that the country would have to get back somehow or other to single ownership, i.e., the

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ownership of the man who tilled the land and who had been by law declared part owner.

The growth of this feeling produced the first Land Purchase Act in 1885. Mr Bright had in 1869, when the Church Act was passed, and again in 1881, when the Land Tenure Act was going through the House of Commons, carried clauses giving the tenants limited power of purchase. But it was in 1885 that the first great experiment in this direction was made by a Tory Government acting with Mr Parnell and his party. This measure placed £5,000,000 at the disposal of the Irish tenants for the purpose of acquiring the ownership of their holdings. The State advanced the whole of the purchase money in cash. The tenant repaid it—capital and interest—in forty-nine years, at the end of which period he was the owner in fee simple. And the terms of purchase usually meant that he paid by way of terminable annuity to the State 20 per cent less than he had paid as rent to the landlord. It was a great conception skilfully worked out, and it caught on amazingly. In 1888 a second sum of £5,000,000 was given. And in 1891, the experiment being a complete success, the Act of 1891 was passed which placed Imperial credit to the amount of £33,000,000 at the disposal of the Irish people for this great purpose. It will be noticed that the principle of paying the landlord in cash was departed from in this case, the issue of a Guaranteed Land Stock being resorted to instead. In 1896 this Act was amended. The period over which was distributed repayment by the purchaser was extended to sixty-eight years, thus lessening the amount of annual payment, which was further reduced by the application of the principle of "decadal reductions" amounting to 10 or 12 per cent on the decade.

But a difficulty (which, however, had been clearly foreseen) now arose. Under the several Land Purchase Acts 62,000 occupying owners had been created at a cost of something like £21,000,000. These purchasers occupied a commanding position. They had bought their land by the use either of State credit or of State money. They were free from landlord tyranny, from office rules, and all that wor-

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ried their lives out. And the annual repayments to the State, which took the form of a terminable annuity, were at least twenty per cent less than the rent they had previously paid to the landlord. This was a great achievement on the part of our statesmen. But what about those who were still rent-paying tenants—whose landlords would not sell or who were kept out of these privileges because of other reasons? There was no answer to their appeals. Their demand for equality could not be resisted. And a great agitation for the compulsory sale of the landlord's interest in the land arose—the province of Ulster being specially insistent. At the General Election of 1900 Ireland was practically unanimous on the point. And the Government of the day—with Mr George Wyndham as Irish Minister—set itself to solve the problem.

It was impossible for Parliament, as then constituted, to adopt the principle of compulsion. Could the end sought to be attained—i.e., the universal transfer of Irish land from owner to occupier—be reached by less drastic means? The solution of the problem did not appear to be easy. But the prevailing sentiment in Ireland forced the settlement.

In December, 1902, after much consultation and controversy, a body known as the Land Conference assembled in the Mansion House, Dublin, to discuss the possibilities of a settlement of the Irish Agrarian difficulty. The Conference consisted of four gentlemen representing the landlords and four Irish Members of Parliament on behalf of the tenants. The Earl of Dunraven was chairman, and the Conference sat for six days. It was a great occasion, and the proceedings, conducted in private, were feverishly watched from outside. At the close of the sixth day it was announced that unanimity had been reached—that a solution had been found. Men were everywhere astonished. The sum and substance of the findings of the Conference amounted to this—that dual ownership was declared to be prejudicial to the interests of landlord and tenant alike; that the restoration of single ownership should be brought about by a scheme of universal purchase; that the price to be paid for the land should be based upon the income of the landlord,

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his net second term rent being secured by the terms; and that the price of the land to the tenant should be such as to give him from 15 to 25 per cent reduction on second term rents and with its fair equivalent for first term and other rents: the whole being crowned by that system of decadal reductions which the Act of 1896 had established. Under this plan the purchaser secured a reduction of at least 10 per cent every decade. There were doubts expressed in some quarters that the Conference had been too liberal—that in decreeing the death of landlordism the tenants had been asked to pay a great price for their freedom. Had the Conference terms been adhered to, it would have been well for all the parties concerned.

The Government, which had been keenly alive to the action of the Conference, promptly took occasion by the hand. The landlords, with practical unanimity, agreed with its findings. And in the session of 1903 Mr Wyndham introduced his great measure, placing £100,000,000 at the disposal of the Irish tenants to complete the work begun in 1885. The terms of the Bill differed somewhat from the terms agreed to at the Conference. And this difference has been all for the worse, telling seriously against the fair working of the Act, and giving great room for hostile criticism. But the Bill received the assent of Parliament. The whole Irish representation supported it, and it is now the law of Ireland. It has been in operation for less than three years, and with what result? This, that land to the value of £40,000,000 has become the subject of agreement between landlord and tenant; that probably half as much again would have been sold, but for lack of the necessary money and of sufficient administrative powers. No one was prepared for the rush which took place. Probably in seven years the agrarian difficulty in Ireland will be at an end.

And it may be asked what have been the results up to the present? First of all, and dating from 1885, the annuities have been paid with the greatest regularity. No real difficulty has arisen in this respect; so that financially the experiment has been a remarkable success. And in the case of

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the purchasing tenant the change has been very remarkable. Before the Bill of 1903 was introduced the Government sent out Commissioners to report upon the condition of those who had purchased under previous Acts. The testimony was universal. Their holdings had all been improved, and compared most favourably with those still under rent. At the present time 180,000 holdings have been bought, and £60,000,000 have either been actually spent or are under agreement.

I have heard this great change called a bloodless revolution. In one, and a very true, sense it deserves this title. But in another sense it is very far from being the truth. It in reality brings to a close a cruel and desolating war—a war in which more blood has been spilt than on the greatest battlefields—a war which desolated Ireland—which drove people in millions from her soil—which laid the basis of hatred and strife all over the land. If there is any truth in the maxim which brings down blessings upon the peacemaker, all who have been concerned in the great and sweeping change which I have described may well be thankful.

T. W. RUSSELL

LYRA DEVOTA

Introit: An Echo

I LOOK and see the world is fair,
And marvel much at what can move
The Lord of Earth, the Lord of Air,
To such extremity of love.

Seeing we have so short a space
To abide on this side of the tomb,
We could have borne a barer place,
An unadorned, but cleanly room.

Pilgrim am I and wayfarer,
Sojourner one night at an inn;
What matters that the room was bare,
So that the bed and sheets were clean.

But ah, dear Lord, this would not suit
Thy love for me, impure, unkind;
Thou settest the daisies at my feet,
Mak'st me the sky, mak'st me the wind.

Me doth ingenious love devise
The mountains and the lakes and sea,
All roses and the peacocks' eyes;
The sun runs round his course for me.

For me the children and the lambs,
For me the nightingale and lark,
All fields and meadows and tall palms
And the starred curtain of the dark.

Yea, in Thine Image, I am given
The eyes to look beyond a night;
The love which makes of earth a heaven,
Yea, am I loved in my despite.

Why should I try to tell them o'er,
Thy mercies that will not be said,
More than the sands on the sea-shore,
More than the hairs upon my head?

Lyra Devota

Thou, Artizan and Architect,
And Master-Lover, Master-Mind,
With wondrous cunning Thou hast decked
These walls for common eyes and blind.
Since Thou dost such delights provide
For passing earth and sinful men,
What can it be Thou settest aside
For man when he is risen again?
What is it that Thou hast reserved?
What glories on his sight will break,
When he sits down by angels served
And at Thy board his thirst will slake?
Alas, my Lord, that Thou wouldst strive
To make so fair a house of call,
So there are some who here will live,
As though Thy lovely earth were all!
Yea, though we turn Thy gifts to ill,
Make of Thy benefits our bane,
Thy love, Thy love, transcending still
Seeks us again, finds us again.

KATHERINE TYNAN

Before a Crucifix

HOW gracious hangs the One True Vine
Upon the Cross for me!
Ah, sweeter far than this world's wine
The fruitage of that tree!
Though fair indeed to outward sight
The Dead Sea's growth may bloom,
Like Eden's apple, to the bite
'Tis ashes of the tomb.
O Saviour, whom my sins have nailed
Fast to the cruel stake,
I thank Thee that Thy love prevailed
To suffer for my sake.

Lyra Devota

The five wounds in Thy Body fair,
From which Thy virtue flows,
Like costly gems of splendour rare,
The light of heaven disclose.

The first is Baptism's cleansing source,
The water from Thy side;
Next Penance, where Thy Pardon's force
Is ever re-applied.

Next Confirmation, whence the gifts
Of Holy Ghost are given.
Then Holy Eucharist, that lifts
The soul from earth to heaven.

And last, when this our "mortal coil"
Draws nigh its earthly goal,
'Tis Holy Unction's sacred oil
Anoints the passing soul.

Jesus, whose body bled for me,
The Church, Thy Body, brings
These five sweet gates of mercy free,
With healing in her wings.

Seven Sacraments Thou hast ordained;
And every soul alive
That needs Thee, sin- or sorrow-stained,
May draw Thy grace from five.

Thou art the Door which oped in Heaven,*
Thy wounds stand open still.
Through them is entrance ever given
To all men of good will.

* Rev. iv, 1.

H. C. C.

Lyra Devota

Exules Filii Hevæ

WHO that has stood deep in some dewy mead
The very night before the scythe lays low
Tall grass and flowers, and heard a rich song flow
From nightingale that seemed for joy to plead,
But felt his heart with strange sharp sorrow bleed?
The exile longing for the love-lit glow
Of his true home, the soul's keen ache to know
The bliss of life from sin and mourning freed:
A yearning for the song that shall not pass
Into the silent darkness of the night,
And die away in ever-deepening gloom,
For meadows where the tender flowers and grass
Are not cut off and banished from our sight
In all the sweetness of their summer bloom.

M. C.

Per Istam Sanctam Unctionem

OH, lonely soul, that dimly understands
The Mercy of the outstretched wounded Hands.
The body fails; its dying members plead
For pardon in their hour of bitter need:
The Eyes that looked on Love and Joy and Light
Craving forgiveness for the sins of sight;
The Ears that once with eagerness had heard
Vanity of sweet sound and tender word;
The Nostrils for which earth her incense stored
With honeyed fragrance of the summer's hoard;
The Lips so silent now and passionless,
Once prone to words of idle heedlessness;
The pallid Hands that craved earth's gifts to touch,
And held them lovingly, too long, too much;

Lyra Devota

The Feet that faltered in life's journeying,
Too wayward for the straight path's prisoning;
Eyes, ears and nostrils, lips and hands and feet
The healing of the sacred oils entreat.
Sealed with the Holy Chrism, fortified,
Thus shall you cross Death's ferry, dim and wide;
And find, beyond the shadows of dark night,
Joy of eternal rest—perpetual Light.

I. C.

Rosa Mystica

OUR Lady is the mystic rose that bloomed in Nazareth,
Within whose blessed heart there lay the Lord of life
and death.

She is the rose without a thorn that grew on Jesse's stem:
The Rose of Roses on her breast was lulled at Bethlehem.
To this white rose, at God's command, the Angel Gabriel
came

With promise of the blessed One and message of His Name.

Our Lady is the pale pink rose in whom all fragrance lies:
Her summer was in Jesus' kiss, her sunshine in His eyes.

She is the golden-hearted rose that held our perfect joy,
When in her arms against her heart she clasped her heavenly
Boy.

Our Lady is the red, red rose upon a royal tree;
Deep red for love, and red for grief, the reddest rose was she,
Whose soul was pierced by sorrow's sword on cross-crowned
Calvary.

W. M. L.

Lyra Devota

Consolatrix Afflictorum

OUR Lady's Robe of Pity I have seen
When melts a rainbow into soft blue skies,
And on great mountains where outspread it lies
In gentian folds beneath a vast white sheen
Of snow; it floats all luminous between
Calm seas and sunny havens; and mine eyes
Behold it when the blue-bell streams arise
And flood with azure pools the woodlands green.
Oft as a widowed heart with grief o'erflows
At touch of spring, the Mother's robe of blue
More radiant shines, for through the meadow grass
And May-crowned wood a blessed Angel goes,
Sent from her throne love's sweetest flowers to strew
Where unclasped hands and lonely feet must pass.
M. C.

The Thousand-Year-Old Rose- Bush at Hildesheim

I. The Building of the Dom

KING Ludwig, named The Pious, chased a doe,
A phantom gleam of Light, a drift of foam
In sea-green thickets. Weary of the pome,
At length he cast him down from saddle-bow
And slept beneath a rose-bush. Through its glow
The Virgin glimmered. "Build me here a dome,"
She spake, "and call this spot my Holy Home."*
She shook the bough, and vanished in its snow.

* Hildesheim = Heiliges Heim,

Lyra Devota

And still against her dome, the roses gleam
From branches that King Ludwig taught to trail,
And every Spring in all the myriad years,
Mid sea-green leaves a drifting foam of dream,
A fire that the snows of roses veil,
The vision of the Virgin reappears.

2. The Bronze Gates of the Dom

SAINTE Bridget left her milking of the kine
In Irish valleys where the quicken grows,
And through the quicken's mystic porticoes
She passed to Bethlehem in Palestine
To suckle Jesus. So, in trance divine
Some German craftsman passed athwart this Rose,
And saw the little Babe in swaddling clothes,
And left this pictured bronze to be a sign.

Whoever looks on any bush that blows
With eyes made clear of all the dust of earth,
That moment passes straight to Nazareth:
And knows the majesty of life, and knows
The rapture of the mystery of birth,
The wonder of the death that is not death.

E. R. W.

CHURCH AND STATE IN SPAIN

I

IF the English Press has been wide of the mark in its accounts of the religious crisis in France, it has shown a still greater misapprehension of the facts in dealing with recent events in Spain. It has been too readily assumed that both countries are going through the same phase of political development. The enlightenment, we are told, has crossed the Pyrenees, and another Latin race is chafing under the restrictions of an obscurantist Papacy. One reason for this coloration of the situation may be found in the fact that much of our information has filtered through the French Press before reaching our shores. Another may be the tendency of our fellow-countrymen to regard what they vaguely call the "Latin races" as composed of people of one uniform type. A third is the desire of the journalist to provide sensational copy, and to see in the most trivial occurrences indications of momentous import. It must be confessed that the German Press has been no less lavish of exaggeration. It refers to the present conflict between Church and State in Spain as the "Spanish *Kulturkampf*," and indulges in the most amazing prophecies as to its issue.

Now it does concern us in a very special way to know something of the political, social and religious forces which are working themselves out in Spain. For, to say nothing of the pleasant feelings which have recently been fostered between England and Spain by the Royal marriage, it may well be that the two countries will before long engage in intimate political relations. The extraordinary recuperative power which has always characterized the Spanish nation has been signally displayed in the resolute attempt to right itself which it has made since the war with America; and this effort has been forwarded by the accession of a monarch who gives every promise of reintroducing Spain into the councils of Europe. Her most thoughtful leaders have seen the hopelessness of isolation, and while they regard alli-

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ance with Germany as of the nature of a lamb and lion compact, they recognize that the feeling of their countrymen makes a permanent understanding with France very improbable. They look to England therefore, and welcome the growing *entente* between the people of both nations.

The first thing to be done, then, if we are to form any adequate notion of the Spanish situation, is to clear our minds of the daily papers, and to realize that Spain is, after all, a nation apart, which, though it may show a marked tendency to borrow its *modes* and its music from Paris, thinks and acts in quite a different plane from that of its Gallic neighbour. Indeed, the party in the Cortes which borrows its methods most largely from the Palais Bourbon is that of the Republicans—a party which least of all represents the national aspirations; though the similarity between the text of the French Associations Law and that of the new Spanish Bill shows that the Dynastic Liberals seek inspiration from the same quarter.

II

In order to grasp the significance of the present state of affairs, it will be necessary to remind ourselves of certain landmarks in the recent history of the relations between the Spanish Government and the Vatican.

The present system is based upon the Concordat of 1851, negotiated by the Nuncio Brunelli, according to which the Roman Catholic religion was made the State religion and a position of privilege was given to three Religious Orders.

At the Bourbon restoration of 1876 the present constitution came into being, the eleventh article of which declares that the Catholic religion is the State religion; that no one is to be disturbed on account of his religious opinions or the exercise of his own worship; but that no public ceremonies or manifestations of any kind will be permitted except those of the State religion. It was at the Restoration, too, that the present party system was established. Señor Sagasta and the Liberals united with the Conservatives in supporting the dynasty against the Carlists and Republicans; for Señor Cánovas, the Prime Minister, encouraged the formation of a constitutional opposition, and even ad-

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mitted a few Republicans into Parliament. For six years he ruled his Cabinet with an iron hand, then stepped aside to make way for a Liberal party which undertook not to jostle the constitutional coach by undue speed. Alfonso XII was friendly with the Vatican, and Leo XIII stood godfather to his posthumous son. By the pact of *El Pardo* Cánovas and Sagasta agreed to co-operate in maintaining the Regency. The only event of the next few years which we need recall was the passing in 1887 of a law (not intended to affect Religious Orders) imposing serious restrictions upon the formation and maintenance of associations.

The first return of the Liberals to power after the American war was marked by an outbreak of anti-clericalism. The Ubao affair, in which the law was invoked to prevent a young lady from remaining a member of a religious congregation, together with Pérez Galdós's famous drama, *Eletra*, dealing with a similar theme, became the talk of the country. The Government yielded to what they alleged to be public opinion, and the Minister of the Interior, Señor González, signed a decree which ordered the Religious Orders to comply with the conditions laid down in the Associations Law of 1887. The Bishops at once took concerted action, and legal experts were not wanting to show that the new decree was a flat violation of Concordat and Constitution alike. Señor Moret and other political leaders maintained that the Associations Law was never intended to apply to the Religious Orders, and that to extend it to them would be equivalent to suppression. The country was roused, and González was obliged to resign. His successor, Señor Moret, contented himself with applying the obnoxious order merely to sodalities of laymen. The Government promised to refer the whole matter to the Holy See, and the excitement subsided. But the resignation of the Cabinet, followed a month later by Sagasta's death, left the matter still unsettled.

Under the Conservative Government which followed, the storm broke out afresh. The Archbishop of Manila's appointment to the See of Valencia provoked an anti-clerical campaign. The Archbishop and the religious of the Philippines were accused of treason. Republican members

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repeated the charge in Parliament, and it was on this occasion that Señor Maura, the Conservative Premier, delivered in defence of the Religious Orders some of the most eloquent speeches that had been heard in the Cortes for many years. But action as well as eloquence was needed, and Señor Maura felt that some sort of permanence must be given to the provisional arrangements made between Sagasta and the Vatican. An agreement with the Holy See with a view to the reform of the Concordat was signed by the Nuncio on June 19, 1904, and approved by the Senate a few months later. It never got as far as the Lower House, for Señor Maura resigned unexpectedly on December 14. His successors to the post of Conservative Prime Minister, Señor Azcárraga and Señor Villaverde, did not venture to face the question. Not till the June of 1905 was a commission of inquiry appointed. But three days later the Conservatives went out, and the present Liberal Government came into power.

III

The party that has ruled Spain for the last eighteen months is of a somewhat miscellaneous nature. But we must endeavour to form some idea of its constituent groups if we wish to come to any understanding of the present situation.

Within a year after the death of Sagasta the Liberal party had fallen to pieces. Señor Montero Ríos and Señor Moret formed parties known respectively as Democratic and Dynastic Liberals, though, as a matter of fact, it was personal sympathies rather than political convictions that drew their adherents to one side or the other. A third party, that of Señor Canalejas, sprang into being about the same time. These three groups form the present Liberal majority and number 229 out of the 405 members of the Lower House. A word may be said about the leaders of these three sections.

Don Eugenio Montero Ríos is the Speaker (*Presidente*) of the Upper House. Though he has filled many important posts, he was never Prime Minister before taking up the reins in 1905. He has always been a strenuous defender of popular liberties, and he contributed much to the reintro-

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duction of the jury system. He professes to be "a Catholic and a defender of the supremacy of the civil power." On the latter ground he opposed the reform of the Concordat as projected by Señor Maura in 1904. While Prime Minister he declared his intention of altering the Law of Associations in such a way that all the Religious Orders might have a legal status without any exceptions being made in their favour by means of a Concordat. He would appear to be still of the same mind, though political interest may possibly incline him to another solution. He commands the bulk of the majority in both Houses, and has adherents in the present Cabinet.

Don Segismundo Moret, when a member of Sagasta's Cabinet in 1902, displayed a fixed determination not to take any steps affecting the Religious Orders without the consent of the Vatican. He declared (April, 1902,) that should any doubt arise as to which Orders were included in the Concordat, the Government must "proceed in accord with the Holy See." Of his more recent utterances something will be said presently. He retains the support of a good number of senators and deputies.

Of Don José Canalejas and his somewhat chequered career little need be said. After Sagasta's death he gathered round himself the extremists of the Liberal party, and now leads the van of the Dynastic anti-clericals. His party has Socialistic and even Republican tendencies, and it was lately thought to be not improbable that it might succeed in dictating for a while to the country.

Such then are the three parties which compose the present Liberal majority. They form no such well drilled *bloc* as that organized by M. Waldeck-Rousseau, and they succeed each other in the Cabinet with a somewhat perplexing frequency. The fact is that none of them is sufficiently powerful to impose a consistent programme on the rest, and the necessity of bidding for the support of the Republicans leads each in turn to propose anti-clerical measures at which Sagasta would have stared in dismay.

The bulk of the Republicans in question are led by Don Nicolás Salmerón, ex-president of the ill-fated "Spanish

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Republic." The party exhibits various degrees of Radicalism, the more moderate section being represented by Don Melquiades Alvarez (almost monarchical in sympathies) and Don Gumersindo Azcárate. The party seeks its political inspiration from Paris, and manifests a notable inability to keep together. It numbers thirty deputies and two senators, and carries on an active propaganda of anti-clerical ideas among the lower classes. We may add that the bulk of the opposition is formed by the Conservative party under Señor Maura, a former Liberal, and a speaker of considerable power, as well as the best lawyer in Spain. This party, which (unlike the Belgian Conservatives) does not call itself simply "the Catholic party," has the support of the wealthy and cultured classes in the country. It comprises over a hundred deputies and an almost equal number of senators.

The rest of the Parliament is made up of a few representatives of the Regionalists (mainly Catalonians, who protest against the "tyrannical centralism of Madrid" and constantly fall foul of the army) and the Carlists and Integrists, who muster half a dozen deputies between them.

IV

The doings of the present Liberal Government during the last eighteen months may be briefly told. For the first year they kept the religious question in the background. Señor Montero Ríos, the first Prime Minister, was succeeded in December, 1905, by Señor Moret, who, in the following May, was said to be projecting, in concert with Señor Canalejas and others, an anti-clerical Associations Bill of a drastic nature, though he has since explained that the first measure on his programme was the reform of the Eleventh Article of the Constitution. His purpose was, as he admitted, to provide a clear line of demarcation between Liberals and Conservatives, and provide the former with a definite platform. In other words, he preferred party to national considerations. He did not meet with sufficient support, and in July he resigned the premiership to General López Domínguez, who declared his intention of carrying out a thoroughly Liberal programme while adhering to dynastic forms.

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The first blow was struck on August 27 by the Minister of Grace and Justice, Señor Conde de Romanones, who issued a Royal Order annulling the circular of the Marquis del Vadillo concerning civil marriage. This circular had required, for the validity of civil marriage, a declaration of non-allegiance to the Catholic faith on the part of one or both of the contracting parties. For, according to the 42nd Article of the Civil Code, the canonical form of marriage is alone recognized as legal in the case of Catholics. The abolition of this circular may seem a slight matter, but it involved, as the Bishops at once saw, very serious consequences. In Spain, as elsewhere, there are many Catholics who, though habitually neglecting their religious duties during their lifetime, are anxious to secure the services of a priest in their last hours, and would shrink from a public renunciation of their faith. But were the necessity for such a declaration removed, they would not hesitate to contract marriage at a registry office, as we should say, and to omit the religious ceremony which, in accordance with the decree of the Council of Trent, is required in Spain for the validity of the sacrament. The Bishops lost no time in pointing out that for Catholics to avail themselves of the facilities thus offered was equivalent to mere concubinage. They issued pastorals condemning the new measure in the strongest terms. Feeling ran high, and the Minister of Grace and Justice, who was clearly exasperated, threatened the Bishop of Tuy with legal proceedings. But many high authorities have pronounced against the Royal Order, and pointed to the decrees of the Supreme Court of Justice, which has decided that, according to the 42nd and 75th Articles of the Constitution, civil marriage contracted between Catholics is illegal. Hence, it might be inferred, permission for such marriage cannot be given unless the officials are satisfied that the contracting parties are not Catholics.

A still more radical attack on the liberties of the Church is seen in the Associations Bill presented by Señor Dávila, the Minister of the Interior, and read in the House of Deputies on October 25. The Bill is quite incompatible with the existence of Religious Orders in Spain, save a very

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few which are specially exempted. To instance but one of its original clauses, the Government would have the right of dissolving any association of which the supreme director resides out of Spain.

It would seem clear that this Associations Bill arouses but little enthusiasm even among the other sections of the Liberal party. Señor Moret and his friends have no mind to adopt the rôle of M. Combes. Their organ, the *Imparcial*, recalls the story of the French noble in the time of Louis IV, who invited his aristocratic neighbours to a hunting party and provided them with a lunch at which appeared wild boars and deer cooked whole. Weak stomachs and delicate palates were revolted, but the host was reassuring: "These are not to be eaten, my friends. They are only to be looked at." Hence the *Imparcial*, at least, does not regard the Bill as intended for assimilation. Señor Moret, in fact, would prefer to leave the Religious Orders alone, and to direct his efforts towards substituting absolute liberty of cult for the mere toleration which at present constitutes the legal status of non-Catholic religions. Señor Montero Ríos is still less satisfied with the Bill as it stands, and regards it, not without reason, as a departure from Liberal principles.

The English Press has, so far as we know, said nothing about the important speech made on November 9 in the Cortes by Señor Maura. He makes it abundantly clear that the measure in question runs counter to the feelings of the whole country. He points out that the Government is neglecting all the matters in which reform is urgently needed, in order to take up a question which may supply a party platform; that the Bill, if passed, would be followed by a revolution; that its introduction has already caused great disturbances; and that it is against the best traditions of Liberalism. Señor Maura condemns the attempts of the ministers to put the King in a false position by proclaiming his sympathy with their measure. This last point is one in which the English Press has, in some cases, gone considerably astray by interpreting the King's signature to the Bill for presentation in the Cortes as an expression of his personal approval. It is far more probable that the King's

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private sentiments are expressed in the first address of the new Spanish Ambassador to the Sovereign Pontiff.

It is dangerous to venture on a forecast of events in the case of a Government so kaleidoscopic. Solid resistance will certainly be offered to the anti-clerical projects just described, and to others of a like nature which have been mooted. The religious crisis of 1901 showed the solidarity of the Bishops and the Catholicity of the bulk of the people. Moreover, we must bear in mind the divisions which exist in the Liberal party, especially in such matters as finance. Yet, on the other hand, the anti-Catholic Press is gaining ground in Spain to an extent which makes us discount the importance of the alleged Catholicity of ninety-eight per cent of the population. Nor are Catholics united in politics. Carlists and Integrists supply Parliament with some of its ablest speakers and most honest men. But the sympathy which some may feel with the devoted adherents of a lost cause should not blind them to the weakening of the Catholic forces which adhesion to such a cause entails.

In short, there exist in Spain all the materials for a Catholic reaction, and the actual danger of a complete rupture with Rome is not immediate. The Associations Bill is not likely to be carried through. Many popular meetings have been held to protest against it. The present ministry will probably not hold together much longer. Señor Moret may succeed in forming another Cabinet and keeping the Liberals going for a short time.* Then the Conservatives under Señor Maura will return to power, and another phase of Spanish politics will appear. Meanwhile Rome will wait.

* After this article had gone to press came the news of General López Domínguez's resignation and the formation of a new Liberal Cabinet by Señor Moret. It seems probable that his tenure of office will be brief.

THE CONDEMNATION OF POPE HONORIUS

[*The first part of this article appeared in THE DUBLIN REVIEW
for July, 1906.*]

II

AFTER the Lateran Council St Martin wrote to John, Bishop of Philadelphia in Palestine, who had been highly recommended by Stephen of Dora, appointing him his vicar in the East in all ecclesiastical functions and offices, bidding him "stir up the grace of God that was in him by the imposition of the sacerdotal dignity and of our Apostolical Vicarship." He is to appoint bishops, priests and deacons in all the cities subject to the Patriarchates of Jerusalem and Antioch. The sees are to be filled at once. The Holy See had intended this to be done earlier by Stephen. But those who were to inform him of the powers conferred upon him had only told him of the right to depose bishops, and had kept back from him the injunction to nominate the successors as well. The Pope wrote also "to the Churches of Jerusalem and Antioch," informing these two Patriarchates that he had condemned the five heretics, and had appointed a papal Vicar, the appointments of Macarius of Antioch and of Peter of Alexandria being null.

It was probably soon after the Lateran Council that St Maximus wrote from Rome a letter, part of which has been preserved in Greek:*

For the extremities of the earth, and all in every part of it who purely and rightly confess the Lord, look directly towards the most holy Roman Church and its confession and faith, as it were to a sun of unfailing light, awaiting from it the bright radiance of the sacred dogmas of our fathers, according to what the six inspired and holy Councils have purely and piously decreed,† declaring most expressly

* The Pope also wrote to the illustrious Peter, St Maximus's correspondent, to support his Vicar. It should be remembered that Alexandria had been in the hands of the Saracens since 640. At the same time St Martin deposed John, Archbishop of Thessalonica.

† It is not likely that Maximus counted the Lateran Synod as a sixth Council, so that "six" is probably a stupid correction for five by a transcriber who wrote after 680.—Opp. S. Max. p. 72.

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the symbol of faith. For from the coming down of the Incarnate Word amongst us, all the Churches in every part of the world have possessed that greatest Church alone as their base and foundation, seeing that, according to the promise of Christ our Saviour, the gates of hell do never prevail against it, that it possesses the keys of a right confession and faith in Him, that it opens the true and only religion to such as approach with piety, and shuts up and locks every heretical mouth that speaks injustice against the Most High.

The scene now changes, and the era of persecution begins.

The Emperor did not confirm Pope Martin's election, but sent his chamberlain Olympius as Exarch to Rome, with orders to force the Pope to accept the *typus*. The *Liber Pontificalis* tells the well-known story how the Exarch plotted to have the life of the Pontiff taken while he was giving him Holy Communion. The assassin's eyes were held so that he could not see the Pope as he offered the sacred Host to Olympius. He published the miracle, and the Exarch did not dare to try again. On June 15, 653, a new Exarch, Theodore Calliopas, arrived with an army. The Pope, who was sick, had his bed set in the Lateran basilica before the high altar. But the holy place was no protection, and the Saint was torn from the sanctuary at midnight by an armed force. Within a few days he was put on board ship and removed from Rome. After a year's delay in Naxos, and after grievous sufferings, the Pope arrived in Constantinople on September 17, 654. For the whole of the first day he was lying sick in the ship, subjected to the jeers of the passers-by, until he was carried to prison. It had been declared at the time of his seizure that he had been uncanonically elected and was no true Pope, but a heretic and a rebel. When after three months he was brought to trial, he was too weak and ill to stand without assistance. He was exhibited to the people, stripped of almost all his garments and loaded with heavy chains, and then dragged through the city to be confined in another prison. He suffered terribly from the cold, and in the evening some food was brought to him lest he should succumb. At the same time the Patriarch Paul was dying.

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On being told next day by the Emperor what had taken place, Paul begged the latter to proceed no further.*

In March, 655, St Martin was exiled to the Crimea, near Inkerman, and there he died on September 16. We still possess an account of his sufferings in his own letters,† which show the heroism of his soul. The mistake of Honorius had been nobly expiated. If in any way the prestige of Roman purity of faith had suffered, the unconquered constancy of St Martin had more than made up for the incautiousness of his predecessor.

The cruelty of the Emperor to the Pope who had condemned his *typus* was naturally extended against Abbot Maximus, the leader of the orthodox in the East. He was brought to Constantinople in 653, about the same time as St Martin, but his examination was delayed till 655. He was accused of having conspired with Pope Theodore and the African usurper Gregory against the Emperor, and it was said that Egypt, Alexandria, Pentapolis and Africa had been lost through his means. When asked about his doctrine, the saint replied that he had none but that of the Catholic Church.

"Dost thou communicate with the see of Constantinople?" "I do not." "Why not?" "Because they have cast out the four holy Councils by the propositions made at Alexandria, by the *ecthesis* perpetrated in this city by Sergius, and by the new *typus*, . . . and because the dogmas which they asserted in the propositions they damned in the *ecthesis*, and what they proclaimed in the *ecthesis* they annulled in the *typus*, and on each occasion they deposed themselves. What mysteries, therefore, I ask, do they celebrate, who have condemned themselves, and have been condemned by the Romans and by the [Lateran] Synod and stripped of their sacerdotal dignity?"‡

* On the death of Paul, Pyrrhus once more became Patriarch. It was now said that Pyrrhus had been constrained by force to go to Rome and make his recantation, and that he had been imprisoned there. This lie must have been put forward by Pyrrhus himself.

† See Mansi, x, 849 foll., or the *Collectanea* of Anastasius Bibl. (Migne, P. L. 129, 585). St Martin's feast is kept by the Greeks as that of a confessor, by the Latins as a martyr. The place of his sufferings in the Stadium at Constantinople is still shown, and a cave at Inkerman, where he died.

‡ The acts are in Mansi, xi, 3, and in *Acta SS.* Aug. 13, in Latin only.

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This was not conciliating. He is told that envoys who had come from the new Pope Eugenius would communicate with the Patriarch on the morrow.* He replies that this will cause no prejudice to the Roman see, for the envoys brought no letter to the Patriarch. His judges insist: "But what will you do if the Romans do unite with us?" He answers: "The Holy Ghost anathematizes even angels, should they command aught beside the faith."†

The holy Abbot managed to write to his disciple Anastasius‡ the monk, that the Patriarch had sent him a message: "Of what Church are you? Of Constantinople, of Rome, of Antioch, of Alexandria, of Jerusalem? Behold, all are one and united, together with their subject provinces." He had replied that God had declared the Catholic Church to be the true and saving confession of Himself, when He called Peter blessed for his good confession. What then was the confession by which this union has been consummated? He

In P.L. 129 (*Coll. of Anast. Bibl.*), in Gallandi, vol. XIII, and in Combefis's ed. of St Maximus (P.G. 90), they are given in Greek also.

* The Emperor having declared that the election of Martin was null, the Roman clergy, after holding out for a year, at last elected an excellent and perfectly orthodox Pope in his stead, Eugenius—although St Martin was still alive and in his exile had declared such a thing impossible. From the Chersonese St Martin (though complaining that he has received no relief from the Roman clergy in his dire want) recognized the new Pope, but we have no record of his having made any formal abdication.

† On another day he is accused of anathematizing the Emperor by rejecting the *typus*. He replies that he has condemned no more than the document. "Where was it anathematized by the Roman Synod?" he is asked. "In the Church of the Saviour [the Lateran], and in that of the Mother of God," he answers. He is asked again: "Why do you love the Romans and hate the Greeks?" The servant of God said: "We are commanded to hate no man. I love the Romans because they have one faith with me, and the Greeks because they speak the same tongue as I." When the conversation turned to the Roman Synod, Demosthenes cried: "The Synod has no validity, since he who celebrated it [St Martin] has been deposed." "Not deposed," said Maximus, "but expelled." "What Synod," he goes on, "had deposed him?" And anyhow the canonical decisions previously made would not be annulled, "and with these the writings of the holy Pope Theodore are in agreement."

‡ The two disciples who shared the Saint's sufferings were Anastasius, a Greek monk, and Anastasius, a Roman cleric and papal envoy (*apocriarius*).

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was told, "We confess two operations on account of their diversity, one on account of the union." This St Maximus rejects on the ground that the union is not a substance, and cannot have an operation of its own.

"Therefore hear," said they, "it has been decided by the Emperor and the Patriarch, by order of the Roman Pope, that you shall be anathematized unless you obey, and shall suffer the death to which they have condemned you." "Let that be consummated," I replied, "which has been predestined by God before the ages."

St Anastasius on receipt of this letter was able at once to write privately to the monastery of exiled Greek monks at Cagliari in Sardinia, whose Abbot had been present at the Lateran Council, informing them of the new phase of affairs. He shows that the change from the "neither two nor one" of the *typus* to "both two and one" is absurd. He states that the Roman envoys had been forced into agreeing, and were being sent back to Pope Eugenius with deceitful letters. By this the whole Catholic Church was set in great peril. Anastasius begs the monks if possible to cross over at once on some other pretext "to the men of elder Rome, firm as a rock, who indeed together with you are ever our patrons and most fervent defenders of the truth," and beseech them with tears that they may deserve the Lord's reward for preserving the orthodox faith. The letter referred to was from the new Patriarch, Peter, and the *Liber Pontificalis* tells us that it was very obscure, and made no mention of two operations. The Roman people was indignant at it, and made a tumult in Sta Maria Maggiore at a Papal Mass, not allowing the Pope to commence until he had promised not to accept the letter.

On the day following the second examination of Maximus a council of clergy was held, and the Emperor was persuaded by them to condemn him to exile at Byzia in Thrace, and his disciples to other regions. They suffered greatly from cold and hunger.

On September 24, 656, Theodosius, Bishop of Cæsarea, in Bithynia, visited St Maximus by command of the Emperor, accompanied by the Consuls Theodosius and Paul. The discussion turned chiefly on the authority of the Fathers,

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and Maximus had the best of it. At last he knelt down and said: "Do your worst with your servant, I will never communicate with those who receive the *typus*."

And as though they had been frozen by this speech, they bent their heads and were silent for a long space. And raising his head and looking at Abbot Maximus, the Bishop said: "We declare to you in response, that if you will communicate, our master the Emperor will annul the *typus*."

Maximus replied that the *ecthesis* itself had not been disowned, though it had been taken down. The canons of the Roman Council must be formally accepted before he will communicate. The Bishop's reply is characteristically Byzantine in its unblushing Erastianism. "The Synod is invalid, since it was held without the order of the Emperor." Maximus retorts with vigour: "If it is not pious faith but the orders of the Emperor that validate synods, let them accept the synods that were held against the *Homoousion* at Tyre, at Antioch, at Seleucia, and the Robber Council of Ephesus."

Eventually St Maximus takes up the acts of "the holy and Apostolic Roman Synod," and proves from them that the Fathers spoke of two wills and two operations. The Consul Theodosius reads the testimonies for himself, while the Bishop declares that whatever the Fathers say he says. He is ready at once to write down two wills and two operations. Will not Maximus then consent to communicate? The Saint replies that he is but a monk and cannot receive the Bishop's declaration; the Bishop, and also the Emperor, the Patriarch and his synod must all send to the Pope, supplicating that if it be possible he should make terms with them. The Bishop says: "If I am sent to Rome, promise to come with me." Maximus replies that his exiled disciple, the Roman Anastasius, would be a more suitable companion, as knowing the language.

Then all arose with joy and tears, and knelt down and prayed. And each of them kissed the holy Gospels and the precious Cross and the image of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ and of our Lady who bare Him, the all-holy Mother of God, placing their own hands on them to confirm what had been done.

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Maximus then further instructs them in the faith. Finally, they all embrace, and the Consul Theodosius asks: "But do you think that the Emperor will make a supplication to Rome?" "Yes," replies the Abbot, "if he will humble himself as God has humbled Himself." "I hope," adds the Consul, "that God will assist my memory, that I may repeat this speech to him." The Bishop presented Maximus with money and a tunic and a cloak. But when they were gone, the Bishop of Byzia at once seized the tunic. Thus the holy Abbot had won a greater victory in his cruel exile than in his famous conference with the insincere Pyrrhus. An extreme anxiety is shown to win over a man so influential by his sanctity and his writings. The *typus* even might be sacrificed, and it had evidently been already dropped in the arrangement made with the envoys of Pope Eugenius. But the Lateran Council had set down the *typus* as heretical. Would the Emperor and the Patriarch humble themselves so far as to accept this? It is probable that Maximus had little hope that Rome would modify the personal censures passed on former patriarchs; but much would be gained if Peter would at least admit two operations, withdraw the *typus* and open negotiations with the Pope.

But Bishop Theodosius had not reckoned with the obstinacy of Constans and Peter. On September 9 Maximus was honourably sent to Rhegium, and next day two patricians arrived in state with Bishop Theodosius, and offered the Saint great honour, if he would accept the *typus* and communicate with the Emperor. The Abbot turned to Theodosius, and solemnly reminded him of the day of judgement. The Bishop in a low voice gave the characteristic reply: "What could I do if the Emperor took another view?" "Then why did you touch the Gospels?" asked the Saint. All present then struck him and spat upon him, in spite of the remonstrance of the Bishop. The patrician Epiphanius admitted that all agreed to two wills and two operations, and that the *typus* was but a compromise. Maximus reiterated the Roman view that to forbid an expression was to deny its truth.

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Thus the Emperor adhered to his policy. He had still Honorius for his warrant. He admitted the Catholic doctrine defined by Rome, though he chose to deny the validity of the Lateran Council. We see that the ecclesiastics obeyed him through fear alone. The mind of the new Pope was known; the verdict of the Fathers was not doubtful. No one at Constantinople ventured to support one will or one operation.

Next morning, September 10, the Saint was stripped of all the money he possessed, and even of his miserable stock of clothes, and was conveyed to Salembria. The officers told him that if only there were repose from the wars they would deal with Pope Eugenius and all his adherents and with Maximus himself and his two disciples as they had dealt with Pope Martin.

In 662 the three confessors were brought to Constantinople. A trial was held. Maximus, his two disciples, St Martin, St Sophronius and all the orthodox were anathematized. The Prefect was ordered to beat the accused, to cut out their tongues and lop off their right hands, to exhibit them thus mutilated in every quarter of the city, and then to send them into perpetual exile and imprisonment. A letter of the Roman Anastasius has preserved the details of their barbarous treatment. Each was confined in a different fortress in Colchis. The monk Anastasius died on July 24, 662, and Maximus on August 13. The Roman Anastasius lived on until 666. They have always been revered in East and West as Saints.

When St Jerome spoke tremendous words about the Pope, we are asked to believe that he was exaggerating or even that he was sarcastic. When the Council of Chalcedon wrote in a like strain to St Leo, we are to put down its words as empty Oriental compliments. Whatever may be thought of such comments, they cannot be applied to the words in which we have heard St Maximus again and again set forth the privileges of Rome. Men do not shed their blood to blunt a sarcasm or to justify a compliment.*

*Pope Eugenius was succeeded in 657 by Vitalian. The election was well received by the Emperor. The Pope wrote to Peter in a conciliatory

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The murderer of Martin and Maximus was himself murdered in 668. His son Constantine Pogonatus was desirous of uniting East and West once more. The peoples of the East were orthodox; and if their Bishops were silent under the whip of the *typos*, it was not that they were Monothelites. But it was not till 678 that the Emperor made peace with the Saracens and was able to turn his attention to ecclesiastical affairs. It is probable that the *typos* had been a dead letter since the death of Peter in the same year as Constans.*

The Emperor determined to summon a Council, and wrote to Pope Donus on the subject. But Donus was already dead. The new Pope, St Agatho, collected a preliminary synod at Rome, and ordered others to be held in the West.† This caused a considerable delay, so that the papal legates to the General Council of Constantinople were unable to arrive until October, 680. This interval of two years caused the heretical Patriarch Theodore and the equally heretical Macarius of Antioch to complain to the Emperor that the Pope despised the Easterns and their monarch, and they

tone, and the Patriarch wrote back a letter full of garbled quotations from the Fathers. This was probably rejected. The Emperor left Constantinople on account of the unpopularity he had incurred by his cruelty and want of orthodoxy, and came to Rome in the guise of an orthodox son of the Church. It may have been politic on his part to conciliate the Monophysites in the East; it was certainly politic to be at peace with the Pope in the West. Though the mutilation and exile of St Maximus had been carried out but a few months before, yet now the *typos* was buried in silence. The Pope received his sovereign with all honour, and accepted his presents to the churches. He did not even venture to protest against the spoliation of some churches by the tyrant. The Emperor had the name of Vitalian inscribed on the diptychs of Constantinople.

* The successor of Peter, Thomas, addressed an orthodox *libellus* to Pope Vitalian, but the incursion of the Saracens prevented its being sent to Rome during his short episcopate of two years and seven months. The Emperor's countenance may have been needed in order to enable the Patriarchs John (669-74) and Constantine (674-6) to communicate with Rome, or again the wars may have been the preventing cause. These three orthodox Patriarchs were succeeded by a heretic, Theodore.

† We know of one held by St Theodore of Canterbury, of another in Gaul, and of one at Milan.

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asked that the name of Vitalian might be removed from the diptychs. This he refused to do.

Constantine's letter had been written under the influence of the heretical patriarchs.* He declares before God that he will show no favour to either side, and if no agreement is reached, the papal commissioners shall be allowed to depart in peace. He clearly regards the matter as a quarrel between the two Romes rather than as a question of faith.

Before the Council met, the Patriarch Theodore was sent into exile. Perhaps the Emperor had found out that he would be an obstacle in the way of peace.

The first session of the Sixth Œcumenical Council took place on November 7, 680. The proceedings were opened by the papal legates, who sat in the place of honour on the left hand of the Emperor, who was the president, the legates being the ecclesiastical presidents.† They say that they have been sent, together with two letters, at the Emperor's request. For some forty-six years four successive Patriarchs of Constantinople, Sergius, Pyrrhus, Paul and Peter, and also Cyrus of Alexandria, Theodore of Pharan and others, have greatly disturbed the world by new and unorthodox expressions, in spite of frequent remonstrances "from your servant the Apostolic See." Those who are on the side of Constantinople must explain the origin of this novelty.

The new Patriarch of that city did not budge. But Macarius, with his disciple Stephen, priest and monk, and two Bishops, arose on behalf of Antioch and protested :

We did not publish new expressions, but what we received from the holy and œcumenical synods, and from holy approved Fathers, from the prelates of the royal city, that is from Sergius, Paul, Pyrrhus and Peter, and also from Honorius, who was Pope of old Rome, and Cyrus, who was Pope of Alexandria, with regard to the opera-

*The Emperor suggested that the Pope should send at least three representatives from Rome, twelve Archbishops or Bishops from the West, and four monks from each of the Greek monasteries in the West (perhaps to interpret). The Emperor would see to their conveyance to Constantinople.

†Mansi, xi, 207. At the first session only forty-three bishops and representatives of bishops are enumerated as present. The last session was signed by 174. The numbers in the different sessions are various.

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tion and will. Thus we have believed and do believe and preach, and we are ready to offer proof.

This was a nasty hit. Macarius quotes the same names as the legates, and adds to them that of Honorius!

The Emperor replies: "If you mean to prove this, you must do so, as you have said, from the œcumenical synods and approved Fathers." This Macarius tried to do. The acts of the third, fourth and fifth Councils were read. The letter of Mennas to Pope Vigilius, and two letters of the latter, to which Macarius had appealed, were shown to be forgeries. So far Macarius had always had the worst of it. George, the new Patriarch of Constantinople, seems at last to have made up his mind. He comes forward with all his suffragans and asks that the letters from Rome be now read. This was accordingly done on November 15 (Mansi, xi, 233).

The Dogmatic Letter of St Agatho is very long. It goes into the whole question, and adds quotations from the Fathers.* He emphasizes two points. In the first place, he makes it clear that he is declaring the faith as it is to be held, and as the Roman Church holds it, and that there is no room for discussion. In the second place he repeatedly insists that the Roman See has never taught any other doctrine, but has kept the truth undefiled. This was necessary

*The Pope praises the Emperor's idea of calling a Council, and of sending the notices of it through the ministry of the Pope to all peoples and tongues, and not directly, lest it should seem the Emperor was using compulsion. Agatho instantly obeyed; but the distance to which he had to send had caused a long delay. He sends, as the Emperor had asked, three Bishops (these represented the Roman Council), two priests and a deacon (representing the Pope himself), and also a priest representing the Church of Ravenna. From all these not learning but simplicity of faith is to be expected, for they live among barbarians. He has entrusted to them extracts "from the Fathers whom this apostolic Church receives," in order that they may be able to explain what "this spiritual Mother of your heaven-protected power, the apostolic Church of Christ, believes and preaches," not by worldly eloquence, but by simple faith. They have been ordered not to presume to add or take away or change aught, but sincerely to expound "the tradition of this Apostolic See, as it has been taught by our apostolic predecessors." On bended knee the Pope beseeches Constantine to receive them kindly, and send them back safe, according to his promise.

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when the heretics were quite sure to appeal to Honorius as having explained the faith of the Roman Church.

In order that we may briefly explain to your divinely instituted piety what is the vigour of our apostolic faith, which we have received from apostolic tradition, and from that of Apostolic Pontiffs and that of the five holy general Synods by which the foundations of the Catholic Church of Christ have been strengthened and confirmed, this then is the condition of the evangelical and apostolical faith and the regular tradition, that believing one, holy and indivisible Trinity, etc.

After asserting two natures and two operations, the Pope continues:

This is the true and undefiled profession of the Christian religion, which no human cleverness invented, but *which the Holy Ghost taught by the Prince of the Apostles*. This is the firm and irreprehensible doctrine of the Apostles, etc.

And, therefore, with a contrite heart and flowing tears, prostrate in spirit, I beseech you, deign to stretch forth the right hand of your clemency to the apostolic doctrine *which the co-operator of your pious labours, Peter the Apostle, has handed down*, that it be not hidden under a bushel, but be proclaimed more loudly than by a trumpet in the whole world: because his true confession was revealed from heaven by the Father, and for it Peter was pronounced blessed by the Lord of all; and he received also, by a threefold commendation, the spiritual sheep of the Church from the Redeemer of all to be fed. *Resting on his protection, this Apostolic Church of his has never turned aside from the way of truth to any part of error, and her authority has always been faithfully followed and embraced as that of the Prince of the Apostles by the whole Catholic Church and all Councils, and by all the venerable Fathers who embraced her doctrine, by which they have shone as most approved lamps of the Church of Christ, and has been venerated and followed by all orthodox doctors, while the heretics have attacked it with false accusations and hatred.* This is the living tradition of the apostles of Christ, which His Church holds everywhere, which is above all things to be loved and cherished and faithfully preached. . .

This is the rule of the true faith, which in prosperity and adversity this spiritual Mother of your most serene Empire, the apostolic Church of Christ, has ever held and defends; and she, by the grace of almighty God, will be proved never to have wandered from the path of apostolic tradition, nor to have succumbed to the novelties of heretics; but even as in the beginning of the Christian faith she

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received it from her founders, the Princes of the Apostles of Christ, *so she remains unspotted to the end, according to the divine promise of our Lord and Saviour Himself*, which He spake to the prince of His disciples in the holy Gospels: Peter, Peter, saith He, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he might sift you as he who sifts wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not, and thou one day being converted, strengthen thy brethren. Let your clemency therefore consider that the Lord and Saviour of all, to whom faith belongs, who promised that the faith of Peter should not fail, admonished him to confirm his brethren; and it is known to all men that the Apostolic Pontiffs, the predecessors of my littleness, have always done this with confidence. These my lowliness desires to follow, though unworthy and small, yet in accordance with the ministry which I have received by the divine mercy.*

Again he explains at great length the doctrine of "the Apostolic Church of Christ, the spiritual mother of your God-founded authority." He adds a few instances both from Greek and Latin Fathers, and shows that "one operation" is a Monophysite phrase. Cyrus and Theodore of Pharan, and Sergius in his letter to Cyrus, had used the expression. Sergius inserted "one will" into the *ecthesis*. Pyrrhus confirmed the *ecthesis*, but afterwards confessed two wills and two operations in the *libellus* which he offered in the confession of the Prince of the Apostles. Paul declared for one will in his letter to Pope Theodore, and then in the

*"For wo is me," he goes on, "if I neglect to preach the truth of my Lord, which they preached with sincerity. Wo is me, *if I cover the truth in silence*, when I am bidden to deliver it to the money-changers, that is to instruct the Christian folk therewith. What shall I say in the future judgement of Christ Himself, if here, which God forbid, I should be ashamed to proclaim the truth of His words! . . . Wherefore also the predecessors of my littleness, of apostolic memory, being furnished with the teachings of the Lord, ever since the prelates of the Church of Constantinople have been trying to introduce heretical novelties into the immaculate Church of Christ, have never neglected to exhort them, and to warn them with entreaties to desist from the heretical error of the false teaching, *at least by silence*."

The words "at least by silence" may be taken as a lame reference to Honorius, for he had recommended silence as to one or two operations; and this was not quite so bad as the interdicting by the *typus* of both expressions under terrible penalties. But it is more probable that if Agatho had intended to apologize for Honorius, he would have done so openly.

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typus forbade the mention of either one or two. Peter, writing to Pope Vitalian, professed to hold "one-two wills" and "one-two operations." See how they contradict themselves and one another!

Consequently, the holy Church of God, the Mother of your most Christian Empire, must be freed from the errors of teachers like these, and *the whole number of prelates and priests, and clergy and people, in order to please God and save their souls, must confess with us the formula of truth and apostolic tradition, the evangelical and apostolic rule of faith, which is founded upon the firm rock of blessed Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, which by his favour remains free from all error.**

He concludes by declaring that, "if the prelate of the Constantinopolitan Church shall elect to hold with us, and to preach this irreprehensible rule of the apostolic teaching of the Holy Scriptures, of the venerable Synods, of the spiritual Fathers, according to their evangelical interpretations, by which the formula of the truth has been shown to us through the revelation of the Holy Ghost," then there will indeed be peace. But if he should refuse, "let him know that of such contempt he will have to make satisfaction to the divine judgement of Christ before the Judge of all, who is in heaven, to whom we ourselves shall give an account, when He shall come to judgement, for the ministry we have received."

Later Councils (as, for instance, that of Trent) have had the office of defining the faith. In the present case it is certain that the Pope has no idea of permitting any such thing. He writes as St Leo wrote to Chalcedon, and as Hadrian was to write to the Seventh Council at Nicæa. St Agatho leaves no deliberation to the assembled Fathers. All are to accept his ruling at their peril.

* St Agatho goes on to say that it was in deep grief, not in pride, but in desire for the truth and the salvation of souls that his apostolic predecessors had warned, begged, entreated, rebuked, besought, refuted, and had used every manner of exhortation. Even after many years of error they had still opened their spiritual arms to embrace the erring, "that they might not make themselves aliens from our fellowship, or rather that of St Peter, whose ministry, though unworthy, we fulfil, and the form of whose tradition we declare." He begs the Emperor to continue the zeal that has already given much reason for thankfulness.

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The way in which he exercises his infallibility is the ancient way, so often used by his predecessors. He speaks of the tradition from St Peter, of which successive Popes are the witnesses and the exponents. To-day, a Pope would rather speak of the tradition of the whole Church. It is obvious that in the seventh century a way of speaking which had been natural in the second had already become somewhat strained. When for many ages the Church has received its faith from Rome, there can evidently no longer be any peculiar tradition at Rome which is not known and accepted by the Church at large. It is true that the East had so often been divided from the West that the antique formula was still not wholly inapplicable. But the inerrancy of the Roman prelates in declaring the Petrine tradition was really the main point, then as now.

It should be noticed how St Agatho insists, again and again, on the continued appeals made by his predecessors. It is as much as to say: "The heretics have followed some passing expressions imprudently set down by one Pope, who made no appeal to papal authority, nor to tradition from St Peter. Against this I put the repeated, the continuous protest of Pope after Pope, authoritative, grave, deliberate. Their voice was intended to be, and was, the voice of the infallible Roman Church."

Thus the claims made on behalf of Rome by the orthodox in the East, by Stephen of Dora and the Palestinians, by Maximus and the Byzantines, are fully taken up by Agatho. He does no less than they would have expected of him. He proposes no terms, and will have nothing but unconditional surrender.

The letter of the Roman Council is similar to that of the Pope, but shorter.* It concludes with the expression of the

* The letter of the Roman Synod is signed by Agatho and 125 bishops, among whom were St Wilfrid of York representing the English Synod, and two representatives of a Synod of Gaul. They say to the Emperor: "What has been granted rarely and to few has been conceded by God to your God-crowned Empire, that by it the light of our Catholic and Apostolic true faith may shine with splendour in the eyes of all, which from the fountain of true light as from a ray of life-giving radiance, *by the blessed ministry of Peter and Paul, the Princes of the Apostles, by their disciples and apostolic successors,*

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hope that the Emperors will show themselves to be like their predecessors who patronized the preceding Councils—Constantine, Theodosius, Marcian—"who embraced the tome of the holy Pope Leo, which by his words Peter the Apostle had published," and Justinian, greatest of all, and will succour the Catholic Church, "so that it may be more perfectly united in the unity of the true and Apostolic confession which the holy Roman Church now preserves with us" (Mansi, xi, 285 foll.)

The fifth session of the Council was held on December 7. Macarius continued his defence. He had tried the Synods, now he tries the Fathers, and produces two volumes of quotations, which were read but not entered in the acts. In the next session a third volume of testimonies was read. The three tomes were sealed by the Emperor's assessors, by the papal legates and Constantinopolitan deputies, in order that they might be compared with the originals in the Patriarchal Library. The legates declare that some of the citations are falsified and curtailed: they have themselves

has by the help of God been preserved step by step down to our littleness, obscured by no foul darkness of heretical error, nor polluted by the mists of falsehood, nor overshadowed by the clouds of heretical wickedness as with murky fogs, but pure and clear and transparent. For in this the Apostolic See and our littleness have toiled not without dangers, now taking counsel with the Apostolic Pontiffs, now making known to all by a synodical definition the rules of truth, and defending the boundaries which cannot be transgressed even to the loss of life. . . " Here St Martin is meant. The painful situation of the West in the midst of the wars of the barbarian nations is given as a reason why learning and eloquence must not be expected to flourish there, but only hard work and poverty. "Our only substance is our faith, to live with which we count the greatest of glories, and to die for which is eternal gain. This is our consummate science, to guard with all the strength of our minds the boundaries of the Catholic and Apostolic faith, which the Apostolic See holds with us and has handed down." There follows a sort of creed: "*This we believe. This we have received by the Apostolic tradition, whose authority in all we follow. So the Council under Pope Martin taught.* . . We, though most humble, strive with all our might that the commonwealth of your Christian Empire—in which the See of blessed Peter is founded, whose authority all Christian nations with us venerate and revere out of reverence for St Peter himself—may be shown to be higher than all nations." The reverence of the independent nations of the West for the Apostolic See is intended to suggest to the Emperor that he should be proud of possessing it in his dominions.

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brought a book of testimonies from the Fathers in favour of two wills and operations, and from heretical writers in favour of one will and operation. These are read next day in the seventh session. The legates ask George of Constantinople and Macarius whether they and their suffragans accept these testimonies as agreeing with the letters of Agatho and the Roman Council. But it is, of course, first necessary in justice to verify them in the same way as those of Macarius. Copies are therefore given to the two patriarchs, and the original is sealed.

After three weeks the eighth session is held on March 7. The Emperor simply asks "whether they agree with the letter of Pope Agatho." George replies that he had found the papal testimonies to be accurate, "and so I profess and believe." He was followed by the bishops subject to him, beginning with the metropolitans of Ephesus and Heraclea. Fifteen gave their adherence individually, and then the rest arose together and assented in a body.

George then asked the Emperor's leave to restore the name of Pope Vitalian to the diptychs, from which it had evidently been removed under his predecessor, in spite of the Emperor's promise to the contrary. To this the Emperor agreed. So in this session the union of Rome and Byzantium was consummated. The Council proceeded to make acclamations to the Emperor, "the new Constantine, new Theodosius, new Justinian" (taking these titles from the letter of the Roman Synod), and also acclamations to Agatho and George.

It was now the turn of Macarius to reply to the Emperor's question. His answer was categorical and bold enough: "I do not say two wills or two operations in the economy of the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, but one will and a theandric operation." Macarius, therefore, does not take his stand on the compromise of the *et̄thesis* or the *typus*, but goes in for undiluted Monothelitism. He is almost the only certain representative of this heresy since the nine propositions of Cyrus.

The Synod resolved: "*Since the most holy Macarius does not consent to the tenor of the orthodox letters sent by Agatho the*

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most holy Pope of Rome, which have been already read to your piety, we judge that he arise from his seat, and make reply."

Four of the bishops of Macarius's own province of Antioch then rose, and adhered to the letter of Agatho. The testimonies given in by Macarius were unsealed. He read his profession of faith, in which he identified the teaching of two wills and operations with Nestorianism. When in his enumeration of the heretics whom he anathematizes he arrives at Theodore of Mopsuestia, he calls him "the accursed teacher of the heresy of Maximus"; and he adds "to all these heretics the ill-named Maximus, who lately joined their number, with all his impious disciples, who taught Manichæism and the tearing of the humanity of Christ, and his dogma of division which was rejected before our time by *our blessed Fathers, I mean Honorius and Sergius and Cyrus*, and the subsequent leaders and exarchs of this Church, and Heraclius of pious memory, your great grandfather." In answer to the Emperor, Macarius declares that he will never acknowledge two wills or two operations, even if he is to be cut limb from limb, and cast into the sea.

His testimonies are then read and shown to be unfairly quoted. He can only reply that he quoted them in such a way as to prove his own view. Upon this the Synod cried out: "Anathema to the new Dioscorus, the new Apollinarius!" He was stripped of his omophorion, and made to stand in the midst. On the next day the reading was concluded, and Macarius was deposed, together with his disciple, Abbot Stephen.

The patristic testimonies brought from Rome and (at the request of the deputy of the Patriarch of Jerusalem) the synodical letter of St Sophronius were also read.

Then the Emperor asks the legates if there is any more business. They ask for certain writings of Macarius and Stephen to be examined, and parts of these are read. One excerpt speaks of the opposite party (the Lateran Council?) as having "anathematized absolutely all those who held one will of the Lord, of whom one was Honorius of the Romans, who most clearly taught one will." Thus Honorius is appealed to for the third time by Macarius.

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In the twelfth session, March 12, extracts from other documents were read, which had been sent by Macarius to the Emperor, but had not been read by the latter. The first was the letter of Sergius to Cyrus, then came the supposed letter of Mennas to Vigilius. Then for the first time appeared the letter of Sergius to Honorius and that Pope's reply, after Macarius has thrice appealed to its authority and has already been condemned as a heretic. All these pieces were now sent to Macarius, in order that he might acknowledge them as his, and this he did. It was decided that Macarius could not now be restored, even if he repented, but that a new Patriarch of Antioch must be made.

On March 28 the decision was given on the letters previously read. First those of Sergius to Cyrus and Honorius are condemned as alien from the orthodox faith, and as following the false doctrines of heretics. Then

*those whose impious dogmas we execrate, we judge that their names shall also be cast out of the holy Church of God, that is, Sergius, who was prelate of this God-protected and royal city, and was the first to write about this impious dogma, Cyrus of Alexandria, Pyrrhus, Paul and Peter, who presided on the throne of this God-protected city, and who held the same views as the others, and also Theodore, who was Bishop of Pharan; all which persons were mentioned by Agatho, the most holy and blessed Pope of elder Rome, in his letter to the most pious and divinely strengthened and great Emperor, and were cast out by him, as holding views contrary to our orthodox faith; and these we define to be subject to anathema. And in addition to these we decide that Honorius also, who was Pope of elder Rome, be with them cast out of the holy Church of God, and be anathematized with them, because we have found by his letter to Sergius that he followed his opinion in all things and confirmed his wicked dogmas.**

The words of the Council are accurate. The Roman le-

* The Fifth Council under the influence of Justinian had set the example of censuring the dead. It had not only condemned certain writings of Theodoret and Ibas, but it had condemned the person of Theodore of Mopsuestia, though he had died in full communion with the Catholic Church. The Lateran Council had followed this lead, and had condemned Sergius and Cyrus by name. The Sixth Council now follows the letter of Pope Agatho, and necessarily adds to his list the name of Pope Honorius, who had been easily passed over in silence at the Lateran, but had been

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gates raised no objection. It is clear that St Agatho had not wished to provoke the condemnation of his predecessor; but the resolution must have been proposed to the Council by the legates, who were its presidents, and they must have known that he would not disapprove.

On the other hand the condemnation of Honorius might never have been proposed or deemed needful, had not his letters been read among the documents presented by Marcellus to the Emperor, which the Emperor had not looked at. It was almost an accident, but so far as justice was concerned, a happy accident, however we may regret the unfortunate controversial uses to which the condemnation has been put in modern times.

The representatives of the Emperor now had other writings of the heretics read, though the Council declared it to be unnecessary, since Pope Agatho "in his letter had revealed their contrary view, or rather had made it plain that they agreed with Sergius. . . Wherefore the holy Pope cast these out by his own letter." The fragment of Honorius' second letter was among these additional documents. The Council ordered the whole lot to be burned "as agreeing in one impiety and hurtful to the soul."

On Easter Day, April 14, the papal legate, John, Bishop of Portus, celebrated Mass according to the Latin rite in the Church of Sta Sophia, in the presence of the Emperor and the Patriarch.

A curious incident enlivened the proceedings at the fifteenth session on April 28. A priest named Polychronius promised to restore a corpse to life by placing upon it his confession of one will and one operation. A corpse was provided; but after much whispering in its ear in the presence of a great throng of people, he failed ignominiously, and was thereupon deposed and anathematized.

dragged in by Marcellus at Constantinople. To have condemned Sergius and to have spared Honorius would have been grossly unfair. No doubt it would have been preferable to condemn the writings only of those who had never shown themselves obstinate or been excommunicated, reserving the personal anathema for Pyrrhus, Paul and Peter. But the lines had been drawn by Popes Martin and Agatho. If Sergius had begun the heresy, its continuance was due to the approval given by Honorius.

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During the summer the meetings of the Council were in abeyance. On August 9 the sixteenth and last session took place. In it George of Constantinople, together with a few of the Bishops subject to him, made a petition "for an 'economy,' that, if it were possible, the persons be not anathematized by name, that is, Sergius, Pyrrhus, Paul and Peter."

He names only his own predecessors, since for them alone was it his place to speak. But the same indulgence must necessarily have been extended to the rest of the condemned. Here was an obvious opening to save Honorius, had the legates had any desire to do so. But the Synod replied simply in the negative.

The final acclamations follow, first to the Emperor, as before, the "new Constantine, Marcian, Theodosius, Justinian." Then "many years" to Agatho, George, Theophanes (the new Patriarch of Antioch). Anathema to Theodore the heretic, to Sergius the heretic, Cyrus the heretic, Honorius the heretic, Pyrrhus the heretic, Paul the heretic, Peter the heretic, Macarius the heretic, Stephen the heretic, Polychronius the heretic, Apergius of Perga the heretic.

It has been said of this Council that it condemned a Pope against the wish of Rome. At least not, we saw, against the will of the Roman legates.

It has also been said that the Council accepted the dogmatic letter of the Pope only after having examined it and compared it with the Fathers. We saw, it is true, that the Pope's book of citations from the Fathers was carefully verified. But this was inevitable, as the same had been done to those of Macarius. The real question is rather: did the Council ratify merely the dogmatic decision of Agatho, or did it accept his whole letter, including the reiterated statements of Roman inerrancy and the right of the Pope to declare the faith, and the duty of all to accept the faith of Rome?

As the Council made no distinctions, raised no protest, we should *a priori* presume that it agreed with all St Agatho's pretensions. Further, the analogy of a former reunion

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of East and West—that under the Emperor Justin in 519—suggests that an explicit assertion of Roman inerrancy would not be out of place.

But we are not left to *a priori* considerations. A series of documents emanating from the Council and the Emperor exhibits the views of the Council on this subject with entire clearness. They echo the words of Agatho as to the unfailing faith of Rome. They repeat after him that he spoke with the voice of Peter. They represent the whole work of the Council as consisting merely in accepting his letter.

The first of these is the final and solemn decree of the Council which was read on September 11, and adopted in the last session, September 16, 681. This decree begins by accepting the five General Councils and the Creeds of Nicæa and Constantinople. It condemns the heretics, including Honorius,* and goes on:

And this holy and æcumenical Synod, faithfully and with uplifted hands greeting the letter of the most holy and blessed Pope of Elder Rome, Agatho, to our most faithful Emperor Constantine, which casts out by name those who have preached and taught, as we have said, one will or one operation in the dispensation of the Incarnation of Christ, our true God; and likewise embracing the other synodical epistle to his divinely taught serenity from the holy synod of 125 God-beloved bishops subject to the same most holy Pope, as being in harmony both with the Council of Chalcedon and with the tome sent to the sainted Flavian by the most blessed Pope of the same Elder Rome, Leo, whom the said Council called the pillar of orthodoxy, and also to the synodical letters written by the blessed Cyril against the impious Nestorius . . . [a long exposition of doctrine follows, Mansi, xi, 632 foll.]

This decree was signed by the whole Council, first by the legates, and last by the Emperor. At the moment of his signing, anathema was again proclaimed against all the heretics, including Honorius. The decree clearly implies that the whole work of the Council had been the acceptance of

* "But the devil raised up Theodore . . . Sergius, Pyrrhus, Paul and Peter . . . and also Honorius, who was Pope of Elder Rome . . . to teach one will and operation after the fashion of the impious Apollinarians, Severians and Themistians."

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the two letters from Rome as embodying the teaching of the Fathers. They are evidently received *ex animo* in the sense in which they were intended.

The next document is the customary λόγος προσφωνητικός addressed to the Emperor by the whole Council, and signed by the legates and by all the Bishops.* The Pope is spoken of as the "most high priestly prelate of elder Rome and of the apostolic acropolis," ὁ τῆς πρεσβυτάτης Ρώμης καὶ ἀποστολικῆς ἀκροπόλεως ἀρχιερατικώτατος πρόεδρος. When the five General Councils are enumerated, it is said that against Arius

Constantine ever Augustus and the famous Silvester immediately assembled the great and illustrious synod of Nicæa. . . . [Similarly against Macedonius] the great King Theodosius and Damasus the adamant of the faith, immediately resisted him. . . . [Against Nestorius arose] Celestine and Cyril . . . [and against Eutyches] the trumpet of Leo, like the mighty roaring of a lion echoing from Rome, . . . [and lastly] Vigilius agreed with the all-pious Justinian.

This description of the Councils as depending on the Emperors and Popes is a most remarkable testimony to the Eastern view in the seventh century, and all the more because in the case of the first two Councils it is not obviously historical. After such a witness to the relation of Pope and Council, we are not surprised at other passages which deal with the Sixth Council itself.

The Bishops praise the Emperor for restoring the integrity of the faith:

Therefore, in accordance with the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and in agreement with one another, and *assenting to the letter of our most blessed Father and most high Pope Agatho*, addressed to your Majesty, and *also to that of his holy synod of 125 Bishops*, we glorify our Lord Jesus Christ as one of the holy Trinity, etc.

The two Natures are then professed, and Theodore, Sergius and Paul, Pyrrhus and Peter and Cyrus are anathematized, "and with them Honorius, who was Prelate of Rome, as having followed them in all things," and Macarius, Stephen and Polychronius.

And lest anyone should reprehend the divine zeal of the all-holy

* Mansi, xi, 657.

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Pope or the present angelic assemblage, we have followed his teaching, and he the Apostolic and Patristic tradition, and we have found nothing that was not consonant with what they have laid down. . . . Who has ever beheld such wondrous things? The spiritual lists were arrayed, and the champion of the false teaching was beforehand disarmed, and he knew not that he would not obtain the crown of victory, but be stripped of the sacerdotal crown. But with us fought the Prince of the Apostles, ὁ κορυφαῖός τας πρωταπόστολος, for to assist us we had his imitator and the successor to his chair, who exhibited to us the mystery of theology in his letter. The ancient city of Rome proffered to you a divinely written confession and caused the daylight of dogmas to rise by the Western parchment. And the ink shone, and by Agatho Peter spoke; and you the autocrat king didst vote with the Almighty who reigns with you . . . and the wicked Simons who had flown aloft, fell down with the wing of contempt, and their statue was brought to ruin.

The allusion is of course to Simon Magus, who was said to have flown into the air in the Roman Forum, but to have fallen at the prayer of St Peter. This flowery language is addressed to the Emperor, not to the Pope, and cannot therefore be discounted as flattery. The victory over the heresy is attributed to the Pope, and Agatho's own claim to be the mouthpiece of Peter is adopted by the Council. It is, therefore, proved that the acceptance of the Roman letters by the Council was full and whole-hearted.

A third document is the letter, which the Council, in accordance with precedent, addressed to the Pope himself. It begins thus:

The greatest diseases demand the greatest remedies, as you know, most blessed one. Wherefore, Christ, our true God, has revealed your Holiness as a wise physician, mightily driving away the disease of heresy by the medicine of orthodoxy, and bestowing health on the members of the Church. We therefore leave to you what is to be done,* since you occupy the first see of the universal Church, and stand on the firm rock of the faith, after we have dwelt with pleasure upon the writings of the true confession from your paternal blessedness to the most pious King, which also we recognize as pronounced by the chiefest head of the Apostles, and by which we have put to flight the dangerous opinion of the heresy which lately arose. . . . Those

* This means that Macarius and other heretics were committed to the Pope to be dealt with at his discretion.

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who erred concerning the faith we have slain by our anathemas in the morning without the precincts of the courts of the Lord (to speak like David), according to the previous condemnation pronounced on them in your holy letters—we mean Theodore of Pharan, Sergius, Honorius, Cyrus, Paul, Pyrrhus and Peter, and besides these . . . Macarius . . . Stephen . . . and Polychronius.

The rest of the letter is in a like strain. Finally the Pope is requested to confirm the decision “by an honoured re-script.” This epistle is signed by all the Fathers of the Council.*

Effect was given to the decrees of the Council by the Emperor in an edict of considerable length.† I quote one passage, which is an official declaration of the inerrancy of Rome by the head of the State:

These are the teachings of the voices of the Gospels and Apostles, these the doctrines of the holy synods, and of the elect and patristic tongues; *these have been preserved untainted by Peter, the rock of the faith, the head of the Apostles; in this faith we live and reign, etc.*

The Emperor wrote also to the Pope. He recounts how he had invited the Pope to send representatives to a Council, and the other Patriarchs to send their subject Bishops, on account of the inroads of heretics. This is not quite the same as his view before the Council, when he had spoken as if

* Honorius is here numbered among those whom the Pope had already condemned, though in the original condemnation he had been rightly set down as an addition made by the Council. Here it seems to be the chronological order which has determined the inclusion of Honorius in the wrong division. Hefele (Eng. trans. v, p. 187) has suggested that it was this passage which misled Hadrian II, when in an allocution which was read in the eighth Council in 870 he declared that the other Bishops would never have judged Honorius, who was their superior, “unless the authorization of the consent of the Pontiff of the first see had preceded.” But Hadrian does not say, “Unless the Pope had first himself condemned.” I take it, therefore, that he is referring to a permission presumed to have been given in previous instructions to the legates.

† He mentions the heretics who had infected the Church: “That is to say, Theodore . . . Sergius . . . and also Honorius, who was Pope of elder Rome, the confirmer of the heresy and contradicter of himself, and Cyrus . . . Pyrrhus,” etc. And further on: “We mean Theodore . . . and Sergius . . . and also Honorius, who was Pope of elder Rome, who in all things agreed and accepted and confirmed their heresy, and Cyrus . . . Pyrrhus, Paul,” etc. (Mansi, xi, 697 foll.)

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there was but a quarrel between Rome and Byzantium, in which he would be an unbiased arbiter. The letter must be somewhat later than that of the Council to Agatho, as it is addressed to Leo II. St Agatho had died soon after the end of the Council, on January 10, 682. I cite one striking paragraph from the letter:

The letter of Pope Agatho, who is with the saints, to our majesty having been presented by his envoys . . . we ordered it to be read in the hearing of all, and we beheld in it as in a mirror the image of sound and unsullied faith. We compared it with the voices of the Gospels and of the Apostles, and set beside it the decisions and definitions of the holy œcumenical synods, and compared the quotations it contained with the precepts of the Fathers, and *finding nothing out of harmony, we perceived in it the word of the true confession [i.e., of Peter] unaltered. And with the eyes of our understanding we saw it as it were the very ruler of the Apostolic choir, the πρωτοκάθεδρος Peter himself, declaring the mystery of the whole dispensation, and addressing Christ by this letter: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God"; for his holy letter described in word for us the whole Christ. We all received it willingly and sincerely, and embraced it, as though it were Peter himself, with the arms of our soul. Macarius alone, who was prelate of Antioch, with those whom he dragged after him, divided from us, and drew back from the yoke of Christ, and leapt out of the sacerdotal circle; for he refused altogether to agree to the all-holy writings of Agatho, as though he were even raging against the coryphæus Peter himself. . . And since he so hardened his heart and made his neck a cord of iron, and his forehead of brass, and his ears heavy that they should not hear, and set his heart unfaithful that it should not obey the law, for the law goeth forth from Sion, the teachings of the Apostolic height, for this cause the holy œcumenical synod stripped him, Macarius, and his fellow heretics, of the sacerdotal office. In a written petition all of one accord begged our serenity to send them to your blessedness. This we have done . . . committing to your fatherly judgement all that concerns them. . . Glory be to God, who does wondrous things, who has kept safe the faith among you unharmed. For how should He not do so in that rock on which He founded His Church, and prophesied that the gates of hell, all the ambushes of heretics, should not prevail against it? From it, as from the vault of heaven, the word of the true confession flashed forth, and enlightened the souls of the lovers of Christ, and brought warmth to frozen orthodoxy. This we have completed happily by God's help, and have brought all the sheep of Christ into one fold,*

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no longer deceived by false shepherds and the prey of wolves, but pastured by the one Good Shepherd, *with whom you have been appointed to join in pasturing them*, and to lay down your life for the sheep.* (Mansi, XI, 713 foll.)

The Emperor also addressed a short letter to the Roman synod, in which he says:

You yourselves were present with your œcumenical chief pastor, τῷ οἰκουμενικῷ ἀρχιεπισκοπῇ, speaking with him in spirit and in writing. For we received, besides the letter from his blessedness, also one from your sanctity. It was produced, it was read, and it detailed for us the word of truth and painted the likeness of orthodoxy. . . We did not neglect to compare them with care. And, therefore, in harmony of mind and tongue we believed with the one and confessed with the other, and *we admired the writing of Agatho as the voice of divine Peter*, for nobody disagreed, save one (p. 721).

These letters may help us to decide whether "the Bishops who composed the Council had no, even rudimentary, idea of Papal Infallibility." The Council accepts the letter in which the Pope defined the faith. It deposes those who refused to accept it. It asks him to confirm its decisions. The Bishops and the Emperor declare that they have seen the letter to contain the doctrine of the Fathers; Agatho speaks with the voice of Peter himself; from Rome the law had gone forth as out of Sion; Peter had kept the faith

* He continues: "Wherefore be strong, play the man, and gird on the sword of the Word, and whet it with divine zeal, and stand firm to fight for piety, and be bold to cut off every rumour or introduction of heresy, as erst Peter cut off the sense of hearing of the Jew, foreshadowing the destruction of the legal and servile synagogue. Stretch forth the axe of the Spirit, and every tree that bears the fruit of heresy either transplant by instruction or cut it down by canonical penalties, and cast it into the fire of the future gehenna, in order that by the universal destruction of those who injure the faith, the body of the Church may be strong and whole, being connected and compacted by the peace of the Spirit. When this remains firm, the attack and resistance of the enemy is confounded, *and the throne of our serenity rests upon the rock of the faith*, counsels and motions are directed for the benefit of our power, and the State of the whole Roman Empire is set at peace with the peace of the faith. We urge your all-holy headship to send without delay an *Apocrisiarius* appointed by yourself to dwell in our royal and God-protected city, to represent the person of your Holiness in all matters that may arise, dogmatic, canonical or simply ecclesiastical "

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unaltered. The Council holds the same traditional views about Rome which we have heard from Constantinople, from Palestine, from Africa, from Cyprus.

All this is not the Vatican definition, for it is not definite. But the very least that is implied is that Rome has an indefectible faith, which is authoritatively promulgated to the whole Church by the Bishops of the Apostolic See, the successors of Peter and the heirs at once of his faith and of his authority.

How was it possible to assert this, and yet in the same breath to condemn Pope Honorius as a heretic? The answer is surely plain enough. Honorius was fallible, was wrong, was a heretic, precisely because he did not, as he should have done, declare authoritatively the Petrine tradition of the Roman Church. To that tradition he had made no appeal, but had merely approved and enlarged upon the half-hearted compromise of Sergius. The Roman tradition had been asserted with authority by Popes Severinus, John IV, Theodore, Martin and their successors; and Martin had sealed his testimony with his sufferings and death. Neither the Pope nor the Council consider that Honorius had compromised the purity of Roman tradition, for he had never claimed to represent it.

Therefore just as to-day we judge the letters of Pope Honorius by the Vatican definition, and deny them to be *ex cathedra*, because they do not define any doctrine and impose it upon the whole Church, so the Christians of the seventh century judged the same letters by the custom of their own day, and saw that they did not claim what papal letters were wont to claim. The grounds of both judgements are in reality the same, viz., that the Pope was not defining with authority.

It is true that in the East, as we have seen, the whole of the continued resistance to the true doctrine had been built upon the authority of Honorius, and that without his unfortunate letters in all probability no Monothelite troubles would have disturbed the page of history. But even in a case where no appeal was made by the Pope to the apostolic tradition, and where no penalties were threatened by him, there could be no anticipation that any incorrect man-

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date should issue from a Church whose faith was so pure, nor that such a letter as that of Honorius could be disowned by his successors. It was natural for the Byzantines, therefore, to treat it as giving the Roman view, natural that it should be followed by Sergius (whom in fact it bound), natural that it should remain a tower of strength to heretics until it had been authoritatively declared by Rome to be no embodiment of her tradition. Such a disavowal had become absolutely necessary as the complement of the Roman condemnation of the *ecthesis* and the *typus*, which had both been founded on Honorius, as we saw.

But once disowned by Rome, the words of Honorius were harmless against Rome. They were instantly reduced to their true value, as the expression of his own view.*

The infallibility of the Pope is for the sake of the Church. Wherever his fall would necessarily involve the Church in the same error, he is infallible. Therefore he is infallible whenever he binds the Church by his authority to accept his ruling, and only then. It is a matter of history that no Pope has ever involved the whole Church in error. It is a matter of history that Pope after Pope has solemnly defined the truth, and bound the Church to accept it. It is a matter of history that Pope after Pope has confirmed the Councils which decided rightly, and has annulled those which decided wrongly. It is a matter of history that Rome has always retained the true faith. If this was wonderful in the seventh century, it is more wonderful after thirteen more centuries have passed.

* Infallibility is as it were the apex of a pyramid. The more solemn the utterances of the apostolic see, the more we can be certain of their truth. When they reach the maximum of solemnity, that is, when they are strictly *ex cathedra*, the possibility of error is wholly eliminated. The authority of a Pope, even on those occasions when he is not actually infallible, is to be implicitly followed and revered. That it should be on the wrong side is a contingency shown by faith and history to be possible, but by history as well as by faith to be so remote that it is not usually to be taken into consideration. There are three or four examples in history. Of these the condemnation of Galileo is the most famous, and the mistake of Honorius makes a good (or rather bad) second. But in this case the mistake was rectified within a few months, and after that, no one followed Honorius in good faith.

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The confirmation of the sixth Council by Pope Leo II is contained in a long dogmatic letter to the Emperor, dated May 7, 682. The central paragraph is as follows:

My predecessor, Pope Agatho of apostolic memory, together with his honourable synod, preached this norm of the right apostolic tradition. This he sent by letter . . . to your piety by his own legates, demonstrating it and confirming it by the usage of the holy and approved teachers of the Church. And now the holy and great synod, celebrated by the favour of God and your own, *has accepted it and embraced it in all things with us, as recognizing in it the pure teaching of blessed Peter the prince of the apostles, and discovering in it the marks of sound piety.* Therefore the holy and universal sixth synod, which by the will of God your clemency summoned and presided, has followed in all things the teaching of the apostles and approved Fathers. *And because, as we have said, it has perfectly preached the definition of the true faith which the apostolic see of blessed Peter the apostle (whose office we unworthily hold) also reverently receives, therefore we, and by our ministry this reverend apostolic see, wholly and with full agreement do consent to the definitions made by it, and by the authority of blessed Peter do confirm them, even as we have received firmness from the Lord Himself upon the firm rock which is Christ.*

St Leo thus enumerates the heretics condemned:

And in like manner we anathematize the inventors of the new error, that is, Theodore, Bishop of Pharan, Sergius, Pyrrhus, Paul and Peter, betrayers rather than leaders of the Church of Constantinople, and *also Honorius, who did not attempt to sanctify this apostolic Church with the teaching of apostolic tradition, but by profane treachery permitted its purity to be polluted.*

It has been sometimes said that St Leo in these words interprets the decision of the Council about Honorius in a mild sense, or that he modifies it. It is supposed that by "permitted to be polluted" Leo II means no positive action, but a mere neglect of duty, grave enough in a Pope, but not amounting to the actual teaching of heresy. If Leo II had meant this, he would have been mistaken. Honorius did positively approve the letter of Sergius, as the Council pointed out. Further, the merely negative ruling of the *typus* had been condemned as heresy by the Lateran Council.*

* In a letter to the Bishops of Spain, St Leo has the similar phrase,

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As a fact the words of Leo II are harsher than those of the Council. He declares that Honorius did not publish the apostolic doctrine of his See, and he represents this as a disgrace to the Church of Rome itself, as a pollution of the unspotted. This no Eastern Bishop had ventured to say.

The anathemas on Pope Honorius have been again and again confirmed. A few years later he is included in the list of heretics by the Trullan Synod, a Council whose canons were not, however, and could not be received by Rome and the West. But the seventh and eighth Œcumenical Councils did the same, although the eighth Council formally declared that the Church of Rome had never erred. It is still more important that the formula for the oath taken by every new Pope from the eighth century till the eleventh has these words: "Together with Honorius, who added fuel to their wicked assertions" (*Liber diurnus*, II, 9). Finally Honorius was mentioned as a heretic in the lessons of the Roman Breviary for June 28, the feast of St Leo II, until the eighteenth century, when the name was omitted as liable to cause misunderstanding. In the Middle Ages, "to lie like the second nocturn" was a proverb, and no doubt the Breviary is still full of historical errors. Nevertheless, the persistence of this reading through many centuries at all events shows that it was not found scandalous by our forefathers, and was perfectly well understood until controversy suggested difficulties.

JOHN CHAPMAN, O.S.B.

"With Honorius, who did not, as became the apostolic authority, extinguish the flame of heretical teaching in its first beginning, but fostered it by his negligence." He means that Honorius did not detect the error latent in Sergius's expressions. To King Erwig he says: "And with them Honorius of Rome, who allowed the immaculate rule of Apostolic tradition, which he received from his predecessors, to be tarnished." A mere omission to rebuke would not have caused a tarnish. The Emperor had apologized more efficaciously for Honorius when he said that Honorius contradicted himself.

THE LITURGY OF TOLEDO*

Le Liber Ordinum en usage dans l'Église Wisigothique et Mozarabe d'Espagne. Par Dom Marius Férotin, O.S.B., Farnborough. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 1904.

"**T**OLEDO," says a writer who shall be nameless, "is after Rome the sacred city of the West. What other can compare with it? Iona is a desolate isle and never was a city; Franciscan Assisi, though wearing the look of Nazareth, is not crammed with the record of centuries and crusades; Oxford is the scholar's home; Paris was never sanctified; Avignon remains the fair schismatic; Seville and Cordova were Moorish brides and have not put off their Paynim adornments. But Toledo, girt by the golden Tagus, lifted high on its seven hills, morose, burnt, empty in the scorching light, has kept from the last days of the Roman Empire until now its faith undefiled. It holds the primacy of all the Spains; it still recites the liturgy which St Isidore and St Julian chanted; its amazing Cathedral is the tomb of kings and cardinals, preaching above them from 750 painted windows the Gospel of Christ; and in spite of Berber dynasties and Flemish-Burgundian Charles V, as of that Philip II who discrowned it by choosing Madrid for his royal presence-chamber, it reigns in history, in romance, with a halo of religion surrounding it, as Gothic, Spanish, Catholic, unconquerable and unique. Such is Toledo, second only to Rome."

"The landscape of Toledo and the banks of the Tagus," we read in M. Maurice Barrès, "are among the saddest and most ardent things in this world. The city itself," he continues, "has all the colour, the ruggedness, the haughty poverty of the sierra on which it is built." As though a mysterious living soul dwelt therein, it makes on the traveller an impression of energy and passion. Under the crude sky it appears "secret and inflexible, in this harsh over-heated

* See *Dublin Review*, April and July, 1906, "The Holy Latin Tongue," "Our Latin Bible."

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land." It is hieratic, and cannot be modern; "magnificently faithful to its past," it sleeps and dreams, but is austere amid its elegancies of architecture, which cannot dissemble the prevailing sternness; and so it recalls the queenly widow, not the bride who, when her husband dies, puts away crown and jewels to retire within a convent. Toledo is the royal dowager of Spain. She meditates on a prospect of "ineffaceable desolation, incessantly exposed to devastating winds, swept by fierce rains and blinding dust and remorseless sun fire." Her walls, dating from King Wamba, close round a "mausoleum of petrified memories." Her castellated bridges of Alcantara and San Martin lead you from the zone of the river into streets which are like desert-ravines, above which the Cathedral soars, a fortress, a shrine, a link between Christians, Moors, Jews, Romans, Carthaginians, all of whom have passed under the shadow of its hills. For the place was marked out as far back as the second Punic War. And its very name might be construed in Hebrew by the word "Toledoth," which means "generations," or "the history of man."*

"Hieratic" is the epithet befitting Toledo. Its patron saint is Leocadia, virgin and martyr in 302, under Dacian, the fierce lieutenant of Diocletian. On December 9 her feast is kept, and three churches were dedicated to her remembrance, in one of which outside the walls, four of the Councils, well known to us by name (the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventeenth), held their meetings. The first Bishop was Melancius (283), whom ten others followed, ruling without hindrance over a people essentially Celtic, while the Roman dominion endured. To the years 396 and 400 we assign those Toletan gatherings which condemned Priscillian, already executed in 386, and of late unexpectedly famous once more, thanks to the *Comma Jobanneum* and fresh studies on the Vulgate. But the end was now near of Rome's western sovereignty. Toledo barred its gates when the Vandals passed by; it yielded to the Visigoths under Euric (475), who was an Arian, and who drew up a code

* Hannah Lynch, *Toledo*, 2-16, London, 1903; Gautier, *Voyage en Espagne*, 136-175, Paris, 1888 (originally 1843).

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of laws for his barbarous people. Athanagild, his successor, pitched on these gaunt rocks his capital or his camp; but neither he nor any of the heretical foreign rulers could tear out of Spanish hearts their orthodox belief. Hermengild the martyr conquered by dying (584); and his brother Recared accepted the Nicene faith in the Third Council of Toledo (586), as an inscription on his statue, outside the Alcazar, bears witness. Goths and Suevi followed their lord's example. The King was a strong man; but the hierarchy was stronger still, as it ever has been in Catholic Spain.

Then Sisebuth overcame the Asturians and the Vascons, drove out the Byzantines, gave his Jews in Toledo the alternative of baptism within a year or expulsion from the kingdom, and erected the basilica to St Leocadia. In 653 the Eighth Council added "Filioque" to the creed of Constantinople. St Ildephonsus, who was Archbishop in 659, wrote *De Virginitate perpetua Sanctæ Mariæ contra tres infideles*—these "infidels" were natives of Narbonne, who came long before the Albigensians—and his legend is highly celebrated. He was buried in St Leocadia's church. Not long afterwards Wamba succeeded to the throne (672). He built the walls, raised the great palaces, and stamped on Toledo the gloomy Gothic character which it still retains, and which not even the Moors could efface, though softening it by their style of ornamentation, called the *mudéjar*. We omit King Ejica with his disedifying story; glance at Rodrigo's undoubted tournament, and just mention his legendary Cave of Hercules which the Toletans believe in but have never found. Rodrigo, last of the Goths, vanished during the fatal days of Guadelete, July 19-26, 711. The Jews of Toledo flung open its gates, and Tarik of Gibraltar came from Ecija to triumph in the Christian capital. Here begins the chronicle of the Mozarabites, whom, all along, we have kept in view.*

"Mozarabes, or Mostarabes, *adscititii*, as it is interpreted in Latin," says Gibbon. The word is a verbal form, pro-

* Muir, *The Caliphate*, 371; Gibbon, iv, 287, 340; vi, 354-8—Smith's edition, London, 1862.

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perly signifying those under Arab rule; but a certain degree of assimilation was charged upon them by more fortunate Christians. They had "submitted to the practice of circumcision and the legal abstinence from wine and pork" in the middle of the tenth century, as it appears; they wrote and conversed in the Saracen tongue; but they would not pronounce the creed of Islam. There is nothing fanciful in the resemblance which scholars have traced between the Mohammedan and the Arian formulas. That ancient quarrel which had troubled the Roman Spaniards was now to rage a second time during eight hundred years, until Granada should fall, Protestantism rise almost in the same hour, and the Socinian take up the doctrine of the Koran, *Deus neque gignit neque gignitur*. These names and dates fill us with astonishment. History, as we look at them, seems to be one immense drama, running into acts beyond counting. The Spaniard is always orthodox; the Northern lapses into heresy; the Arab is a Unitarian. Enough at present, let us turn to Toledo again.

The last great bishop, anterior to the Berber conquest, was St Julian, who wrote much, including an apology for the Spanish faith which Rome accepted, and who died in 690. Though Tarik seized the sacred treasures and converted the churches into mosques, yet he left in Christian hands the seven which historians enumerate. No fresh ones might be set up; processions and public ceremonies (including the ringing of bells) were forbidden; but so long as the yearly tribute was paid, the city kept its arms and horses, observed its own laws, and pleaded before its own judges. The Moslem on both sides of the Strait came in no long while to prefer tribute above conversion, and a subject race to brethren in the faith. Hence his rule was often mild; nor did he prosecute a holy war against those Christians who chose to be taxed rather than to feel the edge of his sword. Nevertheless, Toledo sulked and mutinied. In 763 Cassim, her Moorish ruler, threw off the yoke of Cordova. Abderrahman recovered the city in 766. The Christian renegade, Amrou of Huesca, contrived a mighty massacre of its nobles on the "Day of the Fosse," also termed

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for its sanguinary deeds *la noche Toledana*. Five thousand corpses filled a common ditch. Yet again, in 854, Toledo, says the Arabian poet, "was desolate as a grave." But twenty years later, in 873, she became a Republic under annual tribute and concluded an alliance with the Beni Casi of Aragon. Abderrahman III opened a siege round about her, in May, 930, which lasted eight years and ended in capitulation. Last came Alfonso VI of Leon, who in exile had been made chief of the Mozarabes by King Almamun, and who treacherously or otherwise broke into the city, May 26, 1085, driving out Yahya Ibn Ismail. The fugitive went off to Valencia, which the Cid was to wrest from his grasp. So Toledo flung out the Moors three hundred and seventy years after the Jewish remnant had let them in.*

All this while, the noble Spanish-Latin rite had been practised in its seven churches. Now a tragic thing came to pass. Alfonso left his French wife Constance and the French Archbishop, Bernard of Cluny, to govern Toledo. They seized upon the Mezquita, formerly Christian, and in violation of treaty restored it to the ancient use. It was solemnly consecrated on December 18, 1086. But that was not the remarkable event which we mean. Bernard represented the widespread monastic movement which, beginning at Cluny in the former age, had seated Gregory VII in St Peter's Chair, made war upon simony and a married clergy, and was now assimilating local rites to the Roman custom wherever it could be done. Previous attempts in Spain, of which we shall say something later, had not succeeded. Even now, though Aragon and Navarre yielded, Toledo called on St Isidore and pleaded its five centuries of prescription, if not primitive usage. Legend declares that the holy volume was, in Gibbon's language, "exposed to the doubtful trials of the sword and the fire" (VI, 370). In any case its doom was sealed. The Archbishop allowed it in six parishes; but the Roman office reigned elsewhere in its stead. Only two parishes retain it now. As for the Cathedral, it was rebuilt in 1227, after the battle of Navas de Tolosa (1212), by the prelate Rodrigo Ximenes de

* Lynch, *Toledo*, 65-79.

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Rada, who won that decisive victory, and who died in 1247. For 250 years the work went on.* Tradition says that the original church was founded by St Eugenius and dedicated to our Lady under Recared, April 12, 587. We have only to add that a second Ximenes, Franciscan friar and Cardinal, Primate and Regent of Spain, munificent patron of the Alcalá Polyglot, established in this enormous pile a Mozarabic chapel, and in 1500 printed the *Missale Mixtum*, which is used by the canons. In 1502 he published the Breviary *secundum regulam S. Isidori*, which we now possess.

Let us go back to the period of St Gregory VII or Hildebrand—for this wonderful man elected popes long before he mounted the Papal Chair. His policy was governed by one simple idea. Rome should be the centre, the pattern, the guide of Christendom. Local uses or privileges, however ancient, must not eclipse its religious dignity as *Mater et magistra omnium ecclesiarum*. Charges were brought against the Spanish Catholics of unsoundness in the faith; and their liturgical offices fell under suspicion. The very name of Mozarabes lent itself to ambiguities, as we have seen. Learned men are disposed to think that Elipandus, the heterodox prelate of Toledo, forged certain texts in defence of his own errors, and thus drew down censure on the genuine ritual. If so, his inventions cannot be found. At any rate, towards 1065 the Roman authorities were decidedly hostile to the old liturgy and bent on suppressing it. What could the Spaniards do? Very wisely, their bishops appealed directly to the Pope, at that time Alexander II, a nominee of Hildebrand. They submitted to him four volumes—the *Liber Ordinum*, the *Liber Orationum*, the *Liber Missalis*, the *Liber Antiphonarum*. A fifth book, oddly entitled the *Liber Comicus*, which contained the passages of Scripture read aloud during Mass, did not require presentation; it still exists in a copy of the eleventh century.† Alexander II examined, approved and returned the volumes in which his Council, after nineteen days' search, had

* Description of the Cathedral in H. Lynch's *Toledo*, 150-190.

† Edited by G. Morin, 1893.

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discovered nothing heterodox. But this did not stay the suppression more than twenty years. Cluny and Rome in 1087 joined hands against Toledo. The ritual shrank into its half-dozen parishes; the books in which it was admirably penned and musically noted lay forgotten among the mouldered relics of old time. When Cardinal Ximenes would publish what was left of them, he knew only the Missal, and that overgrown with Roman additions; hence it was called *mixtum*, i.e., *plenum*. In 1755 Alexander Lesley, S.J., printed at Rome, with help from Acevedo, the edition which Migne reproduced *ad litteram* in 1862. Lorenzana, Archbishop of Mexico, brought out another, in 1770, at Puebla. The so-called "Breviary" comprises portions of the Antiphonarium, the Psalter, the Canticles and a Hymnody. For these we may consult Tommasi, Bianchini and Lorenzana. But no critical edition has yet been prepared.*

One volume was, it would seem, lost beyond recovery. Neither Ximenes nor the subsequent scholars had set eyes on the *Liber Ordinum*. But we may say with the Latin proverb, "That which none dared to hope, behold the course of time has brought it unasked." At Silos in Castile, renowned for its St Dominic, who gave his name to another saint greatly more celebrated, there is a desolate abbey, with its *botica* or apothecary's shop and archives of unread manuscripts. And there, in 1886, Dom Marius Férotin was guided by the apothecary, Don Francisco Palomero, to a monument which, taken all in all, is perhaps the most important our age has recovered among treasures liturgical. For he had lighted upon the very copy, it would seem, of the *Liber Ordinum* which was presented to Pope Alexander II, and which contained a multitude of services never hitherto described by modern pens. An exceedingly beautiful volume it is, in 42 sheets or 344 folios of fine parchment, written in three colours, the style of caligraphy West Gothic, the scribe a priest named Bartholomew, and the patron, Dominic, Abbot of St Prudentius, together with Santius Garceiz of Albelda and his wife Bizinnina, who

* *Lib. Ord.* xi-xv.

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were at the cost of it. Bartholomew finished his work on May 18, 1090 of the Julian era, which corresponds to A.D. 1052. The precious manuscript found its way to Silos, was probably used by St Dominic, and about the year 1100 was laid aside. Hence it is in perfect preservation, except for a small number of folios. We may now, therefore, be certain that we possess the liturgical year as it was observed in the Spanish Church before 711. "Which books," says the Codex Æmilianus of the Councils, "our Lord Pope and all his advisers receiving, diligently scrutinizing and with sagacious study looking through, found quite Catholic and clear of all heretical depravity; and by Apostolic authority forbade and interdicted every man from vexing, condemning or presuming to alter the office of the Church of Spain."*

That office, meaning the Ritual which we are engaged upon, finds mention over thirty times in texts ranging from the Fourth Council of Toledo in 633 to the donation of Pelayo, Bishop of Leon, in 1073, when he gave the *Liber Comicus* to his cathedral, where it still remains. As regards the *Liber Ordinum*, our editor has employed three MSS. besides the standard one above—a Madrid parchment of 155 leaves, incomplete, from the Abbey of St Millan de la Cogolla, and of about the same epoch; another at Silos of 1039; and a fourth, also there, belonging to the eleventh century. We cannot linger among these details. Suffice it that Dom Férotin has neglected none of the minutiae dear to experts, in collating, printing, annotating, adding glossaries and indexes, which make of this great volume a Benedictine and yet modern triumph in scholarship. The editor has chosen a middle way between strict palæography and popular form. But the text of the old Spanish Vulgate is carefully printed as it is in the MSS. He subjoins six Mozarabic Calendars hitherto unknown, but all in substance dating from before A.D. 500.

Thus we are brought to a question as important as it is difficult. What was the origin of this remarkable liturgy? Did it come to Spain by way of Rome, of Gaul, of Africa? Had we in our hands the earliest Roman books, we could

* *Lib. Ord.* xix.

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perhaps reply; but these are gone for ever. Did St Paul visit the Peninsula? Despite his known intention (Romans xv, 24) and the phrase of St Clement which affirms that he travelled to "the extreme bound of the West," we cannot tell.* Nor does the legend of Santiago throw light on these investigations. Mgr Duchesne is willing to ascribe with Pope Innocent I all the churches of the Occident, including Spain, their faith and their ritual, to St Peter and his successors. The words are impressive: "Aut legant," exclaims the Pope, "si in his provinciis alius apostolorum invenitur aut legitur docuisse. Quod si non legunt, quia nusquam inveniunt, oportet eos hoc sequi quod ecclesia Romana custodit, a qua eos principium accepisse non dubium est."†

Remark how the language and policy of Hildebrand are here enunciated, previous to A.D. 420. But it is also manifest that Innocent I had never heard of St Paul or St James founding churches in the Iberian borders. Nevertheless, in 416, the date of this epistle to the Bishop of Eugubium, there did prevail a widespread "use" which was not Roman but Gallican, with its own peculiarities, whencesoever derived. It was followed, according to Mgr Duchesne, in the "diocese" of Milan, as in Gaul, Spain, Britain and Ireland, but not in Africa. The *Liber Ordinum* should clear away some of this darkness. Meanwhile, we read, as if the common view, that "the liturgy of the Spanish churches down to the eleventh century was identical with that observed in the Gallic churches before Charlemagne, and in the British Isles previous to the Roman missions of the seventh century." Duchesne concludes that the Gallican rite, so far as it differs from the Roman, is Oriental, not directly Ephesian or Apostolic (a favourite English idea), but introduced at Milan about 350, probably by the Cappadocian exile and bishop, Auxentius (355-374), who played a great part at the Council of Rimini, and was succeeded by St Ambrose.

To what extent this view will be modified on full acquain-

* See Lightfoot, *St Clement*, II, 30, on Ep. ad Corinth. v; and the Muratorian fragment in Westcott, *Hist. of Canon*, 517.

† Duchesne, *Origines du Culte Chrétien*, 87, Paris, 1903.

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tance with the *Liber Ordinum* it remains to be seen. But, allowing it, we must register the learned writer's inferences. He perceives in the Councils and primacy of Toledo a solid foundation for the laws of Spanish liturgy. There, in consequence, the Gallican use maintained itself last of all; everywhere else it was fated to disappear. The Holy See, consulted by local bishops, sent them in reply its own volumes, as when Pope Vigilius forwarded the Ordinary of the Mass to Profuturus of Braga in 538. And so, by degrees, a certain uniformity was established. Spain, however, as being *in partibus infidelium*, escaped until the consecration of Toledo Cathedral by a French prelate, which marked the passing of its native and yet glorious liturgy.*

For us who are not experts the charm which this *Liber Ordinum* holds in its pages will not be lessened, whatever its origin. Like the other great service-books of prayer and praise it is essentially anonymous. The name of St Isidore floats over it, as that of St Cyril over the liturgy of Jerusalem, and that of St Chrysostom over the Greek. But its real authors are not known. It wears, indeed, a native air which is unmistakable and, as the scholar would easily demonstrate, even pre-Christian. "The breath of Spanish genius," we may observe with a most competent writer,

informs the Latinity of the Silver Age. Augustus himself had named his Spanish freedman, Gaius Julius Hyginus, the chief Keeper of the Palatine Library. Spanish literary aptitude, showing stronger in the prodigious learning of the Elder Seneca, matures in the altisonant rhetoric and violent colouring of the Younger, in Lucan's declamatory eloquence and metallic music, in Martial's unblushing humour and brutal cynicism, in Quintilian's luminous judgement and wise sententiousness.†

Then the Spanish Cæsars, at least Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius, were men of letters—the one a dilettante, the other a saint according to his lights. Church Latin of the fourth century shines in the verse of the Christian poet Prudentius, in whom "the savour of the terrible and

* Ibid. 91, 96-105.

† T. Fitzmaurice Kelly, *A History of Spanish Literature*, 8 seq. London. 1898.

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agonizing" seems to anticipate Spagnoletto. These things are visible long before the Goths break in and establish their kingdom; it is old Spanish rhetoric, Latinized under the Empire, to which we listen in the prayers, prefaces, exorcisms and hymns of the Mozarabite ritual. The Goth learned his florid style from the Iberian, who was mixed with Celts long ago; it is doubtful if he bequeathed half a dozen Teutonic words to the Southern vocabulary.

Moreover, Licinianus, Bishop of Cartagena, corresponds with St Gregory the Great; and Leander of Seville is the Pope's intimate friend. Leander's disciple and successor acquires fame by his encyclopædic writings, as "beatus et lumen noster, Isidorus." Braulius, Bishop of Zaragoza, edits that Saint's posthumous works; St Eugenius writes verses; Claudius of Turin seems to revive Seneca; Théodule of Orleans attempts a critical issue of the New Testament, and composes for Palm Sunday the *Gloria, laus et honor*, which we chant every year. When Spain fell under the Saracens, its language did not perish. "The rude Latin of the unconquered North remained well-nigh intact"; and at Cordova Livy and Quintilian were studied in the schools. If many Christians took on the Saracen tinge, we read likewise of the *Moro latinado*, the Castilian-speaking Arab, who "multiplied prodigiously." Thus, from the Silver Age to the troubadours we follow in its changes one strongly marked form of speech, rhetorical, epigrammatic, forcible, tender, abundant, in which the verse borders on declamation and the prose rings out high and swelling. Here is the very medium for liturgical achievement. Prayer has always demanded rhythm, which is the token of deep feeling; but for exhortation a certain check must be laid upon verse. Gothic Latin resolves this problem with a majesty, eloquence and warmth of colour not easily matched, if at all, in any other Western dialect. St Ildephonsus describes it well. "The word of exorcism should not be with artifice, nor hard to understand, neither wrought in strange terms, but simple, decorous, ardent, so illuminated by virtuous intention that the prince of this world may flee before its rebuke."*

* *Lib. Ord.* 25, note.

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With exorcisms, piquant in detail, but comparatively modern, the book opens. It falls naturally into two parts, divided by Holy Week—a ritual which comprises the sacraments, the great days, various blessings, and funeral services; followed by a collection of votive Masses, answering to some of these high functions. St Eugenius of Toledo had remarked on the splendour of the Spanish votive Masses in the seventh century. “Ideo non scripsi,” the Saint replies to a petition from the Bishop of Tarragona, “quia in hac patria tam accurati sermonis habentur atque sententiæ, ut simile non possim excudere.”* There is nothing like them in the Roman Missal. They are, in fact, surprisingly rich, devout and touching. But in the first part, or Sacramentary, as we may call it, the *Annus Sanctus* with its round of observances pictures the church of Toledo as though in a series of stained glass windows lighted by the southern sun.

For, though we are in presence of the general Spanish liturgy, we view it as observed in the Basilica Prætoriensis, or royal chapel, which King Wamba raised to a bishopric, the primate opposing him and finally getting it reduced again. This was the Church of the Holy Apostles, in which the Councils were held from 653 to 702, and Wamba received the crown (672). Its name recalls the Prætorian camp at Rome; from it the army set out on every war against the infidel; and the special service for that day is given here at length. Other indications prove that we are at Toledo on Palm Sunday, Good Friday and Easter Eve. Allowing some of the formulas to be rather late, very few pass beyond the seventh century, according to Dom Férotin. The whole rite of baptism, most of the ordinations and benedictions, the public penance, the anointing of the sick, a large part of the long and magnificent sepulchral ceremony, all the offices of Holy Week, the Mass *Omnimoda*, and many other Masses, should be dated, says our editor, previous to the invasion of the Barbarians.† Little was added after 711. We know from different sources that during the terrible eighth century Spanish literature was all

* Ibid. xxiii.

† Ibid. xxi.

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but silent. The Abbot Salvus of Albelda in the tenth century is perhaps the only writer who added new formulas, themselves now lost, to the sacred liturgy.

Our *Liber Ordinum* takes us back, then, fifteen hundred years, to the period of the Latin Fathers. It falls far within those six centuries, appeal to which has recently been made as if decisive for Christian tradition. Pope Alexander II certified that it was entirely orthodox in its teaching; and of this we may convince ourselves at leisure as we scan its copious pages. By assertion, by repetition, by creed and preface and rubric, it declares the faith of Christendom. With no doctrinal change it might be followed in Westminster Cathedral, at St Paul, Minnesota, at Sydney, Calcutta, Jerusalem or Rome—wherever, in short, the Catholic Church flourishes to-day. For us its language has not grown obsolete, nor its ceremonies unmeaning. A resurrection so unexpected brings home to the reader such an argument as, in lines of colour and symbol, the Catacombs offer to Roman pilgrims. It is concrete fact, solid and tangible; so much better than a course of theology as it exhibits clergy and people united in the divine action which lay at the heart of their belief.

Two characteristics in general we cannot overlook—the note of Holy Scripture and the note of the Sacraments. Quoted or suggested by implication, the Written Word is always present in these varied rites; they do not evaporate in preaching, but wield and express a supernatural power. Citations, as we might expect, were most numerous from the Psalms; then from the Gospels, especially St Luke and St John; Genesis, Exodus and Job furnish many allusions; the Epistle to the Romans and First to Corinthians add their own; the Apocalypse is not forgotten. We remember also that the *Liber Comicus* was made up of Biblical passages for reading to the faithful at Mass. But, in truth, all our liturgy is set in the key of Scripture, and its prayers do but enlarge upon the sacred text. Patriarchs and prophets, apostles and evangelists, form that cloud of witnesses who encompass the Communion of Saints. Were Holy Writ called in question, the lofty building would fall to the

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ground. Spain had its own treasure of the Latin Testaments. "No group of readings," we learn from M. Berger, "except the Irish, present so exclusive an originality; but Spain had the advantage over Ireland of preserving the entire Bible." We cannot turn aside to dwell upon the palimpsest of Leon, the Ashburnham Pentateuch with its illustrations betraying a Spanish origin, the Codex Toletanus or the Codex Cavensis, the Bible of San Millan, the Codex Gothicus, the Bibles of Alcalá and Avila. But these wonderful relics of a world laid in ruins exhibit the Vulgate Latin as it was known under the Visigoth Kings and back even to Priscillian. The erudite Vercellone had already shown that this composite text was found in the Mozarabic Missal and Breviary. Scripture, then, could not be wanting to the *Liber Ordinum* in the same recension.*

Three great medieval ceremonies which we should look for in this Pontifical are absent from it: the consecration of a bishop, the dedication of a church, and the King's coronation. It is certain that all three belonged to the ancient rite. Of churches built under the Visigoths few are yet standing. Pope Vigilius in the document previously cited to the Bishop of Braga has a note, "*De ecclesiarum restauratione in fabricis vel dedicatione quid sit observandum*," which declares that the consecration of any church "*in qua sanctuaria non ponuntur*" is effected by saying Mass within it. Various Councils between 561 and 691 legislate in these matters and name the episcopal unction used, which it was not allowable for a priest to bless. Lapidary inscriptions give dates of the ceremony all over Spain from about the year 600 or earlier to 730, which is late enough for our purpose. They constantly mention the relics of saints as though appertaining to the ritual, and among them we note "*de cruore Domini*," and "*sanctæ crucis*," as also "*de pane Domini*." At Guadix, near Granada, which held these memorials in 652, were others connected with "the seven sleepers in Ephesus," celebrated at large by Mohammed in his Koran (xviii, "Chapter of the

* Berger, *Histoire de la Vulgate*, 8-28. Paris. 1893.

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Cave"). We may read in the *Comes* manuscript of Leon (eleventh century) and in that of Silos the portions of Scripture which were recited on the feast of dedications. And the Mozarabic Breviary furnishes three hymns for the same day.*

St Isidore describes in several passages how the bishop received staff and ring, and was anointed with laying on of hands; the Councils speak of his "consecration" or his "ordination"; the Antiphony of Leon (1066) records the chant, *Sono*, at this function; and the Codex of Compostella gives one arranged from St Paul's first Epistle to Timothy.† In our book the ordinations written out deal with clerks, deacons, archdeacons, archpriests, the *primicerius*—a rare description—the priest, to whom a *Manuale* or Sacramentary is delivered; the abbot, who receives the pastoral staff; and the abbess. There were no regular monks in Spain until about 546. Then they spread very fast; Recared is known from the year 586 to have built and endowed monasteries, while he speaks himself of the abbots whom he had sent on business to Gregory the Great. Abbots sat and voted in the famous national Council of 653. Their monks followed the Eastern rule (which St Isidore takes for granted), not the Benedictine. In 380 the Council of Zaragoza forbids women under forty to take the veil; in 506 we read of a *monasterium puellarum*; and St Leander about 584 addresses to his sister Florentina rules for nuns living in community.‡ The superior was entitled *virginum mater*, not *abbatissa*; she received at consecration the blessing of Deborah and Judith; was saluted by the bishop; had the staff and the book of rules given her; and, as we learn from a MS. of 976, which appears to have copied an older rite, this admirable benediction was included, "Sit enim mulier sancta, discreta, gravis, casta, dilecta, humilis, mansueta, amabilis et docta, etiamque divinis experta documentis." Such was the conception of woman's rights among Spaniards in the darkest ages. From

* *Lib. Ord.* 505-515. † *Lib. Ord.* 60, note.

‡ Dom Férotin's identification of Etheria as the author of the *Peregrinatio Silviae* proves the existence of Spanish nuns in the fifth century.

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other historians we know that religious sisters copied out the Bible, and could not fail to be intimately acquainted with its contents. Let us remark, finally, that in and round about Cordova there existed during the ninth century houses of Mozarabic nuns, some of who underwent martyrdom.

Those "Councils of Toledo" were national Parliaments, at which nobles and bishops together laid down laws for the King as well as the people. In 633 the Fourth Council prescribes how a king shall be chosen; it was presided over by St Isidore, the six metropolitans attended, and sixty-two other prelates. There is no mention of anointing the elected prince until Wamba in 672 was crowned by Quiricus in the Palatine or Prætorian chapel. St Julian tells the story at length: "He would not suffer himself to be anointed before entering the royal city, the home of his father's race, in which it was fitting that he should take the standard (*vexilla*) of the sacred unction and quietly await the consent of those at a distance to his election." The Gothic king of ancient days was by no means *el Rey neto*, absolute like Philip II or Ferdinand VII. Before all things he was a crusader. When he set out on an expedition, he first came to the Prætorian, was met by the clergy, and prostrate before the altar prayed in secret. The bishop chanted a supplication for victory, and presented to the king a cross of gold, which was to be carried in front of him during the whole campaign and brought back in peace on its conclusion. St Dominic, as the record tells, bore such a cross aloft at the battle of Muret, where Pedro of Aragon and the Albigensian cause went down. Then the king embraces the bishop, mounts on horseback, and rides off to the war, his cavaliers and footmen following him, while the clergy sing, "Domine Deus, virtus salutis mee, obumbra caput meum in die belli."*

Not always did the king come home again. But for a thousand years it may be said that he took the cross when elected to the crown. Recared in 586 swore to be a Catholic prince; in 1588 the world gazes after Philip's invincible Armada, sent on a crusading errand to the English Chan-

* *Lib. Ord.* 478 and 149-153.

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nel. Moreover, these open conflicts were exasperated by plots, real or imaginary, of Arians, Jews and Moriscos against the faith, which many of them had been compelled to adopt, although they could not believe in it. The execution of Priscillian and his comrades, the decrees of Sisebuth, who persecuted Israel, prepare us for gloomy episodes in the days to come. Our *Liber Ordinum* has no ritual which implies an *auto de fè*. But it contemplates the reconciliation of Jews and heretics. The Fathers of Toledo forbade, in 633, that Israelites should be made Christians in their own despite; Sisebuth's procedure was condemned by St Isidore as "non secundum scientiam." The Council of Agde in 506 desired genuine catechumens to be under instruction for at least eight months. To the Arian a series of renunciations was prescribed. The Donatist was not rebaptized but prayed over with laying on of hands, "ut hæc ovicula . . . non Donatiste vel cuiuslibet, sed tui sit nominis Christiana." No form of reconciling a Jew is found in the West outside our volume. It contains the peculiar word *cespitare*, to slip on the grass; and prays that the neophyte "tetrum fetorem horreat synagoge, quem ydolorum spurcitiis inquinata lupanari prostitutione collegit." This very strong language, amusingly inapplicable to the children of Israel who were contemporary with its authors, would be more in place at an exorcism. However, we cannot pretend that our Spanish brethren were at any time fortunate in their handling of the Jews, whom they called Marranos and were continually vexing, until the day of the great exile arrived under Ferdinand and Isabella (August 2, 1492).*

Far more pleasant it is to consider with what happy turns of speech and instinctive accuracy these prayers can set forth religion. Sometimes we light upon a discourse which in its sharp antitheses reminds us of St Augustine; for example, the sermon dated by Dom Férotin as early as the fifth century, which was given out "in die Apparitionis Domini," when the Church celebrated our Lord's birthday, the adoration of the Wise Men, the baptism in Jordan, the marriage feast at Cana, and the multiplication of the loaves.

* *Lib. Ord.* 100, 103, 105.

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We hear in it the terms of Chalcedon, "Et tamen non duo sed unus Christus; nec dividitur locis nec confusus est in naturis. Unus ergo in utraque substantia, naturarum proprietatem in una persona conservat." But an older and less abstract style, that of Augustine or Leo, has been sounded first: "Vide ergo parvulum in gremio matris, sed crede perfectum ineffabili manentem in sinu Patris; ad nos procedentem, sed numquam exinde recedentem," and the rest. Devotion expresses itself here in a glowing theology, which is neither sentimental nor sensuous, but coherent, luminous, persuasive. *O si sic omnia!* we are tempted to exclaim, when we contrast certain modern prayer-books with a language and spirit so elevated.*

The very notices of high days are thus made edifying. For Easter, at the close of the above sermon, "Therefore, dearly beloved brethren, after the mystery of our Lord Jesus Christ born in the flesh; after the showing forth of so many great marvels; we announce to your devout minds the Paschal solemnities. . . I exhort you, most dear brethren, let us endeavour so to live justly and piously, in chastity and soberness, that we may arrive at this sacred feast without crime and with abundance of good works."* It would

*Ibid. 527.

surprise controversial writers who deem our belief in the sacraments incompatible with a true ethical system, to find faith and morality blended so firmly together by the Spanish Church, when proclaiming Lent and Eastertide. This insistence on good works, however, meets us in every service, baptismal, eucharistic or funeral. Equally prominent is the doctrine of grace. But no one has charged on Spanish Christians the heresy called after Pelagius. Quite as little should the falsehood be tolerated which would degrade their feasts and sacraments into an indulgence for vices unrepented of, or scandalous living. The heart of this *Liber Ordinum* is sternly and emphatically clean. Note, for instance, in the blessing of the Baptistry those touching words, "Nec confiteri possumus, nisi confessionis affectum tuo munere sumserimus." The contrite spirit is God's gift.

**Lib. Ord.* Append. iv, 526.

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Certainly, the term *Indulgentia* plays its part here. It has more than one meaning. In particular it enters into the supplication for the dead. But its origin takes us back to primitive rules of penance; and with such it is associated in the remarkable ceremonies which occupy Good Friday. This was the end of the Lenten rigours, when the people cried aloud to the bishop for pardon and reconciliation with Christ whose minister to them he was. On that day all Christians acknowledged themselves to be "penitents," and broke forth into the petition, *Indulgentia!* which they repeated seventy, or one hundred, or even three hundred times. The Fourth Council of Toledo (638) ordained that in this function the "mystery of the Cross" should be announced—as is done in a most admirable sermon—"atque indulgentiam criminum clara voce omnem populum postulare"; so that the faithful, cleansed by repentance, might take the Sacrament of Christ's body and blood. The Bishop does not give absolution according to our modern form, but impetrates it in three prayers of singular beauty, and says over the penitents, "Exaudi, Domine, supplicum preces, et tibi confitentium parce peccatis, ut quos conscientiarum reatus accusat, indulgentia tue miserationis absolvat." When the Arian was reconciled we find this formula, "Et ego te chrismo in nomine, etc. . . in remissione omnium peccatorum"; and for a lapsed Catholic, "Tu eum ad sacramentum reconciliationis admitte." The direct imperative absolution does not seem to occur; but the priest's deprecatory petitions, both for the living and the dead, exhibit a strength as well as a tenderness of appeal which it would be difficult to match elsewhere.*

We have somewhat neglected the order of things in our book while pursuing these observations. That no sacred rite can be performed, except by a duly ordained cleric, is manifest in all it lays down. The priest's office, to bless and consecrate, touches the common life at every stage. A pretty complete picture might be drawn, as on the shield of Achilles in Homer, from the prayers adapted to all occasions in the career of a medieval Spaniard. We see him

* *Lib. Ord.* 200-202; absolution of Arian, 100.

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brought to the baptismal font which has been dedicated with impressive ceremonies and opened on Easter Eve. He is anointed, plunged into the water a single time, confirmed with chrism blest by the Bishop; his head is veiled in white, and he receives Holy Communion. As a child he is offered by his parents *ad doctrinam* in the Christian school. Like a Greek youth he consecrates the first cuttings of his hair at the altar, even though not destined for the priesthood. But many children were made clerics. The warrior, as we saw, took his cross and banner in church, setting out for a campaign. Travellers by land or sea had their appropriate collects.* The seed in the furrow, the springing blades of corn, the sheaves and the threshing-floor, were blest in due season. There were benedictions for the vines, for the house, the well, the boat, the fishing-net. Oil with perfumes was set apart for the sick in a peculiarly beautiful Mass on the feast of SS. Cosmas and Damian. Crosses and crowns to be hung above the altar were frequently dedicated. The oldest crown, now in Madrid, bears its donor's inscription, "†Suintilanus Rex offeret" (621-633). But the finest is that of Receswinth (649-672), which with seven others was hidden at Guarrazar, west of Toledo, when the Moors entered, and lay there until its discovery in 1858. All this treasure-trove is now at the Museum of Cluny in Paris; but we hope it may one day return to the cathedral which it formerly adorned.† Such crowns were offered to Christ, our Lady and the Saints as defending the kingdom against its enemies—a form of medieval homage to God not obscurely connected with what has been called the Papal monarchy over Christendom.

Among additions not much later than 1052, and by the same hand, to the manuscript of Silos are the blessing of the bridal-chamber, of the wedding rings and pledges given by the bridegroom, and of the veil (*sipa, jugale*). The ceremony of marriage follows after Mass, and is concluded in a short preface, with prayers and a double benediction. As the

* One of these, "Ploramus et gemimus," p. 345, goes back to the invasion of Spain by the Goths.

† Description in H. Lynch's *Toledo*, 44.

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newly wedded pass out the choir sings, "Vos quos ad conjugale gaudium perduxit Dominus," a fine antiphon. They had, of course, communicated at the priest's hands during Mass.*

The last anointing and the funeral rites take up one of the most remarkable chapters, much too long for quotation—"Ordo in finem hominis diei,"—but abounding, as Dom Férotin rightly observes, "in magnificent formulas and curious rubrics." If time allowed, Communion was to be administered; the priest anointed with oil the dying man's head, pronouncing a series of invocations; all gave the kiss of peace and said farewell (*valefactio* = *ave atque vale*); many psalms were recited, and after death came the "Suscipe," in a form greatly superior—though in substance not unlike—to our modern "Proficiscere." It is found in the Sacramentary of Gelasius. A litany follows; the cross is fixed above the head of the bed, and the mourners lift up their lament (*clamor*); after which the body is incensed and lauds are chanted. In the long procession churchwards an acrostic hymn is sung, with its refrain, "Deus miserere, O Ihesu bone, tu illi parce." And the people cry, "Indulgentia! dicamus omnes." The tomb is consecrated, the body laid in it "in sinistra"; four more prayers are uttered, "pro anima famuli tui"; and as the earth receives its own, a pathetic supplication arises, "Si ascendero in celum, Domine, tu ibi es; et si descendero in infernum, ades. Mitte manum tuam, Domine, libera me ex inferno inferiori." Seven anthems follow, broken by the verse, "Ubi mors non est, ubi dulce gaudium perseverat." The command is given, "Terra, terra, audi verbum Domini; suscipiant te angeli Dei." So the grave is covered in, with a lugubrious voice as of the dead himself, "Hec requies mea in seculum seculi." But still the Church prays for her child and bids him hope. She will not cease to remember him, for her faith is sure; "Mutatur vita, non tollitur." The whole of this wonderful ceremony is bound up with Christ's death and resurrection, as we are taught in the Requiem Mass that accompanies it. And we must never forget that no

* *Lib. Ord.* 433.

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mere creature comes at this supreme of moments between the soul and its Redeemer. Nothing is more impressive in the long supplication than that solitude round which the prayers of priest and people echo, as it were, but which they cannot violate.*

Such were the rites of every day, adding to human life a grace and significance, disclosing at the hour of death a light in darkness, and turning to poetry the fierce prose of an age otherwise rude even to barbarism. The stately Latin of our classics had never moulded popular speech outside Rome. Here it is the *sermo plebeius* which has taken a lofty flight, quickened by the deeds and personalities that together make up the Christian message. All centres round the daily Sacrifice. It fills the *Missale Mixtum* of Ximenes; it constitutes in detail one half of this *Liber Ordinum*; it explains the Calendar of festivals and saints; it is the treasure bestowed at ordination, the votive offering which the priest celebrates on his own account, for the sick, for captives and for the departed. Let us call to mind with Dom Férotin that the Mozarabes inherited their chief ritual, unbroken by heresy or schism, not only from St Isidore, but from a period anterior to the Gothic invasion. Its affinities with Eastern forms have been acknowledged. It was always orthodox. It represents, therefore, the primitive or Apostolic tradition, both in what it enacts and in the doctrine which it proclaims so eloquently. But, except for a variation in the place occupied by some of the prayers, or slight and immaterial adjuncts, it is the Mass which every priest in the Catholic Church is bound to say. These are grave considerations. Historically, the Mass is one as the Church is one; and it carries with it priesthood, hierarchy, jurisdiction, creed, sacraments and Scriptures. That was our meaning when we said of the *Liber Ordinum*, laid up at Silos for eight centuries and witnessing to almost as many more, that it contained an argument not less indubitable than the testimony of the Catacombs to primitive usage.

In the Mass *Omnimoda* we read, after the beautiful prayer

* *Lib. Ord.* 108-125; Masses of Requiem, 391-447.

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Accedam which St Julian composed, and when the celebrant is vested as now, the Ordinary with introit, collect, epistle, gospel, lauds, a bidding prayer over the people, their names at the offertory, an *ad pacem* for reconciliation of enemies, and the *Inlatio*, which we term the Preface. This last varies and is abundant in splendid outbursts of devotion. The *Tersanctus* follows and the *Missa Secreta*—in other words, the consecration. After "Post Pridie" we meet, although rarely in the Mozarabic ritual, what is called the *epiklesis*, or invocation of the Holy Ghost, never omitted from the Oriental liturgies. The host is now broken into seven pieces, arranged in the form of a cross. The seventh prayer is the *Pater noster*, followed by an exceedingly fine composition, the *Memento* for the living and the dead. When the elements are mingled, the priest exclaims, "Sancta cum sanctis." He communicates himself; a blessing is pronounced, and the faithful approach, while from the celebrant they hear, "O taste and see how sweet is the Lord." At this point was chanted the hymn *Sancti, venite*, well known throughout the Western Church. Other antiphons are said; then the completuria; on high days the deacon sings, "Missa acta est . . . In nomine Domini eamus in pace," and the service ends.*

We should now pursue the changes of this sacred action as the year moves round. But space is failing us; we can only invite those who seek the best of prayers to study the ordinal for themselves. They will find in it ancient relics. Here is a blessing of the palms older than the fragment of Bobbio—not later than 700. The "sermon" includes a peculiar version of the Creed, which is said by the catechumens three times, the Bishop guiding them, for it is not to be written down; "Sit vobis codex vestra memoria," the prelate charges them. The palms are consecrated with six admirable prayers in one church; and then the procession moves to another in which, as above, the *symbolum fidei* was delivered to all who should be christened on Easter Eve. Large variations from the Roman ritual may be noted on Holy Thursday; but the Maundy is per-

* *Lib. Ord.* 229-243.

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formed after stripping the altars and quenching the lights. Until evening the fast was rigorously kept. On Good Friday came the great office of Indulgence, which comprised the veneration of the cross during a long alphabetical rhythm hitherto unknown, *Ab ore Verbum prolatum*, and the public absolution, but no Mass of the Presanctified. There might be a private Mass on Holy Saturday in the titular churches at a distance from the Cathedral, if need were. But the solemn service was held there by the Bishop, beginning with the new fire, going on to the Paschal lights and the deacon's chant (attributed by Elipandus to St Isidore) which corresponded to our "Exultet"; then baptism with water from the Tagus in the *agnile* or fold, i.e., the Baptistry; and bidding prayers such as we recite on Good Friday, but each following its own lection from Scripture. The *Liber Ordinum* is here mutilated, and the Easter Mass cannot be found. It is implied, however, in the blessing of the Paschal lamb, which was performed at its conclusion—a custom observed among Greeks on their Holy Saturday, as the present writer was told not many years ago at Delphi. In the printed Mozarabic Missal it is assigned to Easter Eve.*

Thus we have completed what we had to say touching the Spanish liturgy and the Christian use of Latin—a subject as inexhaustible as it is instructive. Whether our Latin Bible was translated first in Antioch or in Asia Minor is of small importance compared with its diffusion throughout the West, its place in our religious ceremonies, and its influence on medieval and modern devotion. It remains to us the greatest of literary possessions. And the *Liber Ordinum*? We cannot be grateful enough to the Benedictine community, now in exile, which has produced it, or the editor who has given to its worthy setting forth the labour of fifteen years, or those royal persons who have taken so strong an interest in its publication. From Toledo, from Silos, to Solesmes and Farnborough, the liturgy has travelled along a path strewn with tragic memories. It is one great Book of the Dead. It seems to chant a Requiem over the

* *Lib. Ord.* 178-244.

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Iberian Christians who were vanquished by the Goths; over the Goths themselves, broken on the days of Wady Becca; over the Mozarabic Church, whose prayers were silenced by Bernard of Cluny in the hour of its triumph; over Toledo, proud and defiant, which could not save its freedom, though it had the hero Padilla to champion it against absolute rule; and over the Imperial dynasty whose tattered flags are laid upon the granite monuments in the crypt at Farnborough. Better so, perhaps, than to have taken a common tinge by use and wont, to be soiled by the mixture of modern vulgarities, familiar yet unknown to a generation which is fast losing the sense of reverence, and which cannot pray, for it does not believe. The past, revealed by such a long-hidden treasure, is yet heroic and beautiful, though laden with its own sins. It is our past. Had we the virtue of it still abiding in us, we might make it our future, and renew the face of that Christendom which our fathers created.

WILLIAM BARRY

THE GAELIC REVIVAL

READERS of Borrow's *Lavengro*—that strange mixture of fiction and autobiography—may remember how the hero made his first acquaintance with Gaelic when entering Ireland with his father's regiment. The soldiers jested with the passing peasants, and were answered in "a rough guttural language, strange and wild."

"A strange language that!" said a young officer to my father. "I don't understand a word of it; what can it be?" "Irish," said my father, with a loud voice; "and a bad language it is. I have known it of old; that is, I have often heard it spoken when I was a guardsman in London. There is one part of London where all the Irish live—at least, all the worst of them—and there they hatch their villainies to speak this tongue. . . I liked the Irish worst of all, it sounded so horrid, especially as I did not understand it; it's a bad language." "A queer tongue," said I. "I wonder if I could learn it!" "Learn it!" said my father. "What should you learn it for? However, I am not afraid of that; it is not like Scotch; no person can learn it save those who are born to it, and even in Ireland the respectable people do not speak it, only the wilder sort, like those we have passed."

But in spite of all this the young Lavengro did succeed in learning the language, and thus made the first of his many adventures in the fascinating field of philology.

In this respect, at least, Borrow was clearly telling his own story; for his strange career as a linguist began with the study of Gaelic in circumstances like those in which his hero Lavengro first became acquainted with that "rough guttural language, strange and wild." And it is to be feared that the picture is equally faithful in its reflection of the contempt in which the grand old tongue was held by Englishmen as well as by "respectable people" in Ireland. In the day's of Borrow's boyhood, Irish was still spoken throughout a great part of the country. But the decline which was soon to be hastened by the dark years of famine and the steady tide of emigration had already set in. And those who shared the blunt soldier's unintelligent dislike for the language must have found some comfort in the thought that

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it was steadily yielding before the advance of a speech more congenial to the fastidious tongues of respectable people. On the other side, patriotic Irishmen who viewed the matter in a different light loudly lamented the passing away of the old language. For there was certainly good reason for believing that it was doomed to perish. The late A. M. Sullivan has told us, in the vivid pages of his *New Ireland*, of the changes he had seen in his own lifetime. In his own part of the country Gaelic was spoken in his boyhood. But while he was yet in middle life, it had given way to English. In like manner when John O'Daly published a collection of Munster poems of the eighteenth century some thirty years ago, he said his object was "to preserve at least fragments of those which were most popular among the peasantry of Munster a few years back, and which, from the inroads made by the English tongue, are daily disappearing in the land which gave them birth." It is true that at this very time the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language was making some gallant efforts to arrest the process of decay. And others, like Mr O'Daly himself, were gathering up the fragments of the old national literature. But looking at the loss that had been suffered in the course of one generation, the labourers in this desperate cause may well have felt some misgivings. And friend and foe alike might freely predict that another thirty years would be more than enough to show the hopelessness of of the enterprise.

But these natural fears and anticipations have been happily falsified by the rise of the remarkable movement known as the Gaelic Revival. Even those of my readers who have not been brought into close contact with the work of the widespread Gaelic League have probably heard some far-off echoes of its doings. Thus the abortive attempt of an Irish member of Parliament to address the House in the old tongue of Erin helped to attract attention to this remarkable movement. English Catholics, again, have had some visible and audible evidence of the strength of the revival in the annual Gaelic services which have been held in the last two or three years in West-

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minster Cathedral. And others may have noted the appearance of Gaelic columns in some of our newspapers, or the singing of Gaelic songs at concerts or school exhibitions. Yet I fancy that many among us are hardly yet aware of the full strength of this movement of revival. English readers probably know little or nothing of the efforts made to extend the use of Gaelic as a spoken and literary language in Ireland, as well as among the Irish in England and America. As we have already seen, something was being done in this matter more than thirty years ago, but the modest measure of success attained by the pioneers of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language and the Gaelic Union will scarcely bear comparison with the work of the Gaelic League at the present day. A quarter of a century ago these earlier societies were issuing some excellent publications. But so far as I could observe they attracted comparatively little attention among the Irish in London; and a knowledge of Gaelic appeared to be confined to the old people—a sure sign, one would have thought, that it was destined to pass away. It is all very different now. The Gaelic League has active and energetic organizations in various parts of London, and the study of the old language is taken up by the younger generation with genuine enthusiasm. School children learn it as a labour of love in addition to their ordinary studies. And school teachers devote some of their scanty hours of leisure to the Gaelic language and literature.

While the Gaelic League is thus making way in this country, as well as in Ireland itself, there are signs of a like literary renaissance among the Gaels of the Scottish Highlands and Islands, whose speech is but a different dialect of the same language. This may be seen in the labours of Mr Alexander Carmichael and the late Father Allan Macdonald, of Eriskay, as well as in the appearance of new Celtic organs such as the *Celtic Review* and *Guth na Bliadhna*. The cordial co-operation of the Gaels of Scotland and Ireland in this matter may well be regarded as a happy augury for the success of the movement. And this union of the two branches of the Gaelic family in the peaceful

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fields of literature and learning recalls their warlike confederation in earlier ages.

English readers may probably feel that they have no direct concern in this Gaelic Revival. But though they are scarcely called upon to take any active part in the movement, these facts are surely worthy of some serious attention. It is at any rate worth asking whether the movement is likely to succeed, and whether its fruits are more likely to be good or evil. These questions have already been debated on both sides of St George's Channel—happily with less violence than the language problems now agitating some Continental nations. By some English and Irish critics the revival is roundly condemned as a silly piece of sentimentality, only calculated to hinder the advance of culture and civilization. Others, oddly enough, are suspicious of some religious or political designs under the insidious guise of a literary movement. But these alarmists seem strangely forgetful of the fact that the President of the League, who is surely no mere figurehead but a real leader, is an Irish Protestant who holds himself aloof from party politics. It is true, no doubt, that the League very naturally contains thousands of members who are also political Nationalists. But in itself it has nothing to do with party questions and divisions. It may be well to add that those who are disposed to oppose the movement for political reasons are likely enough to do an ill service to their own party.

At first sight it might seem that there is more force in the objection that the preservation or revival of Gaelic can serve no useful purpose. And accordingly there are many who will tell us that those who take up the study of Gaelic are wasting time that had better be employed in learning something of greater practical utility. But some of these critics seem, perhaps unconsciously, to make the amazing assumption that learning is something to be desired only because it is useful—which generally signifies that it is a means of making money. It may be shrewdly suspected that these utilitarian critics themselves do not devote all their time to remunerative labour, or spend all their own earnings on the bare necessities of life. And it is even pos-

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sible that Gaelic studies may be more profitable than the frivolous amusements in which most practical men find their relaxation.

I can hardly claim to speak with perfect impartiality on this matter, for one who has both Highland and Irish blood in his veins may well have a twofold affection for the Gaelic language. Yet, even apart from any patriotic sentiment of this kind, one feels that in spite of the specious objections of utilitarians, there is much that may fairly be urged in behalf of this Gaelic movement. Lovers of classic learning, who often have to meet similar objections, are accustomed to dwell on the high value of Greek and Latin as a means of mental training—even apart from the further advantage found in the treasures of ancient literature enshrined in those tongues. And it has often been remarked that as a rule the mental acuteness of bilingual races may be explained on the same principle. For the habit of expressing our thoughts in different words, or turning them from one language into another, is in itself a psychological exercise of high value. From this point of view it may be added that the greater the difference of idiom, the greater will be the advantage of the exercise. If so, it may be fairly said that Celtic studies should furnish excellent mental training for English-speaking people. It is true, no doubt, that many other languages might offer some of the same advantages. But it may be safely said that the great majority of those who are now studying Gaelic would never have been brought to master any other tongue but English. Nothing but the strong patriotic and national sentiment inspiring the Gaelic League could have gathered these countless students together. And, in this way at any rate, the patriotic sentiment is thus proving itself a powerful factor in popular education.

But beyond this it must be remembered that a knowledge of Gaelic does what could be done by no other language: it puts the student in touch with the literary and historical traditions of his own race and country. For the work inaugurated by the Gaelic League is something more than the mere preservation, or revival, of a language. It is distinctly

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a literary movement, and as such should appeal to the sympathy of all true lovers of literature. To make this clear, it may be well to cite the following explicit words of *A Gaelic League Catechism*: "The Gaelic League is an organisation having for its objects:—(1) the preservation of Irish as the National language of Ireland and the extension of its use as a spoken tongue; (2) the study and publication of existing Irish literature, and the cultivation of a modern literature in Irish." The two objects as here stated might seem to be distinct and standing apart. And with many other languages this would really be the case. For the cultivation or extension of a spoken language will often have very little to do with literature; and an Englishman might well imagine that this would prove to be the case with the Gaelic, which, as a living tongue, is largely spoken by those who are commonly regarded as illiterate peasants. But in judging thus he would be reckoning without the peculiar habits of the Celtic race, whose literary and historical traditions live in the hearts of the common people. Matthew Arnold has pointed out the contrast between Celt and Saxon in a striking passage. "On this side, Wales—Wales, where the past still lives, where every place has its tradition, every name its poetry, and where the people, the genuine people, still knows this past, this tradition, this poetry, and lives with it, and clings to it; while, alas, the prosperous Saxon on the other side, the invader from Liverpool and Birkenhead, has long ago forgotten his."*

This Celtic characteristic is shown in a most marked manner in the *beul-aithris* or oral traditions of the Gaels of Ireland and the Scottish Highlands. In most other lands old national legends and poetry are buried in books, and a knowledge of them is generally confined to a comparatively small class of scholars or men of literary culture. It has been far otherwise with the Gaels, among whom a large body of literature in prose and verse has been handed down by oral tradition. And it will sometimes happen that a wide knowledge of this ancient literature is possessed by men who are without the mechanical acquirements of reading and writ-

**The Study of Celtic Literature*, p. 2.

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ing, and for this reason are absurdly supposed to be illiterates.

The wonderful vitality of this old Gaelic literature has been well illustrated by Mr Alfred Nutt in his popular study on *Ossian and the Ossianic Literature*. As he says very truly, if an English minstrel were to come back among us to sing again the songs he sang in the court of Canute or Edward the Confessor, he would find scarce a hundred living men with any understanding of his subject, to say nothing of the difficulty of the strange language. A French minstrel of the same date might gather a somewhat larger audience from the cultured classes on the Continent. "But if," continues Mr Nutt, "a contemporary of Brian Boru were to appear in many districts of Ireland or the Highlands, and tell his tale of Finn and the Fians, subject-matter, mode of narration, methods of description and characterization—all would appeal familiarly to his audience of peasants, ignorant for the most part of reading or writing. Story-tellers and hearers alike would praise the generosity and wisdom of Finn, celebrate the fleetness of Caoilte, the irresistible beauty of Diarmaid, the rude prowess of Goll; alike they would mourn the untimely fate of Oscar, bravest of the brave."

To many, this statement may appear incredible. But it is well warranted by unquestionable facts. For it is obviously based on a comparison of the Ossianic literature of this oral tradition with that of the old Gaelic manuscripts. As an instance of the trustworthiness of the Gaelic *beul-aithris* in the last four hundred years, I may mention the following fact. One of the earliest Highland Gaelic MSS. is the collection known as *The Dean of Lismore's Book*, which dates from the early sixteenth century; for one entry is dated 1512, and another speaks of James V as the reigning sovereign. Now Dr Douglas Hyde, the President of the Gaelic League, heard one of the Dean of Lismore's ballads recited by a peasant in County Roscommon in 1890.*

But though these monuments of ancient Gaelic literature have been safely handed down for so many centuries,

* Cf. *James Macpherson: An Episode in Literature*. By J. S. Smart. 1906.

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of late years they have been in considerable danger of perishing from the face of the earth. Mr Alexander Carmichael, who has done excellent service in gathering up the fragments of traditional poetry still living in the Scottish Highlands and Islands, has told us, in the preface to his *Carmina Gadelica*, how the strength of the tradition was failing in the last generation. In some places, the old customs were falling into disrepute. And, strange to say, the school was often one of the chief dangers to this living literature. Not only was the instruction strictly confined to the English language, but, in their ignorant prejudice, Saxon schoolmasters actually punished the children for speaking or singing Gaelic in their playtime! In this way the school itself became a source of ignorance and barbarism.

Happily, the Gaelic Revival has come in time to check this work of destruction and save the old tradition from perishing. The social gatherings and musical festivals held under the auspices of the Gaelic League are really a return to the old national customs that were the strength and mainstay of the traditional literature. At the same time, much is being done in the way of collecting and publishing the old poems and stories hitherto preserved solely by means of the *beul-aithris*. The President of the Gaelic League has appropriately taken a prominent part in this work by gathering together the Religious Songs of Connaught. In Scotland, as we have seen, a similar service has been done by Mr Alexander Carmichael, with whom I may also mention the late Father Allan Macdonald.

We have an excellent example of this work of preservation in the Eriskay recension of the Finn Saga recently published in the *Celtic Review*. It was taken down by Father Allan from the lips of Alasdair Ruadh Mac Iain, an old man over eighty-five years of age, a native of Eriskay, descended from an ancestor who had escaped from the massacre of Glencoe.

In giving this interesting version of the old saga to the *Celtic Review* Dr George Henderson pays an appropriate tribute to the memory of the pastor of Eriskay. "When Father Allan died last September, there passed away from

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the Highlands one who was possessed in a double measure of the spirit of his race, from the world one of its nobles. His many-sided virtue it would be impossible to praise too highly, or the aptness of his mind for story, and fun, and wit. His treasures of delightful anecdotes have died with him, but his collections of folk traditions have happily been secured. As long as any knowledge of the literature and old folk life of the Highlands exists, the sweet, unspotted memory of the Rev. Allan Macdonald of Eriskay will endure. I could write much of him. I have associations of him discouraging of Spain, where, at Valladolid, he was educated; of his work at composing Gaelic hymns, which appeared in his *Laoidhean Spioradail*; of his teaching music to the young so far as to render some pieces in Latin, in Gaelic and in English; of the many hours spent in jotting down many unrecorded words and phrases my pencil notes bear witness. . . I shall not soon, if ever, see his equal, as fellow-countryman, as friend, as conversationalist, as exemplar of love and goodness and courtesy; had he lived in a former age, his name would have come down as *Naomh*, Sanctus, Holy."

It is to be hoped that no effort will be spared in rescuing the remains of this old traditional literature, after the excellent example set by such men as Father Allan. The true scholar will always feel a pang of regret at learning that any old manuscript work has been allowed to perish. But is there not something yet more pathetic in the loss of any literature that has lived for centuries not on mere parchment or paper but in the hearts of the people?

The movement of the Gaelic Revival brings us into close touch with this living literary tradition. Many of those who have taken up the study of the language in recent years betake themselves to those districts in which it is still spoken and hear the old poems and stories from the lips of peasant reciters. Others are fain to content themselves with the study of printed reports of the recitations such as that for which we are indebted to Father Allan and Dr Henderson. It must be remembered, moreover, that beyond this oral literature there lies a multitudinous mass of Gaelic

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work in prose or poetry partly printed, and yet more extant only in manuscript. And it is one object of the movement to make the classics of this literature accessible to students. Some of these classics have already appeared among the publications of the Irish Texts Society, to which we are also indebted for Father Dineen's admirable *Irish Dictionary*—a book which supplies a want long felt by Gaelic students in this country.

Apart from all question of national or patriotic sentiment, every true lover of literature and learning might well be gratified to note the interest awakened in these studies among classes that have few other opportunities of acquiring any taste for scholarship or letters. In these days of sordid materialism it is surely an exhilarating sight to see young people spending their leisure hours, not in the frivolous amusements or the debated literature of the day, but in making themselves acquainted with the historical literature of their own country. A thoughtful Englishman, far from wishing to belittle the work of the Gaelic League, might well wish to see some similar organization doing the same service for early English literature. In this part of its work, at any rate, one feels that the Gaelic League would have had the warm sympathy of Matthew Arnold, who was ever lamenting the Philistinism of the middle classes and their lack of interest in literature. It may be remembered, moreover, that in his suggestive lectures "On the Study of Celtic Literature" he pointed to this very means of combating the evil. But though he would have rejoiced to see so many betaking themselves to the study of this Celtic literature, he would have demurred to two important points in the policy adopted by the leaders of the present Revival—to wit the extension of the use of Gaelic as a spoken language, and the cultivation of a modern Gaelic literature. For he has freely expressed his opinion on both these points in words which, though spoken with more immediate reference to Welsh, will obviously apply to the Gaelic also. "I must say," he observes, "that I quite share the opinion of my brother Saxons as to the practical inconvenience of perpetuating the speaking of Welsh. It may cause a mo-

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ment's distress to one's imagination when one hears that the last Cornish peasant who spoke the old tongue of Cornwall is dead; but, no doubt, Cornwall is the better for adopting English, for becoming more thoroughly one with the rest of the country." And again: "Nor, perhaps, can one have much sympathy with the literary cultivation of Welsh as an instrument of living literature; and in this respect Eisteddfods encourage, I think, a fantastic and mischief-working delusion. For all serious purposes in modern literature—and trifling purposes in it who would care to encourage?—the language of a Welshman is and must be English; if an Eisteddfod author has anything to say about punctuality or about the march of Havelock, he had much better say it in English; or rather, perhaps, what he has to say on these subjects may as well be said in Welsh, but the moment he has anything of real importance to say, anything the world will the least care to hear, he must speak English."

It is amusing to note how, in spite of all his culture and his genuine sympathy for the "poor Celtic heathen," Matthew Arnold himself cannot get rid of the Englishman's delightful sense of his own importance. Why must the really important things be said in English? May it not be enough for the Welshman, or the Gael, that his own countrymen care to hear what he has to say, and would naturally prefer to hear it in their own language? But, *pace tanti viri*, the passage contains a more serious error than this unconscious touch of national prejudice. Need I say that I mean his amazing assumption that language is something purely indifferent in literary art, and that what is said in one language may be said equally well in another? This may be true enough in regard to simple statements of fact in a chronicle or an almanack. But I confess that I had thought that real literature was an art in which language was the medium or the material in which the artist is working. And it can hardly be said that an artist can express his ideas equally through any medium, or that he must needs choose the material in which his work will be accessible to a large number of admirers. If this be indeed the

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sole point worthy of consideration, we must have no more oil-paintings that can only be seen or appreciated by a select few, and all our artists must be content to contribute to the pages of some cheap and popular journal.

As the question is one of some importance in the philosophy of language and literature, it may be well to see how Arnold's argument would apply in the case of other languages with whose literary merits the reader may be more familiar. Let us suppose that fortune had favoured the arms of Asia, and Athens had become a petty province in the Persian Empire. Or to take a more modern case we may imagine for the moment that England, in the early sixteenth century, had been absorbed in the vast dominions of the Spanish sovereign. In these cases, a candid critic would say, on the same principles, that if Sophocles has anything worth saying he must say it in Persian, and if Shakespeare has anything that the world would care to hear he should write in Spanish. It is surely no disparagement to Spanish and Persian poetry to say that this would have been an irreparable loss to the world's literature. For it is obvious that there is much in Sophocles that could have been written in no tongue but the Greek, and much in Shakespeare that could only be uttered in English. These are, of course, extreme cases; but they serve to illustrate a general principle, to wit, that each language has a distinctive quality or capacity of its own, and that its function in literature cannot be fulfilled by another.

No lover of literature would listen to the suggestion that any one of the great European languages should be allowed to perish, that German authors, for instance, should accustom themselves to write in French or English for the sake of a wider circulation or for some commercial advantages. Yet some, as we have seen, will gravely tell us that Welsh or Gaelic should no longer be cultivated as the instrument of a living literature. Possibly the reason for this difference may be found in the frank words of the soldier in Borrow's *Lavengro*, "I liked the Irish worst—especially as I did not understand it."

The fact is that such critics do not regard the Gaelic as

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standing on the same level as the languages that happen to be familiar to most educated men in this country. Yet, in point of fact, it is not only admirably adapted to some of the noblest forms of literature, but has, moreover, very distinctive qualities and beauties that are all its own. This is specially apparent in its lyric poetry. No one, for instance, who knows anything of the songs of *An Chraoibhin Aibhin* would willingly entertain the absurd suggestion that he should be asked to abandon Gaelic for the *Béarla*. Another delightful property of Gaelic is admirably expressed in the words of Flora Campbell in Ian Maclaren's *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*. "‘It iss a peety you hef not the Gaelic,’ Flora said to Marget afterwards; ‘it iss the best of all languages for loving. There are fifty words for darling, and my father will be calling me every one that night I came home.’”

For a somewhat similar reason it is, in a special manner, a language for prayer. And it is no wonder that many Highlanders or Irish folk who have left their old home for other lands still say their prayers in the Gaelic, though they may use the language for no other purpose. "If you have never heard anyone pray in Gaelic," said a Canadian Highlander the other day, "you have missed something."

These words may remind us that not only in Ireland and in the Scottish Highlands but in the new Western World, as well as in Australasia, there are many children of the Gaelic race who cherish the memory of the old language. But in these scattered communities, even more than in its ancient home, the Gaelic tongue has long been in danger of passing away with the old generation. It may be hoped, however, that here, as nearer home, the widespread organization and the growing literature of the Gaelic Renaissance will succeed in saving it from destruction. For these Gaels in the colonies or in America the language should serve not only as a link with the past but as an additional bond of union with their Irish or Highland homes. In Ireland itself—and the same may be said of the Scottish Highlands and Islands—Gaelic may eventually come into more general use than would be possible, or even desirable, in other

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countries. Many, no doubt, will question the possibility of restoring Gaelic to its old position as the national language of Ireland—which is, as we have seen, one of the main objects of the Gaelic League. But those who are disposed to decide the matter too dogmatically will do well to consider the remarkable success of similar revivals in other parts of the world, or in earlier periods of history. Englishmen seem to have forgotten that French was long the official language of their own country, the only tongue taught in the schools or spoken in Parliament. Or, to take a remarkable instance in more modern literary history, some two hundred years ago Leibnitz felt constrained to write his great philosophical works in French or Latin, though he ventured to urge that German might be used for this high purpose. His essay entitled *Unvorgreiffliche Gedancken betreffend die Ausübung und Verbesserung der Deutschen Sprache*, looked at in the light of all that has been done in German in the years that followed, may well serve as an encouragement to the pioneers of modern Gaelic literature.

It may be a satisfaction to note that the proposed restoration of Gaelic to its old position as the national language does not imply the total disuse of English. On this point it will be as well to cite the following luminous words from *A Gaelic League Catechism*:

Q. Does the Gaelic League propose to abolish the use in Ireland of the English language?

A. No. It aims at restoring Irish to its original position as the language of the home and social circle, of the farm and market, of buying and selling, of the pulpit and the platform, of the mind, heart, soul and intellect of the people, but does not object to the use of English for all other purposes.

Whatever may be the future fortunes of this bold and ambitious policy, there can be no question that the movement of revival has already given the old language a new lease of life and has happily awakened a widespread interest in Celtic studies. And all who know anything of the beauties of the Gaelic tongue, of its high value as an instrument of mental culture and as a link with the literary and historical

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traditions of our race, will pray that the work may go forward and flourish. Or, as the Irish song has it,

Is i mo ghuidhe idir oidhche is ló,
Le diograis croidhe, le disle deoin,
'S is i mo ghuide 'dir geimhreadh 's foghmhar
Go mairidh ar nGaedhilg slán.

W. H. KENT, O.S.C.

ROBERT EARL OF LYTTON

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Personal and Literary Letters of Robert first Earl of Lytton. Edited by Lady Betty Balfour. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1906.

A VERY fascinating character study has Lady Betty Balfour presented to us in these volumes of her father's letters. The reflective habit which marked the late Lord Lytton, combined with his candour, modesty and insight, makes his correspondence serve to some extent the purposes of an autobiography. From early manhood to the last years of his life, Robert Lytton was haunted by the feeling that he had somehow failed in his life to realize possibilities almost within his grasp. In an early letter he maintains that he has just missed intellectual greatness, and is yet so enamoured of the things of the mind as to lose all satisfaction in the commonplace and the humdrum. "I am too clever," he writes to his father at thirty, "at least have too great a sympathy with intellect to be quite content to eat the fruit of the earth as an ordinary young man, yet not clever enough to be ever a great man, so that I remain like Mohammed's coffin suspended between heaven and earth, missing the happiness of both, and neither trust nor am satisfied with myself. A little more or a little less of whatever ability I inherit from you would have made me a complete and more cheerful man." He regarded himself as one who appreciated many things, and nevertheless wanted the power of concentration required for full achievement.

Yet there is an obvious compensation in the interest of the individuality here presented to us for what its peculiar combination of gifts lacked so far as the happiness of contentment was concerned. That interest is largely due to the very fact that Lord Lytton touched life at so many points, was so rich in sympathy, so wide in his imaginative grasp of things. His spirit consequently dwelt in a world of possibilities so varied that attainment could in no man, however

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gifted, have borne any considerable proportion to imaginative conception. In this he shared only in the disappointment of the poet as such—even of the greatest. The completest, the most unalloyed satisfaction comes of success in that on which our imaginative ideals mainly concentrate themselves. Thus those who limit these ideals to the practical possibilities of the future pave the way for contentment. The barrister whose day-dreaming is of the bench; the soldier whose absorbing ideal of greatness is to be one day a general; even the cricketer or golfer to whom a high average or to be a "scratch" player is the chief subject of his day-dreams—all these, by the very narrowness of their mental lives, bid for the happiness that comes of achievement allied with contentment. With the poet it cannot be so. To be a great or even a true poet his imagination must live in mental realization of so many cravings which can never be satisfied, that achievement in his art cannot bring content. His own success as an artist cannot calm the habitual unsatisfied desires which belong to the world he dreams of, for his art alone belongs to the world in which he lives. So far then we hold that not the lack of the highest intellectual achievement, but the very nature of the poet's mind, largely accounted for Lytton's unrest. It was largely the "noble discontent"—as a writer in these pages has called it—of one who dreams ever of the illimitable, and who has yet to put up with achievements which are of earth.

But in a letter written thirty years later on, to his daughter, when his days were all but at an end, when unlooked-for success had come in public life, and he was at the same time recognized, at all events by some critics of the first rank, as a very considerable poet, he puts the defect of his own life more truly, and poses a more interesting problem. Johnson tells us in *Rasselas* that the attainable gifts of life are grouped on the one side of our path and on the other. We may choose between the groups, but if we try to gain both we shall miss both. Lytton seems to have felt at moments that this fate had befallen him. Had he resolutely withdrawn into the life of imagination for which his poet's nature fitted him, and put away the prizes which were offered by his openings in official

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life, happiness of one kind might, he thought, have been attained; or if, on the contrary, he had fixed his ambition on the career to which external circumstances pointed, and crushed the poetic and Bohemian nature which accorded with it so imperfectly, his public success might both have been greater and have brought contentment. The letter is so excellent a specimen of the writer's power of frank and candid analysis that we give it almost in full.

There is a fine passage in Schopenhauer which often haunts me; I wish I could quote it, but it is in substance to this effect: that as a bird can only thrive in the air, a fish in the water, so a man can only thrive in that element of life which is suitable to his nature; and that as life abounds in pursuits and attainments good in themselves, and generally good for all, but not equally good for each, therefore every individual should select from the throng of good things life offers him those only which are thoroughly suitable to his nature, and eschew the rest. But, says Schopenhauer, many a man covets and pursues objects because he sees them enjoyed and coveted by others, which, when attained, he is incapable of enjoying. The man who does this lays up for himself endless disappointment, and his way through life, instead of being straight to the mark, is crooked and wandering. My physical temperament has a great tendency to beget blue devils, and when those imps lay siege to my soul, they recall these words of Schopenhauer's, and say to me, "Thou art the man!" Then I reflect that if I had acted more selfishly—I don't mean in the bad but the best sense of the word, with more of that self-assertion which springs from a man's confidence in the bent of his own nature, and is the distinguishing mark of genius—I should have resolutely eschewed a number of good things not suitable to my nature, and should have bent the circumstances of my life into conformity with the natural direction of the faculties best fitted to render life fruitful. In my inability to do this I recognize the absence of that mission without which the imaginative faculty is a will-o'-the-wisp. On the other hand, I reflect further, that if I had had more talent and common sense, more *savoir vivre*, I should have taken the really fortunate circumstances of my life, without repining, as they are, cheerfully adapted myself to them, and by placing myself in unison with them, by the rejection of all antagonistic impulses and tendencies, I should have reaped from the field of a life so richly favoured in all its external conditions a fruitful harvest of content. In either case, my blue

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devils whisper to me, I should have been a happier and probably a better man, of more "reasonable soul and flesh consisting." But when my blue devils are cast out, and I recover sanity of spirits, then I say to myself just what you, dear, say to me in your letter—that the main thing is not to do but to be; that the work of a man is rather in what he is than in what he does; that one may be a very fine poet yet a very poor creature; that my life has at least been a very full one, rich in varied experiences, touching the world at many points; that had I devoted it exclusively to the cultivation of one gift, though that the best, I might have become a poet as great at least as any of my contemporaries, but that this is by no means certain to me, for my natural disinclination to, and unfitness for, all the practical side of life is so great that I might just as likely have lapsed into a mere dreamer; that the discipline of active life and forced contact with the world has been specially good for me, perhaps providential, and that what I have gained from it as a man may be more than compensation of whatever I may have lost by it as an artist. Besides, there is this paramount consolation. I feel no doubt whatever that my official and public life has been in all ways more beneficial than the other, or any other, could have been for those I love and to the welfare of whose lives my own can be conducive. But, O my dear *alter ego*, enough and too much of this egotistical psychology!

To a great extent the last part of this letter replies successfully to the first—to the suggestions of the "blue devils." But a further reply, and the only adequate reply, is to be found in these two volumes and the two which preceded them some years ago, dealing with Lord Lytton's career as Viceroy of India. Dr Johnson used to say that it was astonishing with what little mental superiority a man could make a great figure in public life. A great official who in social intercourse displays the qualities which belong to the aristocracy of intellect is a rare addition to the riches of the world. Two aristocracies meet in his person. And to sacrifice distinction in one kind in order to gain something more in the other would probably mean to lose a rare combination for doubtful or slight gain. A considerable figure in public life Lord Lytton certainly was. Whether he would have been much greater had he taken the second of the alternative paths he sketches in his letter—rigidly crushed his poet's nature,

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and attempted to destroy or deaden by disuse his very varied æsthetic and intellectual interests—is very doubtful. He won an official position in the first rank of imperial administrators; whether he could under any circumstances have ranked with the very few statesmen or diplomatists who stand out as landmarks in each century, we question. On the other hand he had and he cultivated what so many public men are without, what makes a man supremely interesting to his fellows, what leads us to remember him, and to live with his thoughts long after he himself is gone. Lytton as a diplomatist or Viceroy, more successful by one degree than he was, but without half those varied interests, aspirations, nay, those very inconsistencies which made him what these pages reveal, might perhaps have been more at peace in his own life. But the peace would have been rather a step in the direction of the placidity of the oyster than of that peace which is the crown of highest attainment, and which cannot be won on earth by those who see and feel most because universal attainment is not of this world. His life would have had more unity, and some of that satisfaction in looking back which is sometimes called happiness; but probably far less of joy distributed throughout its course. The verdict on the happiness of his own career passed by a man at its termination can never be taken as though it were the infallible judgement of one who sees all. Such a verdict is at all times conditioned by the existing circumstances of the mind in which it is formed. "The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be; the devil got well, the devil a monk was he," is only the cynical expression of a psychological and philosophical truth.

Against the verdict formed when in later years "blue devils" possess the mind, may be set the verdict when life is at its height. The former cannot claim to be necessarily the true one. And if even from the standpoint of his own happiness there is much to be said for the duality of Lord Lytton's life, for posterity, and therefore for fame, there is much more. What removes the second Lord Lytton far from the merely successful Governor General of India is—as we have already intimated—just this many-sided nature

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which the correspondence before us reveals. To clear our verdict from all suspicion of special pleading we will add that we do not doubt the truth of Lord Lytton's candid avowals of his own deficiency in strength of will, nor do we imply that he might not have largely kept his varied interests and yet lived more consistently and with more self-restraint as one who had a "mission" in life—to use his own expression. But we do hold that the dual existence he led was to a large degree necessary to the interest of his life and to a due measure of self-realization. To adopt Goethe's most true sentiment (which, however, Lord Lytton himself rejects) the "stream of the world" with which public life brought him in contact not only gave him great opportunities, but perforce disciplined his character, and diminished the Bohemian tendency to which the poet's nature is so liable; whereas to think of him, on the other hand, as the mere official is to place him on a par with hundreds of officials whose very names will be forgotten, while his very interesting individuality retains its niche among the remarkable men of the century.

As we have already intimated, these volumes and their predecessors should be read as a whole to obtain an adequate idea of what Robert, Lord Lytton, really was. All we propose to do here is to call attention to some characteristic traits of a character in so many respects both touching and interesting. If we were to single out one quality which marks him off from other many-sided and brilliant men, we should say that it was "humanity" in the wide sense of the word, including but not at all confined to the more restricted sense in which it is sometimes used as the equivalent of kindness. He had a very genius for friendship. His own poetic inspiration was kindled by nothing more than by the sympathy of kindred spirits. He had a kindly and humorous eye open to all the varied play of human feeling in the society in which he found himself, and the drama of his own life also found in him an appreciative spectator. His letters to Mr John Morley, Mr Wilfrid Blunt, Mr Forster and Sir James FitzJames Stephen display this sympathetic habit of observation and description. They reveal also his special

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gifts for friendship. He puts his whole self into his correspondence. His intimate talks would last far beyond cock-crow; and he jokingly said of himself and a friend that if ever they should have sunstroke it would be before going to bed.

None of Lord Lytton's friendships are more attractive than that for de Villiers, Saxon Secretary of Embassy at Vienna. "He was a man," writes Lady Betty Balfour, "in whom French wit mingled with German fancy, a poet who did not write poetry, a musician who did not write music, a scholar and a romantically devoted friend. He was a bachelor and poor, and Robert Lytton cherished dreams of a literary partnership, which should prove in its results a very gold mine to them both. Dreams of an Eldorado never realized." Lytton's own meditations on life—on his own life, on that of his friends, on that of the human race—all display the quality we have referred to—a keen, a wide appreciation of all that is human; and his close and serious analysis was relieved by a boyish sense of fun. The simplicity and reality, and still more the universality of human sympathy is the quality which is most often damaged or killed by a great worldly position, and therefore it is especially worthy of note in the instance before us. Official rank more often than not brings with it a characteristic analogous to what is known in the universities as "donnishness." Of this characteristic Robert Lytton had not the faintest trace. We see in these letters the "human" quality of mind we are endeavouring to indicate in its many forms, and it can only be faithfully represented to our readers by preserving in the few extracts we shall give just those intimate personal touches, and those specimens of candid thinking aloud which mark them off from literary essays written for the many.

Let us read Lord Lytton on the drama of human life and what Tennyson calls "the passion of the past." The following remarks in a letter to Mr John Morley were suggested by news from his correspondent of the Queen of Holland, whom Lytton had known in his early youth and connected in his mind with the generation that is gone by.

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Tempi passati! All this belongs to a bygone generation already. When I recall my diplomatic experiences and acquaintances, I feel wondrous old. I knew intimately Clay and Webster, and I feel that between them and the American politicians of to-day there is a political century. I knew the old Prince Metternich, and this fact makes me sometimes feel as if I had actually assisted (as an unpaid attaché) at the Congress of Vienna. I remember as a boy hearing the old Duke of Wellington talk about Soult and the Peninsular War whilst warming his venerable *rear* quarters at the fireplace of the great drawing-room at Hatfield House. It is only the other day since I was listening to Guizot's reminiscences of his own youth. How weird it all seems and eerie! How little the longest life counts in the progress of anything; how far back the shortest life can reach, vicariously, in the retrospect of all things; how fast we grow old, how soon our enthusiasms are quenched, how rapidly the march of the mass passes beyond the point at which each individual member of it halts! During the last week I have been looking over and sorting old letters from my father to myself, with the object of selecting from them those which may be available as materials for his biography. Oh dear, oh dear, what ghosts these old letters evoke! I have carefully kept every letter he ever wrote to me. When I now reread those which I received from him while I was yet a boy at Harrow, I wince at his reproofs, blush at his reprovals, as though I were still fourteen, with a vague, ghostly consciousness of having in some quite other planet passed beyond the age of forty. And amongst those old letters I now and then come across old verses of my own, some of them written, I verily believe, when I was twelve years old! "Oh, the pity of it, Iago, the pity of it!"

Very human, too, are his reflections to Lady Bloomfield on the welcome pause for reflection which the weeks of convalescence give now and again when, with no distraction, we can review our own life as a whole as spectators of the drama rather than actors in it.

I think sickness or ill-health of any kind which is enough to confine one to a sick room for many weeks, but not enough to absorb all one's faculties during that time in the endurance of physical pain, is a most beneficent and refreshing event. I know of none which better deserves to be called a godsend. It enables one to extricate not only one's arms and legs, but also one's thoughts and feelings (often more easily tired than arms and legs!) from this noisy, eager

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crowd of earthly activities and needs through which we struggle to our graves. It gives us time to look before and after, to review the past, realize the present, and more clearly contemplate the future. What better place than the sick-bed, when fever has fled from it, and the body is at rest, and the mind unemployed upon mean details of life's hourly struggle for leave to live—what better place than this to sum up life's results so far as life has gone—examine ourselves and our gains and losses of love, hope, faith and courage? It is so wholesome and, thank God, so comforting if there be no crime gnawing the conscience, to be able now and then, as we journey on through its few hasty years, to look upon life from some point of view which reduces it to its real dimensions and proportions, showing us how little are the things which the world in general calls great, and how mighty, how momentous are the things which are so generally accounted of little worth. As the perspective widens how the objects dwindle in size, which when close before us seem to fill up so much of life's space! What a small thing in one sense, how brief at the longest, how paltry at the mightiest, is this single phase of man's immortal, indestructible existence! and yet in another sense how important every least thought, feeling or action with which the soul, as she passes through this earthly life, defines her own image in permanent outline on the immense background of eternity! Thoughts like these of late as I lie here in bed, seemingly idle, and really very busy, have led me very, very often to *you*, dear friend. For at such times there comes upon the heart a great yearning towards those whom, at such times more than ever, the heart instinctively calls into commune, as its natural kindred. I wonder whether you have ever felt me near you? You have so often seemed to be near me, and we have had many silent talks together.

A sad note in his philosophy of life is struck in a letter to John Forster on spring and winter; a letter written at the age of thirty-one, before youth, so often the period most given to pessimism, was gone by.

O Spring! Spring! the ever new! How I bless God for thy sake! Strange! I cannot conceive, dear Forster, why men have so universally taken Winter for the death-picture, and Spring for the life-picture in Nature. It strikes me quite otherwise. In Winter I see, everywhere, Life as it is; the life of use and wont, and apathetic habit; the enduring need; the painful struggle with difficulty; the cramped energy; the long imprisonment; the want of warmth.

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That is Life. But Spring? No. All that boundless emancipation, the deep, deep exultation and triumph, the wonder, the novelty, the surprise of every movement, the fresh beginning of untried things—the escape from the staled and the spoiled experience, the joy, the freedom, the confident impulse, the leaping entrance into the realm of limitless possibility, surely all this is Death—or else there is no good God in heaven; and under the heaven of Spring who would help being sure of the goodness of God? I send you the first primrose I have seen this year. I hailed it as the star of how many pleasant hopes! Here is a fine red beetle crawling over my letter. He has put on his holiday coat—obviously quite new—a splendid vest of scarlet slashed with black—all to do honour to Spring.

Of the deeper side of his human sympathies we may give a touching and beautiful illustration in this letter to his friend, Theodore Gompres, on the death in England of a beloved nephew, the only child of his sister.

“Whom the gods love die young,” says the old proverb. Those souls are doubtless fortunate on whose perfect promise at the full Death sets his indelible *fecit*, thereby placing them at once amongst the Maker’s completed works, manifestations of power and beauty finished by their own rare felicity of being beyond all need of the slow, tentative, defective process of life’s gradual fulfilment. I can understand that. I can conceive cause to be glad—glad for all men’s sake—that any human spirit should be so happily formed as to fulfil at once the purpose of man’s passage through life by simply revealing itself, and having thereby proved its right of *birth* to all that others acquire only by right of *conquest*, pass lightly upward and onward without effort and without delay. But the unseen hand that strikes from the cripple the crutch to which he clings, selects for special theft the poor man’s one ewe lamb, and snatches the water-cup from the lips that are most parching—this staggers and stuns experience, and almost seems to leave no way through the mystery of things here, but the way of some poor beast of burden that, in obedience of a will he can neither anticipate nor comprehend, is turned about to right or left, by the blows that fall on his back. . . Perhaps life with all its various experiences is no more in the inscrutable purpose of Providence than so much stuff of different kinds for the spirit to work upon, and thereby prove its power, putting itself, as it were, in evidence before the great spirit of all—as fire shows itself, and proves its power, by burning—not by the thing it burns; and the circumstantial result of such working

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of the spirit—the stuff on which it works, and the earthly residuum of its working, whether joy or sorrow, ashes or smoke—can be of no permanent consequence to the individual spirit, or innermost nature of man, which has worked upon it, thereby kindling, showing and setting itself free. If that be the case, or anything like the case, in this great sorrow of your dear sister's, and in your own, dearest friend, this great sorrow and power of sorrowing, there is such great love, and power of loving, that I for one must trust, by all my trust in all things good and noble, that such sorrowing cannot be in vain. But there is a profanation to true sorrow in all speculation as to the possibility of its spiritual profit. Not to your sister, scarcely to yourself, dare I speak of this. With her, and with you, dear friend, all my thoughts and feelings sympathize too closely to explore, apart from your own, any portion of that experience which is yet untraversed by your grief. Rather must I remain with you, where you are now, on the road of life. I honour your grief. How should I hope to comfort it?

It is hard to write of this sacred subject without diverging for a moment to quote Stevenson's matchless four stanzas, in case to any reader they may still be unknown:

Yet, O stricken heart, remember, O remember
How of human days he lived the better part.
April came to bloom, and never dim December
Breathed its killing chills upon the head and heart.

Doomed to know not Winter, only Spring, a being
Trode the flowery April blithely for a while,
Took his fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,
Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to smile.

Came and stayed and went, and now when all is finished,
You alone have crossed the melancholy stream;
Yours the pang, but his, O his, the undiminished,
Undecaying gladness, undeparted dream.

All that life contains of torture, toil and treason,
Shame, dishonour, death, to him were but a name;
Here, a boy, he dwelt through all the singing season,
And ere the day of sorrow departed as he came.

Lytton's sense of atmosphere and humorous appreciation of the peculiarities of the living human beings with whom he found himself—a part of the quality I am emphasizing—appears in his descriptions of all he has been doing and see-

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ing. Here is a letter written to John Forster during Lytton's first sojourn in Paris as secretary to the Embassy in the days of Lord Lyons. The year was 1873, that of Thiers' presidency. Lytton's admiration for Napoleon III perhaps deepened his sentiments as to the meanness and ignobility of the presidential court. He thus writes, after his first evening at the Elysée:

Hitherto the fact of finding myself in a palace has inspired me with the most democratic sentiments, but then being in a palace involved being in the presence of royalty. To-night the aspect of this palace had certainly a contrary effect on me, and I contemplated all my neighbours *du haut de ma grandeur de gentleman Anglais*. For a scrubber, drearier, more ignoble set of male and female odds and ends were never, I think, gathered together in closer contact or more glaring contrast with the relics of departed grandeur. There were the old Empire tapestries and furniture, all marked with the bees, and thunder-bolts, and N's uneffaced; and squatted upon one of those imperial instruments of torture, a sofa as old-fashioned and inconvenient as her husband's commercial policy, there was Madame Thiers, fatly purring asleep. To her I was first presented, and in the hopes of giving her time to awake I turned my talk in the style of St Paul, which English Greek scholars tell me is a very courtly as well as intellectual style. I crammed my sentences with parentheses each a yard long, in order to make them last. But I only succeeded in putting her into a deeper slumber. Then I tried the effect of silence, which gradually awoke her. She lifted a drowsy eyelid like the Nibelungen dragon, jerked her tail, and mumbled an excuse for the rooms being insufficiently heated, plaintively explaining that there had not been time to put calorifers in the house. In point of fact, however, the temperature of the rooms was that of a baker's oven. Then I was re-presented to Thiers, whom I had known before. He was furious with Grévy, whose resignation Madame Thiers called a *mauvais tour*. We talked about Spanish affairs. I asked him what he thought of the chances of the Carlists. This I did because the old rascal has been complaining to Bismarck of the assistance rendered (he says) by England to Don Carlos. He replied, "I can only say what Fontenelle said of ghosts: *Je ne crois pas au revenants, mais pourtant je les crains*." This was the only *mot* I heard this evening at a gathering of notables whose dullness would have disgraced even a London drum.

I was going to say that the rooms were full of men, but in fact they were not full at all. With the exception, however, of Madame

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Thiers and her sister, a thin repetition of herself, the only women present were my unfortunate Edith (with a bad headache) and a lively, affected little Princess Dolgorouky (Russian), who luckily for me is an old acquaintance of mine. I sprang at her as a new-born babe springs from the strangeness of the world it has just entered to its mother's breast, or as a bull-dog springs at the throat of its victim—and I should have stuck to her with bull-dog tenacity if Lyons had not carried me off to introduce me to Léon Say, the Finance Minister, . . . who plunged at once into a technical harangue to me on the English Sugar Duties, a subject about which I need not assure you I am profoundly ignorant. I thought it prudent to assent to everything he said. But he seemed to expect me to argue each point with him, and looked disappointed each time I said *Oui*.

He notes a peculiarity of the French intellect in the following description—embodying, we may suppose, a slight parody—written to the same correspondent:

The tone in which the French people talk of themselves is really astonishing—in the third person, as if they were impartial or rather contemptuous spectators of their own follies.

"Voyez-vous, Monsieur; le peuple Français est un gros enfant—qui n'a pas le sens commun. Les Français ne savent pas se gouverner—ça aime du tapage—c'est un peuple inconséquent qui n'est jamais sérieux. Croyez-moi, Monsieur, ce qu'il faut à ce pays c'est un bon despotisme."

This is the sort of self-criticism you hear on all sides round. A workman said to me yesterday, "L'ouvrier c'est de la canaille." Shopkeepers say, "Le fait est, Monsieur, que la bourgeoisie est poltronne."

Of Lytton's treatment in his correspondence of deeper problems in relation to man's destiny in another life and religious beliefs in this, we will only say that those who differ from him most widely will recognize the absolute reality and candour of his reflections—qualities very rare, and not least rare among hereditary believers, whose deficiency in this respect is doubtless responsible for Tennyson's famous lines on "honest doubt." At a time when insincere or only half-sincere reflection is waste of the time which might have been valuable indeed if devoted to simple and earnest thought on such subjects, this characteristic of Lytton's discussions will have its attractions for many. We

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see in a letter to a Catholic correspondent that, of alternative forms of fixed faith, Catholicism attracted him most:

To my mind [he writes to Mr Wilfrid Ward] it is not only in her liturgy and her ritual, but far more in her real catholicity, her vast humanity, her organization so flexible and yet so firm, so sympathetically and sagaciously adapted to the idiosyncrasies of all her children, that the Catholic Church transcends all others, Greek or Protestant, and justifies her proud title of the Church Catholic. . . . For all sorts of reasons I shall never become a Catholic. But a Catholic I should certainly be if I could get over the initial difficulties of belief common to all the Churches. Perhaps the main reason why I shall never get over those difficulties is that I have no inclination to get over them, no "wish to believe"—in that particular sense. I do not feel my mental attitude to be in this direction an irreligious one—at least, it is a profoundly reverential one. But the tremendous problems presented by observation of the natural world and human life do not affect me as *difficulties* but as *mysteries*—which, in this life at least, must ever so remain. I cannot bring myself to look upon the universe as a book of riddles, and dogmatic theology as a book of answers to them. Evil, pain, birth, death, the unfathomable sense of right and wrong, the constant, unappeasable yearning of the soul for the unseen substance, coupled with the inveterate inability of the mind to get beyond phenomena; the cruel inequalities of human life; the bewildering multiplicity of accepted revelations; the intense suffering which our higher nature endures in contact with circumstance, and the comparative impunity with which our lower nature is so often indulged—all these mysteries I contemplate with a sensation, not of terror, but of awe and worshipful wonder. The immensity of them, the sense of infinitude they excite in me, does not inspire fear, but rather a vague hopefulness, a strange sort of subdued, inarticulate, passive conviction, that in so infinite a scheme of things nothing can be irrevocably lost, or go irrevocably wrong, nothing appear or pass without the best of all reasons in relation to a purpose and a power that transcends reason. I suppose that a convinced Christian would call this a dangerous state of mind, and being asleep in sin. But I don't *feel* the danger of it. If my contemplation of these mysteries and my sense of the unknowableness of the unknown exasperated and afflicted me—if they threw me into a state of revolt and panic—I would turn for rescue from such a condition, not only to Christian dogma, but to that dogma in its most authoritative form—the *most authoritative*, because what I should then need and hope to find

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in dogma would not be a rational explanation of such things, but a compelling guide to faith in their unexplained beneficence—a potent aid to trust and rest in the contemplation of them.

With these extracts we take leave of this book. As it is not our object to deal with the tremendous moral problems which the story of any life opens up, we will not attempt here to discuss the peculiar variety of semi-agnosticism which the letter just cited discloses. Lord Lytton's position was half way between the agnosticism of all Christians who realize that God is inscrutable, and that of the more or less aggressive Agnostics of the school of the late Professor Tyndall. How far his attitude towards Christianity was determined by the form in which it had been presented to him in youth, and how far his deep reverence for Christian ethics presupposed a creed, latently, if not explicitly, believed in, we have not full material in this book to learn with any certainty. The light thrown in it on such questions is merely incidental. But we heartily commend its volumes as being in reality what they profess to be—a human document, and a document, we may add, of the highest interest.

THE EDUCATION BILL of 1906

THE ultimate fate of the Liberal Government's Bill of 1906 will be known before this article is in the reader's hands. But whether it is passed as it left the House of Commons, or considerably amended after conflict with the House of Lords, or withdrawn because battered out of recognition, as Lord Crewe has put it, it is certainly a notable measure as a piece of educational legislation. It is thirty-six years since a Liberal Government passed the first great Education Act for England, and when one looks back over that period it is surprising that some such measure as the Bill of 1906 has not been brought forward sooner.

The Act of 1870 found the Voluntary Schools in possession of the educational field of England and Wales. It frankly recognized their right to a place in the educational system of the country, and its promoters only ventured to put it forward as a measure to "supplement, not supplant" voluntary effort. All that the Act of 1870 did was to provide that no district should be left without school accommodation. So long as there were sufficient elementary school places in any educational area, no School Board could be established, except by a vote of the ratepayers. Where a district was in default, the Board of Education had power to compel the ratepayers to establish a School Board, but this power has been exercised on very few occasions. When it is said that the Act of 1870 frankly recognized the Voluntary Schools as part of the educational system of the country, it is meant that these schools had a right to exist, to receive Government grants, to be enlarged to meet the requirements of the localities, without there being any power on the part of the School Board to prevent this being done, unless it could be shown that enlargements of existing schools would provide excessive and unnecessary accommodation. There was also secured to the supporters of the Voluntary system the right to open new schools where a demand for such

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accommodation existed. The central State authority—the Education Department—alone had the right to decide how and to what extent school accommodation should be provided in any area where a deficiency existed.

But the School Boards soon began to become powerful, particularly in the great urban centres. They failed to spread all over England as far as the rural districts were concerned, and many towns, among which Preston is a notable example, were able either to do without a Board, or, even if they did establish one, to avoid building a single Board-school.

In the large towns, however, where they were established, they soon began to make their pressure felt on the Voluntary Schools. Their power to levy precepts upon the rating authorities without any limit enabled them to spend largely on school maintenance, and thus to force up the rate of salaries paid to the teachers, as well as to erect costly school buildings. Not satisfied with this form of competition, they began to set themselves up as the only body entitled to provide new school accommodation, and to give secondary education in Higher Grade Elementary Schools. In numerous cases they opposed the enlargement of existing Voluntary Schools and the opening of new ones; and by building schools designed to meet the future wants of rising localities they were enabled indirectly to prevent the opening of new schools in these areas, there being no deficiency of school places as the result of their extensive provision. The financial pressure on the Voluntary Schools began to be felt with particular severity after the first decade of the School Board system. In the 'eighties the supporters of the Voluntary system found themselves in a sad plight. The cost of education was steadily rising, but the Government grants did not increase *pari passu*. The Board of Education began to press for structural improvements and alterations of the school buildings, and money for all these needs had to be found in greatest abundance where the School Board rate was highest. No wonder many Voluntary Schools withdrew from the unequal struggle, and the supporters of the School Board system hailed their departure as so many signs of the rapid destruction of the Voluntary system.

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In 1891 the Conservative Government suddenly came to the rescue by passing the Act which is best known as the Free Education Act. This measure was welcomed as lessening the strain upon the Voluntary School supporters. Its main object was to give an additional money grant to the Voluntary Schools, and in order to do this the grant had to be extended to the Board-schools. But it also enacted that every child had a right to elementary school education free of charge either for school fees or books. In schools where before the passing of the Act the income from fees did not exceed ten shillings per child per annum, the managers were in future prevented from charging fees, and in lieu thereof were to receive a fixed annual payment from the Board of Education of ten shillings. Other schools, for the most part attended by fairly well-to-do children, where the income from fees had exceeded ten shillings per head, were still allowed to charge a fee not exceeding sixpence per week, and at the same time to receive the fee grant. Although intended to be a boon to the Voluntary Schools, this Act dealt them a heavy blow. Its effect was to increase the prestige of the School Boards where they existed, and to create a new reason for their being established in areas hitherto without such a local authority. Besides, the Board of Education, now that the income of the Voluntary Schools from grants was increased, began to require further expenditure in school maintenance.

Till 1891, so long as there were elementary school places for all the children of any locality, the district could not be compelled to have a School Board even though fees were charged in every school. Where the parents were too poor to pay, the Guardians of the Poor were empowered to pay the fees on their behalf. But once the Free Education Act was passed, the parent could demand free places for his children, and if they were not to be found in Voluntary Schools then it became the duty as well as the right of the School Board to provide them. English parents, particularly in the country, are not very quick at asserting their public rights, but once they are stirred up to do so they are very tenacious in their demands. When Mr Arthur Acland

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became Vice-President of the Committee of the Council on Education in 1892, he set to work to make the provisions of the Free Education Act well known to every parent. The result was that in many districts the School Boards were able to supplant the Voluntary Schools by providing free places; and in certain areas School Boards were compulsorily established because of the lack of free elementary school places. Thus the Act, which was intended by a Conservative Government to bolster up the Voluntary School system, became under a Liberal administration a means of undermining its position.

No further change in the Education Acts was attempted till 1896, when a Conservative Government tried to put education in the hands of the Town Councils and County Councils. This Bill was wrecked because the Government declined to give autonomy to any borough with a population below 50,000. The revolt of the smaller boroughs killed the Bill, and the Government dropped it.

In 1897 the Voluntary Schools Act was passed, but this was only a measure for giving further financial aid to the Voluntary Schools. It was not till 1902 that an Act was passed creating a Local Education Authority for every area in England and Wales, and putting an end to the School Boards, or *ad hoc* Educational Authorities as they are often called.

This Act was a triumph of the Fabian Society and others who had long been clamouring for the municipalization of education. It was contended that it was a bad principle to have Local Authorities for education, independent of the Town Councils and County Councils. Mr Forster, in 1870, making a humble beginning with an optional Bill, had taken the borough and the Poor Law parish as his units of education areas for town and country. To this he was probably forced by fear of losing his Bill, if he attempted any larger measure; but the choice of area was undoubtedly an unhappy one as far as districts outside the greater boroughs were concerned. Often the areas were too small, their rateable value was very low, and interest in education hardly existed at all. Later the Board of Education was

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compelled to combine many of these areas into united districts to get anything like a suitable area for a School Board. Besides, even had these small School Boards been able to deal with elementary education satisfactorily, they were obviously unfitted for the development of secondary education. It is true that the large town School Boards, until they were restricted by a decision of the Courts, had done a good deal to promote secondary education; but, once the adverse decision was given, the argument for their abolition became almost irresistible, particularly as the work of technical education had by the Act of 1889 been entrusted to the County and the County Borough Councils after their creation by the Local Government Act of 1888. If we add to the scientific arguments of the Fabian Society and various education reformers the jealousy felt by Town Councils of the powers possessed by the School Board, we have fairly well summed up the forces which produced the Bill of 1902 as an education measure.

It is true that the Conservative Government were pledged to help the Voluntary Schools, which were gradually being starved to death by inadequate grants and School Board competition, and that they were strongly urged to give relief to these schools by giving them a share of the rates; and it is fair to say that had the Church of England decided to have nothing to do with rate-aid it is probable that the Act of 1902 would never have been passed. This Act, around which so much controversy has raged, was a remarkable measure if we consider the past history of English education legislation. It created education authorities for the whole country, and it compelled them to take over and maintain all the Voluntary Schools. In fact so stringent was the provision on this subject that no Voluntary School after a given date could receive any Government grants unless taken over by the Local Authority, the only exception being in favour of a few marine schools and schools attached to institutions. Thus in 1902 England was brought into line with Scotland, which in 1872 had established School Boards as education authorities in every borough and parish throughout the country.

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But while the Act of 1902 affected an educational reform, it offended many who might otherwise have welcomed it, by leaving the management, by which it meant practically the appointment and dismissal of teachers and the control of religious instruction, in the hands of committees of managers, two-thirds of whom were to be appointed by the owners of the schools. It also failed to deal with the difficult question of the areas having only one public elementary school, in most cases a denominational school. Therefore it was assailed, first by doctrinaire educationalists, because it did not give full control to the Local Authority, and secondly by Nonconformists, because in many areas their children could receive no religious instruction at school, except such as was given by the denominational teachers, and because in many cases members of their body would be shut out from posts on the teaching staff of the Voluntary or non-provided Schools. Prolonged agitation against the Act of 1902 was maintained by these opponents, and particularly by the Nonconformists, who in many instances declined as a protest to pay part of the education rate, and as a consequence were prosecuted, and made subject to distress levies. The Conservative Government was nearing the end of its long tenure of power, and the Liberals saw in the Act of 1902 a means of arousing discontent in the country, which would help to overthrow their opponents at the next General Election. They therefore adopted a programme which was briefly summarized as popular control of all schools, no tests for the teachers, and no payment for denominational religious education either from rates or taxes. The Nonconformists were told that if only they could succeed in returning a Liberal Government to power, they should have their reward in legislation which would embody all three of these principles.

At last the General Election came in January, 1906, and the Liberals were returned by an enormous majority. It is true that other questions besides education had engaged the public mind for the two or three years preceding the election. The burning question of "Free Trade" *versus* "Tariff Reform," the excitement about the employment of Chinese

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in the mining compounds of South Africa both played conspicuous parts in the election. No doubt their importance somewhat overshadowed the Education question; but it is a mistake to imagine that this question played no part, although it may have been minor to the other two. Had there been no Tariff Reform Agitation, or no Chinese Labour cry, the election would probably have been fought almost entirely upon Education and Old Age Pensions.

Much speculation as to the terms of the Government Bill was prevalent towards the end of 1905 and at the beginning of the Parliamentary Session. Some thought the Government would be content with remedying the main grievances of the Nonconformists by putting the non-provided or Voluntary Schools under what could be fairly considered full popular control. The Government might at the same time make provision for the delegation to smaller Local Authorities of some of the powers possessed by the County Councils, experience since 1902 having proved that a County Council cannot attend to the minute details and various local wants of elementary education over a large area.

But when Mr Birrell early in April, 1906, introduced his Bill in the House of Commons, the Government's plan came as a surprise to the whole country. It amounted to nothing less than the sweeping away of all the Voluntary Schools and their transfer to the Local Authority, either by their consent or by compulsion. Clause 1 reads as follows:

On and after the 1st day of January, One thousand nine hundred and eight, a school shall not be recognized as a public elementary school unless it is a school provided by the Local Education Authority.

These words sounded the death knell of the Voluntary or denominational School system. One cannot help pausing to make a reflection upon this remarkable proposal and its contrast with the Scottish Act of 1872. In 1870 Mr Gladstone's Government gave England an Act which enabled School Boards to supplement the work of the Voluntary Schools. These School Boards were prohibited from giving any distinctive religious teaching or using any catechism or religious formulary.

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In 1872 Mr Gladstone gave Scotland a universal and compulsory School Board system, but left the Boards free to give denominational teaching at the expense of the rate-payers, and through their public officers, the teachers in their service. In 1906 Voluntary Schools are to be found in Scotland side by side with the Board Schools, and as far as the Catholic schools are concerned their accommodation has been more than doubled since 1872. What irony that a Liberal Government should sweep away the English Voluntary Schools in 1906 and elevate to the dignity of a Liberal principle the cry that no money should be spent from rates and taxes upon distinctive religious teaching! What is right and equitable in Scotland surely cannot be unjust south of the Tweed.

Mr Birrell in framing his Bill had to face certain fundamental difficulties. First of all how was possession to be obtained of the buildings of the Voluntary Schools? Secondly, how was religious instruction to be given in these schools once they were transferred to the Local Authority? Thirdly, how could a Liberal Government compel distinctive minorities like the Jews and the Roman Catholics to come into line with the educational system of a Protestant Christian country? The Bill solved the first question by setting up a claim on behalf of the State to the use of the Voluntary School buildings irrespective of the wishes of their owners or trustees. In other words they set up the doctrine of dedication by long use of these buildings to the work of public elementary education. If the Voluntary managers declined to hand over their buildings, they could be forced to do so if the Local Authority wished to have the use of it, or the school would cease to be a Public Elementary School. The question of continuance of religious education was to be met by an arrangement that in the transferred Voluntary Schools denominational religious instruction might be given at the expense of the owners, and not by the teachers of the school, on two mornings in each week, and that on the other three days the teachers should give religious instruction similar to that now given in the Provided Schools. The real crux of the Bill was how to meet minorities like

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the Jews and the Catholics. With a certain plausibility the Government contended that in a Protestant country some general system of religious teaching based upon the Bible would meet the wants of all Protestant Churches, but obviously this could not apply to the Jews or the Catholics. Therefore the Government was forced to make an attempt to modify their Bill in such a way as to preserve the religious character of the schools belonging to these two bodies.

An ingenious plan was devised whereby it was possible for the parents of four-fifths of the children of any school in any urban area with a population of over 5,000 to demand permission for certain definite religious instruction to be given to the children by the ordinary teachers of the school. In this way it was hoped that the majority of the Jewish and Catholic schools would be able to go on under the new Act as they had done before. But as the Government did not dare to make a specific exception on behalf of Jewish and Catholic schools, they had to throw open the special permission of this Clause to all classes of schools. Here came fresh trouble. The Nonconformists at once realized that an exception intended for the Jews and the Catholics could equally be claimed by the Church of England, if only the parents would come forward to demand it. They attempted to frustrate such action by withholding the permission from any school in any area except an urban area with a population of 5,000 and upwards. This, they said, would keep the rural schools from obtaining the permission of Clause 4; and their main grievance would be removed, because in the towns, unlike the rural districts, there is generally a choice of schools. But in keeping the limits of concession so low, the Government were troubled to find that they had cut out nearly half the Catholic schools from the benefits of the very Clause that was drafted to meet their wants. So once again all the old conflict and controversy over the schools began anew.

Here we must leave the details of the Bill, as at present it has been largely modified by the House of Lords. Like the Act of 1870 the Bill as it left the Commons is from

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the point of view of the Nonconformists a compromise, and not a uniform national system of State education. Clause 1 may stand as a grandiose declaration of Liberal educational policy, but the subsequent Clauses would leave other types of school still in existence, although subject to the control of the Local Authority in all matters regarding secular education. Students of English legislation often wonder why an Act similar to the Scottish Act of 1872 did not deal with English education. The Scottish Act has great merits, it is simple and practical, it is compulsory and universal. The English Act of 1870, on the contrary, is complex, difficult of administration, neither universal nor compulsory in ordinary cases. In Scotland the fullest local option in the matter of religious teaching is given to the School Boards. In England a stringent limitation of their powers was set up in 1870, and will be retained even by the Bill of 1906. In Scotland Voluntary Schools receiving Government grants still exist. In England they are to be swept away by a Liberal Government.

Probably the explanation is found in the fact that the Protestantism of Scotland is uniform in its doctrine, although it differs on the question of Church government. Outside the Presbyterian Churches there exist only the Episcopalian body, which is really Anglican, the Roman Catholic Church and the Jewish community. The Catholics have their own schools, and, to some extent, the Episcopalians have theirs too, while the Presbyterian child receives at a Board-school Protestant and Presbyterian teaching. To have given similar local option to England would have meant, for the most part, the capture of the Board-schools by the Church of England, and the consequent rebellion of the Nonconformists. Protestantism in England is so varied in type, both within and without the Established Church, that it cannot adapt itself to a State system of religious education as readily as Presbyterianism does in Scotland.

But it may be doubted whether in the long run it is wise or statesmanlike to give great powers to Local Authorities in the matter of education, and yet at the same time to

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withhold from them the right of providing religious instruction through the teachers, for the varied wants of the different religious bodies in the country. In face of this defect one cannot regard the Government's Bill as a permanent or satisfactory settlement of the great Education Question.

W. F. BROWN

LORD ROSEBERY'S RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

LORD Randolph Churchill's memory should smell sweet in the nostrils of posterity. For it has occasioned in addition to a biography of high interest and power a sketch of singular charm from one of the most polished of pens. Lord Rosebery writes always with grace and force, and when he outlines the likeness of a friend the qualities in which above all he excels shine with a special radiance. It is not only that in such a work his style is clear, dignified, always pleasant and sometimes moving. Every literary task would be adorned by Lord Rosebery's style; but for a sketch of an old friend even style is not the most necessary quality. That quality is a taste of faultless delicacy. There are very few who would not have stumbled in taste over such an enterprise as Lord Rosebery undertook. "A tribute to a friend"—the very sound of the phrase makes us ready to shudder. The expression of personal affection in literary form is perhaps the hardest of an author's achievements. Many kind hearts anxious for a dear memory have sought to perpetuate it by a monument of tawdry emotion. Others, fearful of this danger, have studied to be austere, and have produced only what is cold and lifeless. And in this case the difficulties were beyond the ordinary. For Randolph Churchill was not only Lord Rosebery's friend, he was also his political opponent, and an opponent who had made bitter attacks on others of Lord Rosebery's friends. To praise Lord Randolph without disloyalty to Mr Gladstone was a refinement in the problem. But Lord Rosebery's taste, as his speeches have often shown, can move mountains. Over all the obstacles in his way he has passed with ease and grace. Nothing is greasy or cloying in the book, but through it all there is a flavour of tenderness for his friend and of kindness for others—with here and there a pleasant squeeze of lemon.

The only defect that can be named is not of much importance in a work of this kind. It is that the book lacks

Lord Rosebery's

arrangement. The reader fancies that he is coming to the end when he is but halfway. The biographical narrative merges into criticisms and observations, only slightly connected with one another or in some cases with the subject of the book. But this is perhaps designed. For a detailed account of Lord Randolph's life the reader can go to Mr Churchill's masterly biography. Lord Rosebery's plan was looser and more flexible, as well as of far slighter compass. The book is not a biography, scarcely even a biographical sketch. Rather by borrowing a French word it might be called a *causerie* on Lord Randolph Churchill.

Yet slight and vague as it is, it succeeds in a wonderful way in giving a lifelike impression of its subject. The reader feels that this was the very man; not only the historical figure, the statesman and the orator, but the friend and companion who talked and laughed and charmed and shocked and is not yet forgotten. In this respect Lord Rosebery has surpassed even Mr Churchill. The biography resembles an elaborate painting in oils, powerful and artistic, admirable in technique, setting forth its subject as an interesting and distinguished man. Lord Rosebery's book is like a slight black and white sketch which has just caught the characteristic glance and smile. By Lord Rosebery, therefore, even more than by Mr Churchill, we are taught that Lord Randolph was not only a man of brilliant mental capacity but also one of not less unusual charm.

But it is neither Lord Randolph's talents nor his charm that most contribute to the singular interest of his career. It is the dramatic sequence of its incidents. I do not know where this can be paralleled save in the greatest of modern lives, that of Napoleon Bonaparte. It may have struck so ardent a Napoleonic student as Lord Rosebery that here again, though on a far smaller scale, was youthful brilliancy, a period of victory, a period of defeat and a tragic "last phase." But amongst others there is this striking difference between the two, that in Napoleon's life there is an air of inevitableness. So it must have been, so he must have risen, so have fallen, so been exiled and so died. But with Randolph Churchill the whole dramatic tragedy depends on

Randolph Churchill

mortal illness striking him down at the moment he was resuming his place in the front rank of politics. As it is his career culminates in his resignation in 1886; the rest of his life is a sad decline and fall. Yet but for the accident of disease it would not have been so. Already in 1893 the breach with his party was healed, and had his health not collapsed there lay before him a prospect to the successes of which it would not be easy to set a limit. Had he lived the allotted span, his resignation might have seemed merely a curious youthful blunder in a brilliant life; the tragic wail of the Mafeking letter no more than the hasty utterance of a fit of depression, not worth printing.

I insist upon this obvious truth because Lord Rosebery seems to lend countenance to a theory widely entertained, that there are in life great crucial occasions upon which to make an error is to fall beyond recovery. "He had missed the last opportunity, which neither forgives nor returns," writes Lord Rosebery of the refusal to stand for Birmingham. This doctrine of political reprobation is at least exaggerated. It is doubtless true of all human action that in a sense it is irreparable, that retribution is the inexorable law of the universe, and that in every relation of life each fault and error has its appointed consequence. And it is also true that some errors are much more important, some lost opportunities much more costly than others. But if we go beyond these platitudes we come to boggy ground. As long as life and capacity endure, there will be, in politics as elsewhere, plenty of opportunities for using them. Of course there must be a "last opportunity" in life as there must be a last luncheon; and if a man is so careless as to miss the last occasion on which he might eat luncheon, he will go to his grave one luncheon short. In like manner if he miss the last opportunity for a particular sort of political action, he will die with that action undone. So no doubt Randolph Churchill never had another opportunity for the self-assertion of an independent free lance after the Birmingham episode. But if it had not been for a disease of the brain, he might have had many such opportunities; and notwithstanding that disease he actually both had and used oppor-

Lord Rosebery's

tunities which brought him again to consideration and authority. There is nothing in his career to liken him to Esau, who "found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." Esaus are indeed rare phenomena; in the world of politics, while life and health last, there is not

so drear a place

Where the loud, bitter cry is raised in vain,
Where tears of penance come too late for grace,
As on the uprooted flower the genial rain.

If a contrary impression prevails, it is probably from defective analysis. People observe that if a man fails repeatedly he does not afterwards achieve a great success; and they assume that in his later life he has no chances. But it is not so. The chances are probably less obvious and less easy, but they come. If the aspirant does not use them aright, the cause is still the same, his own character. He fails as he failed before. If, indeed, his career be without hope, its hopelessness lies in himself, not in his circumstances. And in some cases there is hope if it be not abandoned in despair. For a man may be able to see his past mistakes and avoid them in the future, can he but shake off the discouragement of former misfortunes, and spur himself to try again. Whoever can change himself will find his environment plastic.

These reflections lead to the question whether Lord Randolph Churchill, had not his life been cut short, would have avoided or would have repeated the errors which led to his fall in 1886; or, in other words, whether the fall was due to mistakes and circumstances which may be called accidental and would not again have happened, or to deep-seated elements in his character which, in one way or another, would always have led to disaster. Mr Churchill attributes the breach with the Cabinet mainly to conscientious difference of opinion. His judgement seems to be that Lord Randolph had too much Liberalism to work with old-fashioned Conservatives. It is doubtless true that Lord Randolph's opinions were rather Liberal than Conservative. But this by itself is scarcely sufficient to account for the cleavage. Mr Chamberlain, certainly not holding the faith of an old-fashioned Conservative, sat in the Ca-

Randolph Churchill

binet of 1895 without difficulty or tension. Indeed, both Mr Churchill and Lord Rosebery recognize that there was an element of incompatibility of temper as well as of disagreeing conviction in Lord Randolph's secession. What Lord Rosebery felicitously calls Lord Randolph's "waywardness" made him not easy to work with. He was full of moods, and one of his moods was a rather aggressive assertion of his own views. This made him an uncomfortable colleague; and politicians, like other human beings, are not sorry to be relieved of discomfort. But there is also another aspect of his character which unquestionably did him harm both with his colleagues and with a large part of the public. He was thought to be "unprincipled."

This is one of the words which fall glibly from the lips in political discussion, but like most other such its meaning is not very definite. Some people seem to mean by it something altogether dishonest and insincere. An unprincipled politician is, in their view, a man whose whole purpose is self-interest and who pretends to adopt any set of principles which may advance his ambitious designs, without having sincerely any convictions at all. It would be certainly unjust to call Lord Randolph Churchill unprincipled in this sense. There is no reason to doubt that he was perfectly sincere in maintaining the cause of economy at the time of his resignation or that he really believed in that mixture of opinions which he called Tory Democracy. But there is another and much milder sense which may be put upon "unprincipled." It may imply no conscious insincerity, but only that the unprincipled man is not in fact governed by principle but by personal ambition or party spirit. Unconsciously such a man selects his principles to suit his interest or his passions. Just as spiritualists fancy that there are spirits roaming about seeking for a body of which to take possession, so there are ambitious politicians who seek for principles which may embody and make effective their ambition. But they are themselves unaware that this is their true motive and fancy that they are wisely forming convictions upon public grounds. And when they have adopted their political faith, they hold it quite sincerely

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and are even capable of making real sacrifices of self-interest on its behalf. Nevertheless it has not the robustness of principles which have been born of altruistic beliefs. The parent self-interest has influence over it and the same unconscious process which first brought it into being may avail to develop or pervert it. And while the man himself knows not what motive has swayed him, others suspect it and mistrust him.

There are few heavier handicaps to the ability of a politician than a general opinion that his governing motive is self-interest. Not only is it a motive which excites sympathy in none and moves every rival, actual or possible, to hostility, but it is felt to be incalculable in its effects. It has governed its subject in the past, what may it not make him do next? The whole atmosphere of political co-operation is tainted with suspicion. Everything the man suggests is scrutinized from fear of some veiled selfish purpose. If he makes a mistake he gets no mercy, if he falls into difficulties he keeps few friends. For, in truth, all are glad to be rid of one whom they did not trust and the uncertainty of whose activity was wearing to their nerves. And yet the man himself, unconscious of any but good intentions, not unnaturally complains of cruel treatment, and cries out with Lord Randolph at Mafeking that "there has been no consideration, no indulgence, no memory or gratitude—nothing but spite, malice and abuse."

That Lord Randolph was suspected of being unprincipled, of pursuing, that is to say (whether consciously or not), as the main object of his life his own advancement, and that this suspicion did him grave mischief both with his colleagues in the Cabinet of 1886 and with the public, is indisputable. But how far this suspicion was just it is hard to say. His proceedings in connexion with the National Union undoubtedly gave colour to the charge. It seems that even Sir John Gorst, his close associate and friend, blamed him for making a peace with his leaders, which, while it secured his personal position, abandoned the particular battle-ground on which he had fought and won. But it may be said that the rights and powers of the Na-

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tional Union were not the true issue. The real object was the disestablishment of the "old gang" in the House of Commons; and this object was more effectively secured by the admission of Lord Randolph to an authoritative position in the counsels of the party, than by any control of its electioneering organizations. Nevertheless, the impression left by the whole episode is of a man unduly careful of his own interests. Perhaps both Lord Randolph's contemporaries, and even calmer students to-day, are prejudiced by the tone of his speeches. Brilliant as they were, they certainly did not suggest a man of strong, self-denying principles. Doubtless a certain unscrupulousness in language is quite consistent with a real conscientiousness in action. But if a man speaks as Randolph Churchill spoke and acts as he acted in the struggle over the National Union, it is not strange that people classed him as a political soldier of fortune. Nor was there anything in his action as Cabinet Minister to clear him of the imputation. But the manner of his resignation itself and his subsequent conduct are certainly inconsistent with an insincere and conscious want of principle, or even with unlimited submission to motives of self-interest.

Yet the weight of the general opinion remains. The truth doubtless is that one must refine far more subtly to classify precisely the motives of human action. Lord Randolph was no Iago, consciously pursuing by nefarious means his own selfish ends, nor were high motives strangers to the seat of his judgement. But it seems probable that he did give to personal ambition more weight than is its due, and that he allowed it more than he knew to determine action. Even if his life had been spared, this would have been throughout his career an element of instability and weakness—an element made the more dangerous by operating in conjunction with his uncertain and vehement temper.

Whatever may have been the possibilities of Lord Randolph's career had his health not broken down, it is not likely that it could ever have contained so striking a passage as his rise to power and influence during the Parliament of 1880. Since the days of the younger Pitt it would

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be impossible to find in parliamentary annals a more sensational victory for youth. To understand it one must realize the nature of the occasion which called forth Lord Randolph's powers. Politics were at the time almost absolutely dominated by the personality of Mr Gladstone. And in the mind of Conservatives this domination was something awful and portentous, threatening the institutions and causes they held dear with incalculable mischief. The greatness of the Empire, the existence of the Established Church, the maintenance of the rights of property, all seemed to be menaced by the apparently irresistible force which Mr Gladstone wielded, and might turn upon one knew not what fresh victim. This language sounds exaggerated, but anyone whose recollection goes back to the days of the Parliament of 1880 will know it really does not overstate the panic that filled the minds of most Conservatives and many Whigs when they contemplated Mr Gladstone. He threw a great shadow upon the political world. It was in relief of this oppression that Randolph Churchill's ability and audacity were so enthusiastically welcomed. Lord Rosebery compares him to David against Goliath, and it certainly was as a deliverer that he was viewed by the great mass of the Conservative Party.

This induced them to overcome their dislike to many of his opinions. Lord Rosebery enters on a detailed discussion of Tory Democracy, and ends by the conclusion that it was, however sincerely meant, yet in its own nature an imposture. This is perhaps true if Tory Democracy is understood to mean what Lord Randolph preached two or three years after his resignation, when he advanced far towards Liberalism or even Radicalism. But that it is possible to unite a general Conservative policy with some important measures of reform was the opinion not only of Lord Randolph but of many both before and after his time. Indeed, the Conservative Party has always claimed that its hands are free to undertake social reforms, and that it is actually more efficient for such purposes than the Liberal Party because its energies are not diverted in the direction of fundamental or revolutionary change. The Factory Acts, the Conspiracy

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Act, the Workmen's Compensation Act are illustrations of achievements of no slight importance in the region of social reform. Moreover, there has always been a large element of opportunism in Conservative leadership. Apart from that extensive region of legislation which is not of a controversial party character, and in which either Party may consistently find room for its activities, there arise from time to time demands for changes in the law which, while Conservatives do not approve them absolutely on their merits, are yet assented to and even promoted by Conservatives as being relatively acceptable, as being expedient in order to escape from some impending disaster or some worse legislative remedy. Lord Rosebery classes Sir Robert Peel as a Liberal, but he should be surely more truly described as a Conservative opportunist. The "two great Liberal measures" by which Sir Robert Peel is mainly remembered, were adopted by him, in the first instance, not on abstract grounds, but purely as matters of expediency in the circumstances of the moment. Sir Robert Peel did not propose Roman Catholic Emancipation or the Repeal of the Corn Laws because at the time of the proposal he had become a disciple of what we call the principles of religious or economic liberty. He emancipated the Catholics to escape a civil war in Ireland, and he abolished the Corn Laws because it was necessary to open the ports, and he did not think it practically possible to close them again after they had once been opened. It is true that in the case of the Corn Laws, as the discussion went forward, he became convinced not only of the expediency but also of the justice of the repeal. He expressly declared, however, that this was not his frame of mind at the beginning. All this is surely characteristic of a Conservative opportunist, not of a Liberal—of a practical statesman with Conservative instincts, who is, nevertheless, not prepared to abandon a course evidently wise in a particular conjuncture because of party principles. And this note of opportunism displayed by Peel on those two great occasions might be traced in smaller matters in the leadership of the statesmen who followed him in the control of the Tory Party. It would be easy to

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point to illustrations in the last twenty years of measures adopted by Conservative Governments on opportunist grounds, as well as to others to be classed as uncontroversial social reforms.

Under both these headings, therefore, something resembling Tory Democracy has long existed, still exists and, if the Conservative Party is to continue as a power in politics, must exist in the future. And one might even go further and argue that Lord Rosebery is wrong in assuming that there is any essential distinction between Liberalism and Conservatism. That he does so assume must be understood by his decision that Tory Democracy is an imposture, for he plainly means that it is the attempt to amalgamate two incompatibles. If, however, it were maintained that Liberalism and Conservatism vary rather in intensity than in quality it would evidently be no more difficult to blend them than to mix gin and ginger beer. Tastes may differ as to the palatable nature of such a mixture, but it cannot be described as an imposture.

Far be it from me to attempt to discriminate the essential natures of Liberalism and Conservatism, but that there are many Conservatives and many Liberals who have much in common is a proposition the obvious truth of which no one would, I suppose, assent to more cordially than Lord Rosebery himself. It is indeed difficult to lay down this delightful book without turning the eye from its brilliant and enigmatic subject to its author, assuredly neither less brilliant nor less enigmatic. Lord Rosebery's retirement from political activity is in many points of view a misfortune. Ability is by no means so common in politics that Lord Rosebery's unsurpassed gifts can be spared without a sense of loss. But this general impoverishment falls with special weight upon a large, and probably, an increasing body of opinion which is dissatisfied with both political parties. Central-minded people find their views ill expressed on either side of Parliament. And in Lord Rosebery they have a possible leader who unites a mind naturally central with shining oratorical and literary powers. It must seem a pity that Lord Rosebery does not break the bonds of reserve and

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cast away the fetters of discretion and, seeking only to speak his own mind, voice as well the hopes and convictions of a great and inarticulate mass. Perhaps he is awaiting only a favourable opportunity and passes the time in delighting us with his pen. Let us hope it may be so. For we should enjoy this graceful book without even a twinge of regret if we could be sure that it was only a holiday task.

HUGH CECIL

RENÉ BAZIN'S APOLOGY for FRENCH CATHOLICS

M. RENÉ BAZIN, who has for a few years occupied a *fauteuil* in the French Academy of Letters and has long been a lecturer in the faculty of Law at the Catholic University of Angers, is known to that limited world in England which reads French novels *pour le bon motif* as a writer of singular distinction and charm. He is distinguished from the ruck of contemporary French novelists both by his power to interest mature men and women with novels from which youth and innocence can take no harm, and also by his profound knowledge of the French people. He has written about provincial life in France novels which will be as valuable to the historian a hundred years hence as they are enlightening to-day to the observer of French affairs.

The domination of Paris in French politics is a commonplace to discerning foreigners; how few such realize that the picture of manners and morals presented to them in the average novel is a picture, not of the French people, but of a section of the population of Paris. If the misconceptions which result from this obsession of Paris were confined to foreign readers, no great harm would be done; but the pity of it is that France as a nation should now be forgetting her true character for lack of a faithful mirror in which to study her features. The note of pessimism which is sounded with such melancholy insistence by so many of the best novelists is assuredly not the only music which the theme of France would suggest to a French artist if his study were directed to the whole and not to the noisiest and most prominent of its parts. Almost alone of contemporary novelists of the first rank, René Bazin has studied the whole of the French nation and seeks to remind his readers that France has a soul and a distinctive spirit. His purpose is none the less serious and his success none the less complete

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because, eschewing the *roman à thèse*, he has tried to teach his countrymen what manner of men they are, and what they might become if the best elements of the national character came to the surface, by treating them to vivid and humorous pictures of French life—not to lay sermons. He has won his way to the front rank by pursuing his deeply serious purpose with a vivacity and humour, a purity and simplicity of style, which one recognizes as peculiarly French, or rather, perhaps, in view of modern tendencies, as peculiarly Gallic. From his latest volume, *Questions Littéraires et Sociales*,* we may extract the only passage of direct autobiography which is to be found in his works. The story he has here told about himself serves to illustrate the serious purpose which underlies the humour and vivacity of his work.

I had known in my childhood and continued to see from time to time a remarkable priest, the clue to whose character was given by his birth and upbringing. His mother had lived through the Revolution of 1793, and was during that time the servant of an old *curé* who had refused the oath of the civil constitution of the clergy. He was shadowed and lived under the perpetual menace of death by the volley or the scaffold. Resolved that nothing should interrupt his sacred duties, he was obliged to shift from house to house every month or even more often. The young woman who kept house for him was a stalwart; like other women not a few at that time, she could have given a lesson in courage to many men. Every morning when the old *curé*, disguised as a working man, set out to say his Mass in one of the suburbs, now to the west, now to the south or north of the town, he gave his arm to his servant. So she passed for his daughter and, by going with him, laid herself open to the same dangers as he incurred. When the Revolution was at an end, she married a soldier of the Empire, a man who had been all over Europe without knowing what defeat meant and had gained from his service a remarkable gift for command, great firmness of will and vigour in enforcing it. From this marriage issued the priest who was first my tutor and then my friend. His severity was extreme. He walked as if he were entering a battle. His hair was curly and grey all over. As he always went about bareheaded, his hair, I remember, made me think of flames which should lose their colour while retaining their fiery movement. He was greatly

* Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 1906. 3.50 fr.

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feared; but on rare occasions his friends had discovered in him an exquisite talent for sympathy. I have never heard him preach a sermon. Yet it is a sermon of his which I am going to record, perhaps the shortest and certainly not the least eloquent sermon ever delivered. My rugged old friend had long retired from his work as a teacher. He had become indulgent and seemed a broken man; by the first of these signs no less than by the second one knew that his death was near at hand. . . . Never once, at those rare meetings—and they were too rare—which Providence arranged for us, never had he spoken to me of my books, or of the books of other writers, or indeed of anything but my career as a school-boy. The last time I saw him, he was on the point of passing me by without a word, when he suddenly stopped, looked me straight in the face and, after a good grip of the hand in which I could feel his old heart vibrating, said with a seriousness I can never forget:

“Vous écrivez toujours ?” “Oui, monsieur l’abbé.” “Vos livres sont lus, n’est-ce pas ?” “Oui.”

And then with a passion which made his voice sound as if from another world, he cried :

“Ah! les âmes! mon bon ami, les âmes!”

And he left me abruptly. . . . I never saw him again; but the counsel he thus gave me with such discreet emphasis, has remained present with me ever since.*

In the volume from which this fragment of autobiography has been taken M. Bazin has saved the foreign reader of his novels and students of the old France of Christian tradition which they depict so faithfully, a deal of trouble. There is nothing in these essays, many of which were delivered as lectures to young men or to workmen, which a critic of the calibre of Sainte-Beuve might not have extracted from *La Terre qui meurt*, *De Toute son Ame*, *L’Isolée* or even the *Récits de la Plaine et de la Montagne*. But it is not given to every one to extract the political, social and literary creed of a writer from novels which are intended to amuse and charm rather than to instruct, at the risk of boring the reader. Robert Louis Stevenson, an essayist, with whom, if literary criticism were our concern, René Bazin as revealed in his last book might, except for his reticence about himself, be fruitfully compared—Stevenson has writ-

* *Les Braves Gens*, p. 334.

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ten that "the most we can hope is by many arrows, more or less far off on different sides, to indicate, in the course of time, for what target we are aiming."* It is superfluous to follow and trace the direction of the many arrows, when once the archer himself has taken us up to the target and described it.

And, indeed, the volume of literary and social essays which has just been added to the *Opera Omnia* of this notable Angevin writer, contains his profession of faith. On the literary side, we have in the lecture on *La Province dans le Roman* a description of the penetration of France by the spirit of Paris and a protest against the literary and conventional contempt for what is thought provincial. On the social side, we have in *Les Braves Gens* an apology for the Catholics of France by one of their number, which has a special importance at this moment (December 10, 1906) when nothing in all Europe is of such deep interest as the success or failure, during the next month or two, of the appeal made by the Holy Father from the French Parliament to the people of France.

And, since the fortunes of that appeal must depend more upon the temper of the thirty-two millions of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen who live outside Paris than upon the passions which are so easily aroused within it, let M. Bazin give us first a word of encouragement drawn from his experience of the provinces.

It is not the people of the provinces but the men who describe them according to a worn-out convention who are behind the times. If only they would study for themselves and at close quarters that unknown France which begins just beyond the limits of Paris, I think they would be rewarded for their enterprise. They would come to believe less in local colour and more in the drama of human life, in that equality of all souls and of all sorrows which makes every other thing of secondary importance—the time, place and circumstance which are but the outward covering of the human soul. . . Novelists, once freed of the traditional prejudice, would discover the France which in silence sows and reaps for noisy and greedy Paris. They would appreciate the high mission given to the provinces—their mission to perpetuate the race, to nourish it, and to maintain its

* *Virginibus Puerisque*; "Truth of Intercourse."

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moral energy and essential qualities by the constant supply of healthy elements sent not only to Paris but to all the great cities. They would recognize that the force which makes the French genius is at work, more or less in the background, all over the country; that the peasants, the workmen and the middle classes of the smallest towns have not only a distinctive spirit but a groundwork of solid qualities without which no people could have survived so many influences for decay—qualities of good sense, courage, initiative, generosity and the like.*

That M. Bazin knows the provinces and provincial life, no man who has read a few of his novels can doubt. Anjou, the Vendée and many another province are found "in form express" in his pages; *De Toute son Ame* gives the Loire country to the life; *L'Isolée* might have been written by a Lyonnais, and in *La Terre qui Meurt* breathes the soul of the Vendée. And that, as the result of his wide and detailed knowledge, M. Bazin should take on the whole so hopeful a view of the temper of provincial Frenchmen and Frenchwomen is surely a factor to be reckoned in any estimate of the probabilities of the coming death-struggle between Christianity, falsely styled Clericalism, and Unbelief masquerading as Republicanism.

II

It was just a year ago, at Besançon, on December 10, 1905, that René Bazin made his first direct pronouncement upon the religious struggle which is now to be brought to a definite issue. In England we can scarcely realize how continuous that struggle has been during the lifetime of the Third Republic. How it has haunted the mind of the French Catholic, M. Bazin has told us in a charming simile:

We speak of France almost as much as we speak of ourselves, a thing quite contrary to the tendency of our minds. The thought of France pursues us in our work which it interrupts, in our leisure upon which it encroaches, and in those gatherings of society or of the family the pleasure of which it clouds or kills. We could not entirely free ourselves of the thought, even if we would. We are like a family when the mother is ill: if the children meet one

* *La Province dans le Roman*, p. 139.

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another they say, "How is she? Is there any hope? What do the doctors say?"

René Bazin does not profess to be one of the doctors. He has no ambition to see his signature at the foot of the daily bulletin. He is not one of the politicians, economists or doctors of sociology who declare that everything would have been set right at once, given a few more Acts of Parliament, a change of Cabinet, or a change of Constitution. For his part he can put no faith in quick and quack remedies. It is the soul of France which is sick, and sickness of soul makes the whole body politic suffer. It was rather as a Frenchman, without past or future in politics, that he went a year ago to Besançon to speak of the maladies of France, and "to say out loud one or two of the things he had often thought in secret."

And we shall attempt to give an outline of this his political confession, conscious while doing so of the losses of style, substance and atmosphere inevitable in a translation, according to the saying, *Traduttore, traditore*—to translate is to traduce.

The psychology of the nation was never simple, he said, and the last few years had immensely complicated it. He would barely touch upon the great question concerning the struggle engaged all over the country between the elements of life and the elements of death. He would not speak about those men who were responsible for a deal of noise and a deal of mischief, but rather of those who did a little good and made no noise at all. Nor would he deal with the good folk, good Catholics and good Frenchmen, *les braves gens*, merely in order to load them with reproaches. There are plenty of other writers who take a pride in the performance of this task of brotherly correction. The office of public grumbler, or "candid friend," will never be left vacant. It is so easy. You need not trouble to find remedies or to fix responsibility. You have only to cry out invariably on those who are defending the right, "You have got what you deserved. You had not the courage to revolt, and of course you are treated now as slaves. If you had listened to us twenty years ago, ten years, six months

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ago, we should have been able to help you out. *C'est nous qui avions la sagesse infuse.* We saw what was coming. Now it is too late. You are lost, and with you the France of traditional Christianity is lost too."

This much, however, may be conceded to the critics, on M. Bazin's own showing: the resistance of French Catholics has been too passive. "Les braves gens . . . n'ont pas tous été braves jusqu' à présent." But it is the barest justice to inquire whether the feebleness of their resistance, their lack of cohesion, their reluctance to face facts, and their loss of heart may not after all have been due rather to a want of direction from their leaders than to any defect of courage in the rank and file. And the new Act of Disestablishment, odious as it is, offers at least one hope to the Catholics of France—the hope that they may be led once more by an unanimous episcopate, no longer chosen by a hostile Government, but by the Holy Father, and anxious not so much to avoid trouble and disturbance unwelcome to Government as to build up the Christian character of their flocks. For the firm and noble stand for principle, seen in more than one diocese, proved even a year ago what may be expected of the French Bishops when the real struggle begins.

Let it be enough (says M. Bazin) to have indicated that there have been signs of weakness in the past; it would be only too easy to complete its record, and to determine its causes. Happily the other side, the case for the defendants, is easier still to state, though this is a theme which Catholic writers have not taken the trouble to develop. The newspapers, those friends who daily mislead Catholics, seem to have forgotten that hope is a virtue, or at least that, whether it be a virtue or not, it is a form of energy indispensable in the coming struggle. But the newspapers do worse than that; they sin by omission when they ignore the recent history of Catholic effort.

The Catholics of France have given during one hundred years a shining example of generosity such as no other people has given. They have invented, maintained and protected more charitable works than any of the more prosperous countries, than any dominant majority of Catholics elsewhere. France has been for a hundred

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years the nursery-garden of all the finest flowers of Christian charity. Consider the last fifty years. French Catholics provided the largest contingent to defend Pius IX in the conflict with those who invaded his temporal dominions; they have given, for the propagation of the Gospel, two-thirds of all the missionaries, men and women, sent out by the whole Christian world to the nations of heathendom. They have given more than half the money collected throughout the world for the Propagation of the Faith. They have peopled the cloisters of religion with so great a multitude, that you must go back to distant ages to find again so fine a crop of the lilies of holiness. . . . They have rebuilt innumerable churches that had been destroyed, have set forth afresh along the great roads of pilgrimage, and formed once more those vast crowds of praying men and women all moved by the same emotion. During the last twenty-five years they have created all over the surface of French territory thousands of Catholic schools, of which they have had to bear the sole charge. They have parried almost every blow that has been dealt them in that terrible duel in which the souls of the next generation of Frenchmen are the stake at issue. They have made wonderful sacrifices of time and of patience in order to repair the breaches caused by the secularising of French education. If the critics were a little less absorbed in watching the world and his wife amusing themselves, and would but observe that other world which is always praying and rebuilding, if they would only make out the budget of private charity, and especially that account in it which deals with Christian education, they would be forced to recognize that Catholic France has shown a magnificent and persistent generosity. And all the while she has given, I dare to say it, an example of obedience and of self-abnegation. For not all French Catholics are among those feeble folk whose numbers and reputation are so much exaggerated. We may regret that there should have been so many who accepted, or who rejected with so little manly vigour, the injustices of Government. But remember that by their side there are everywhere, in every town and village of France, men of conviction, ardour and energy. If these men had allowed their sorrows, their anger and the promptings of their human nature to guide them, they would have risen in revolt and met violence with violence; there would have been bloody conflicts and revenges, perhaps even civil war. Let it not be supposed that there is any dearth of men in France to-day who would be ready to sacrifice their lives for their belief. But these men have been told by authority, or have judged for themselves, that they were not placed in one of those rare situations where armed revolt is legitimate, but rather in one

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of those more common situations, which are even more trying, where all a man's power of will must be employed against himself in order that he may suffer injustice as an ordeal of his faith, and resist it only with the seeming weakness of prayer, by ceaselessly claiming those of his rights which have been ignored, and by elevation of character and of life. It is because of this, because of the victory which the best men in France have secured over their own impulses, that the world has seen fifteen thousand Catholic schools closed, convents besieged and desecrated by hundreds, religious of both sexes turned out of their homes and dispersed in thousands—and all without a shot fired. All the violence has been on the one side.

Show me the political combination of men which could have given a like example of the respect due to constituted authority. Some may laugh at a resistance so entirely passive; to the eye of the enlightened Catholic it is beautiful. It proves what a fine temper of citizenship Catholic doctrine produces. . . Catholics have kept the peace. . . They would be more respected by the world to-day if they had been a little less worthy of true respect. The whole history of the Church is full of victories purchased at this price, won contrary to all expectation, amid the sarcasms of unbelievers and the murmured approval of cowards who enjoy the spectacle and despise the victims. No man can maintain that the *non possumus* has been spoken a moment too soon.

The writer concludes his reflections upon the conduct of his fellow-Catholics by saying that both in their generosity and in their respect for constituted authority they have but given the example which was to be expected from their Catholic faith. And if, he says, they can adapt their conduct to the needs of the present hour, they will deserve at least to come victorious through the ordeal.

III

But for the final triumph of Catholicism in France there are, he thinks, three indispensable conditions. The Catholics of France must be united; and they must attain unity by putting their political preferences in the background. The second requisite for their success is that each of them should proclaim the whole of Christian truth in every sphere, not merely by affirming certain truths, those which take each man's fancy or those which might seem reason-

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able to others, but the truth whole and entire; and the whole of Christian truth must be illustrated by action. The third requisite is that Catholics should strive to remind France that she has a soul.

The writer's forcible and charming description of these three duties of Catholics in France—three conditions of their eventual success—it would be unnecessary to reproduce here in detail. While he excuses their apathy in the past, on the ground that they have had too little guidance, he admits that they have depended too much upon guidance from without; for "guidance would be found more often within, if men were more skilled to listen to the inner voice and to obey the dictates of a well-informed and well-disciplined conscience." Then, as to the political preferences of Catholics which they are now asked to relegate to the background, these are not, of course, unimportant; but they should be regarded as negligible quantities because the issues of the religious struggle are infinitely greater than any political issues. "Irreligion, which would destroy the soul of France, and anarchy, which would destroy everything else—these constitute the urgent, immediate and comprehensive danger. In the efforts made against these two forces, Catholics ought to ignore all that is human in their opinions and hold fast only to that in them which is divine."*

As an instrument of Catholic action, but, still more, as a method of enabling the "men of good will" to know and esteem each other better, M. Bazin would like to see in each parish an *association scolaire des pères de famille*. This would unite all the parents of schoolchildren in the pursuit of a common aim and range them round their parish priest. It must not be forgotten that it was by renewing the activities of parochial life, by developing the primary religious cell,† that the Catholics of Belgium and

* "Je voudrais d'abord que les braves gens missent toutes leurs préférences politiques à l'arrière-plan . . . non qu'elles soient en elles-mêmes si peu de chose, mais il faut les traiter comme négligeables. . . Nous devons oublier tout l'humain de nos opinions, pour n'en garder que le divin."—*ibid.* p. 315.

† "La cellule religieuse primitive."

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Germany triumphantly resisted oppression not less treacherous nor less astute than that which is now rife in France.

But to bring about the union of all men of good will it is not enough to induce them to sink their political differences and to group them everywhere in associations for the defence of their common cause. They must also be trained in the school of Christian fraternity. The bickerings of excellent persons encumber newspaper columns and are always useless even when they do not give scandal. In the coming conflict those French Catholic journalists who are usually so ready to denounce the indiscretions of their neighbours and allies should reserve their weapons for the enemy and give him no cause to blaspheme by want of cohesion among themselves. It may be permissible to criticize the conduct of a comrade in arms, but it is certainly a detestable proceeding to put him out of action because his method of fighting is not our own.

And in the same spirit M. Bazin warns the Catholics of France against "leagues of hate," directed against particular persons or the members of any sect or race:

We ought not, of course, to love error, but we ought to admire the good faith of the mistaken and pity the unhappy condition of the legions of our countrymen who are irreligious only because the truth has had no part in their education and has scarcely a chance of entering their lives. Let us have no leagues of hate, but rather alliances formed without compromise of principle. We ought, for example, to be grateful to those French Protestants who, being truly religious, perceived that at this crisis in the renaissance of Paganism it is the very idea of God, the common idea and bond of all Christians, which is attacked. We ought to rejoice that a common danger and the natural generosity of the religious spirit should have given us for allies in this matter so many of "our separated brethren."

Again, there should be some effort among Catholics to mitigate the rigours of social distinction, more particularly in a country like France, where the equality of all men, whether attainable or not, is at least an ideal which the good Frenchman will attempt in his measure to realize. Much pain is often inflicted by the refusal to recognize a humble

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acquaintance, or by the *nuance* of patronage with which recognition is accorded. The class which is least favoured by legislation and by social consideration in France is the middle class of tradesmen and small shopkeepers. A lady who will go up a hundred steps to visit a poor woman and play the lady bountiful often has no smile or "thank you" for the shop-girl who sells her a ribbon. A thoroughly good man will sometimes follow the odious custom of declining the acquaintance of his bootmaker or tailor. These may seem small matters upon which to insist in a peril so great; yet, says René Bazin, these small things, taken together, make up the practice of fraternal charity, and every Catholic should begin in his own person the return to those Christian traditions which constituted the harmony and amenity of French life in the ages of vital Christianity. Social life, like the life of the family, is based upon sacrifice and self-forgetfulness.* The love of God brings in its train the love of one's neighbours; it is the source of charity.

Next to the duty of promoting unity comes the duty of proclaiming the whole truth, and of living up to it. Catholics have to deal with two classes of Frenchmen, those who will understand them, and may perhaps in time come back to their side, and those who will not understand them and will continue to be their enemies. A considerable section of the French people, especially in the country and in certain provinces, is not so much hostile as indifferent to the idea of religion. Their indifference may be analysed into ignorance of what Catholics think and want, ignorance of what they themselves want, and ignorance of the true meaning of what is happening under their eyes and of many of the formulas which they repeat. These people lack only light. The most astute enemies of the Christian idea are afraid of sudden reaction among the strayed sheep. One of these enemies said in the Chamber during the debate on the Law of Separation, "Take care; it wants only a little, less than you think, to send these people back to the practice of the faith." On November 23, 1905, M. Clémenceau ex-

*"L'union sociale comme l'union dans la famille est à base de sacrifice et d'oubli de soi."

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pressed the fear that Catholics might soon have in France as effective an organization—and he thought, though he did not say, as great an influence—as the Catholics of Belgium.

Now, to convince the multitude of good folk gone astray, there is only one method which is at once worthy of Catholic Truth and acceptable to a people which demands sincerity and fair argument: the whole truth must be taught and lived. No man should venture to impair it, or to substitute for any part of it his poor particular views, illusions and foibles. No Catholic should, for example, express or feel a preference for a secular or for a regular clergy. Both should be supported, for each has its special mission; and, as France has recently experienced, one is never attacked without immediate damage to the other. Then again, in the period through which France is passing, discretion will be the better part of generosity. No one should dream of building a church or raising a statue, even to a Saint; all the generosity of French Catholics should be concentrated upon the schools and the newspapers. Again, timid and equivocal formulas which half conceal or only half reveal the truth within, should be avoided. Why talk of "mysticism" when you mean "religion," or of "the hereafter" when you mean "heaven"?

And finally, is it not time, asks M. Bazin, that Catholics elaborated, published and explained the social programme of that Government of the future of which no man can foresee the political complexion but which will certainly be Christian in its social policy? It should not be assumed or affirmed that the Catholic Church is satisfied with, still less that it is frightened by, the freedom of organization which the law now accords to the working classes. Catholics were the first to claim the corporate organization of labour, liberty of work contracts, protection for the workman, the workwoman and the apprentice. In such social questions Catholics are, by their very profession, prepared to go further than anyone, ready to hope and to dare all things.*

* "Ils ont, plus que personne, toutes les audaces du cœur."

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IV

If the first duty of French Catholics is to be united and the second to proclaim the whole of Christian truth in every sphere, their third duty, the third requisite for their final success, is that they should remind France that she has a soul.

It is the great crime of the opponents of Catholicism in France that they have belittled marriage and work and the future by denying the existence of the soul. It is the seed of death in Socialism that it has forgotten the deep instincts of man and limited his horizon to this earth. No Frenchman goes about singing nowadays, whether in town or country, unless it be a song of revolt and bloodshed. This disappearance of healthy and calm joy is one of the most serious heads of accusation which our time can formulate against those who dominate it. If England is no longer "Merry England" nor France "La Gaie France," it is because the vital principle has been weakened in each, because men have despised and disenchanted the soul of each of these nations, once so noble and charming. In return for all the high hopes which have been abandoned since the souls of men were diverted from their God, nothing has been given except the dream of a little more bread to eat, a little more wine to drink, an old-age pension—and extinction in death. In presence of this wreck of ancient ideals, how is it to be expected that the soul of a people should be conscious of its destiny, or express its emotion in song, or seek those things which are above?

Souls are weeping in the night. But be sure that there is some one who hears them and will bring them back to Himself. These cries of the poor mount to heaven, little though the poor know it.

One of my friends having made an ascent in a balloon at eleven o'clock at night, I asked him what had impressed him most strongly. The moment when the balloon began to rise? No, he said. The town with its lights all merging in each other and becoming like golden powder or a section of the Milky Way? Again, No. What then? "The strongest impression I received," said my friend, "was that of the swiftness with which the noises of earth dwindle and fade. At 400 yards above the earth we scarcely heard the voices of men, or the roar of trains along the railway. At 700 yards the

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silence is complete; the ear can distinguish only one song, and that rises perhaps as far as the stars." "What song is that?" I asked. "The song of the grasshoppers hidden in the grass."

Have we not here a symbol? Does not this song of the grasshoppers figure the voice of the poor and humble which alone penetrates the night of heaven, which alone mounts on high to reach One who pities and can do justice to starved souls crying aloud amid the restlessness and trouble of the world? I am persuaded that one day, which the youngest among us will assuredly see, there will begin an epoch of restoration. I am persuaded that the youngest of us will witness that marvel, the reconstruction of Christian France. It is already in preparation, one might almost say, begun, as the flower is begun in the seed which the earth still covers but which begins already to put forth a shoot. The seed of Christian France germinates already in the heart of those priests who in nearly every diocese have sent to their Bishop a simple assurance of their absolute loyalty; in the sacrifice accepted by so many religious, men and women, who have been expelled, expropriated, separated from the children of their adoption and cruelly thrown back upon the world; in the disillusion of the many educated men and women who have for a time believed the promises of the Revolution and now believe them no longer; in the honesty, the uprightness, the faith of those many families of peasants, or working men, or tradesmen who have already resisted all the influences of corruption and of scepticism and who know that, although they may still have to suffer, God asks for their endurance only in order to give them more of His graces. The steadfastness of these people is not in the least theatrical; it is silent—and therefore it will not be in vain.

Politicians of various parties have made allusion to this capacity for faith in the people. . . The Comte de Mun wrote in the *Figaro* of October, 23, 1905, . . . "precisely because they are entering upon a conflict with the fundamental ideas of our race and not merely hastening a natural political development, they will see the definitive victory secured by the race. The national instinct cannot be overcome." About the same time M. Émile Ollivier, an old Parliamentarian, said in another newspaper: "As of old, there are still on French soil two peoples, a people of conquerors who tax and enjoy, and a conquered people who pay and suffer. Whichever way you look, the heart sinks. You hear, as it were, the threatening murmur of savagery coming nearer and nearer. . . But France has recovered from degradations which seemed even less remediable than this. The sufferings of Calvary have become in her a 'second

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nature.' She has received the divine privileges of tears and of martyrdom. It is the sign of her predestination; for always she rises on the third day, and she will arise again."*

It will be seen that M. Bazin is not alone in taking an optimistic view of his countrymen. He finds that their "apparent failure" proves on analysis to have been due partly an instinctive respect for constituted authority, and partly to their loyal submission to the Holy See's decision that French Catholics should not only tolerate but cherish the form of government which France has chosen for herself.

But respect for authority may be carried too far. Whether the Ministry of M. Clémenceau will dare to use the utmost rigours of the Law against a class of the community which has felt bound to refuse the "precarious advantages burdened with vexatious conditions"† which the Law offers, but beyond declining this Danaan gift, has attempted nothing to the damage or prejudice of the Third Republic, remains to be seen. It is certain, at least, that, as M. Bazin said a year ago, the *non possumus* has been spoken not a moment too soon.

* "Il y a sur notre sol deux peuples, un peuple de conquérants qui impose et qui jouit, un peuple de conquis qui paie et souffre. De quelque côté qu'on regarde, le cœur se serre. . . La France s'est relevée d'abaissements qui paraissaient bien plus irrémédiables. Elle a l'habitude du Calvaire; elle a reçu le privilège divin des larmes et du martyre. C'est le signe de sa prédestination, car chaque fois elle ressuscite au troisième jour. Elle ressuscitera encore."—Ibid. p. 337.

† *Dublin Review*, October, 1906, p. 401.

REGINALD BALFOUR

THE FAME & FAILURE OF RONSARD

Ronsard and La Pléiade. With Selections from their Poetry and some Translations in the original Metres. By George Wyndham. London: Macmillan. 1906.

Qu'on dise: Il osa trop, mais l'audace était belle

THE case of Pierre de Ronsard, the prince of French poets and the poet of princes in the sixteenth century, is disconcerting. He is, visibly, the well-head of what we call the "classical" tradition in France, the tradition of discipleship to the example of the Greek and Roman writers. Yet, the classical period once fairly opened, the taste of an alert society hastily discrowned him, and for the space of six generations he had hardly a name among his country's singers. When at last he was raised anew, not to the throne which had drawn the eyes of Europe upon him for fifty years, but to a securer seat beside his peers in the esteem of all who can pierce the husk to come at the kernel of his rare accomplishment, it was by the effort of a few ardent spirits then engaged in assailing the very methods and principles we trace to him. Must we conclude that what Malherbe repudiated in his master is just that which commended him to the Romantics?

The question is suggested once again by Mr George Wyndham's book on Ronsard and his comrades—surely as gracious and thoughtful a tribute as an Englishman has paid for many a year to a body of fine poetry written in a foreign language. Ronsard and Du Bellay and Remi Belleau have a place in half a dozen anthologies *ad usum Anglorum*; and Ronsard's figure, at any rate, is familiar enough to the readers of Walter Pater, in whose unfinished *Gaston de Latour* the prior-poet is vividly and plausibly portrayed, with an excessive insistence it may be on a certain cyrenaic disquietude rather imagined than discovered in him. But the works of the Pleiad are hardly excepted from the persistent indifference of most cultivated Englishmen to the poetry of France. It is a pity, not only because of their actual worth, but because whoever reads them is soon aware

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of their peculiar affinities with some phases of our native art; no foreign atmosphere could so readily acclimatize our minds, or mediate so well between English standards and the alien virtues of French poets not less excellent but more characteristically French. There is also this inducement, that the Elizabethan lyric owed much to them; how much is still to ascertain; but Mr Wyndham shows easily, in what is perhaps the most profitable part of his essay, that the debt does not consist merely in the translations and paraphrases made from them by Spenser, Daniel, Watson, Lodge, Montgomery, but that the French example provoked some of the earliest and most fruitful experiments in lyrical structure on our soil, and that our theorists, Puttenham and Sidney, revived and applied to the state and hopes of poetry in England the very arguments with which the prefaces of Ronsard, and Du Bellay's famous *Deffence et Illustration de la Langue françoise*, maintained the capacity of the vulgar tongue for nobler singing and prescribed remedies for its indigence, triviality and barbarism.

His knowledge, and still more his complete sympathy, his gift of contagious enthusiasm, make of Mr Wyndham an altogether exceptional exponent of that generous adventure in letters which Ronsard led to a brief but radiant success. He knows the age and loves it—"an era of gorgeous embassies" and impassioned learning, of hard-won leisure richly spent; a time supremely enviable for its inseparable delicacy and vigour, when it was worth a man's while to play several parts, and the artist's craving for the illusion of a manifold consciousness was continually indulged by the iridescence of life. In the crusade of the Pleiad he sees a typical enterprise, and in Ronsard, who "stood four-square to the whole racket of his day," and to whom his art was no lethean sanctuary or ivory tower, but an arsenal of glory and a granary of vital savours, he admires the very abstract of that zestful diversity which belongs to the Renaissance. Indeed, it may be said that Mr Wyndham appraises Ronsard like a contemporary, in the sense that he appraises him broadly. For his modern reputation rests chiefly upon the exquisite craftsmanship which only a

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proportion of his poetry displays; whereas the men and women of his time, receiving his gifts successively, were struck above all by the volume and variety of his production and by the wonder of the sudden change from penury to opulence which he wrought in the national treasury of song. Most readers of a later day are disposed to undervalue mere fecundity, mere verbal invention: we are impressed by obvious inequalities and shrink from the effort of synthesis which the stature of a Ronsard demands of us. First among the poets of Christendom he aspired to a sort of universal prowess with his instrument; first among his countrymen he lifted his art out of the domesticity in which it languished, and proclaimed the poet his own tyrant, with a royal conscience to guard and govern his inspiration. He restored the Alexandrine, the majestic French measure, to the place of honour it had lost since Rutebeuf.* He gave his countrymen the very notion of structure; he is almost unsurpassed as a master of movement; and for the first time the French lyric gained noble proportions in his hands.

He is the author of the French ode—of the name and of the thing; and if a sounder knowledge of medieval poetry has reduced the number of measures and combinations which can be ascribed to his invention, Ronsard still remains the most fertile inventor in the whole history of French poetry. "Thanks to him," says Banville, "we have learned that poetry is a musical art and a plastic art, and that nothing human is outside its ken." He sang the praise of noble men, the horrors of civil war, the loveliness of women, the rivers of Touraine and Vendômois, the forest of Gâtine. The brevity of life, and the moral ancient poets drew from it—the urgency of filling the fugitive moments with our essential selves—is one of his characteristic themes. Another, its counterpart and complement, is the impotence of envious time. No poet can ever have carried within

* Mr Wyndham says the Pleiad revived it "from a very early French poem on the legend of Alexander." The Alexandrine is almost as old as anything in French; it appears in the *Pèlerinage de Charlemagne* (about 1070). Rutebeuf still uses it with mastery in the time of St Louis.

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him a more absorbing ideal of fame than Ronsard. Queens and cardinals and, what was more to him, his peers and scholars promised him immortality; but for him, as for Milton, the glory of which he felt serenely sure was mystical, independent of all praise. And, without false shame, he sang of it constantly, thinking less of his own person than of his illustrious tribe.

Having such titles, he is judged meagrely if we judge him only by his little, flawless masterpieces, for they do not present that liberality of design which is one of his great capacities. Ronsard's latest encomiast has seen him whole. It is not an easy thing to praise a many-sided poet happily, as he does—to define his peculiar excellence and to name his essential service. A humbler task, not altogether idle, is to consider some elements in the ideal of the Pleiad and some qualities in the work of its leader which, without justifying, go far at least to explain his long eclipse. Mr Wyndham has touched upon this matter; but lightly, as was inevitable, and perhaps with a little impatience at the very names of Malherbe and Boileau. His brilliant essay may, I think, be usefully supplemented by an attempt to show that, if the episode of which Ronsard is the capital figure produced in France a richer, ampler and more delightful poetry than any the Middle Ages had conceived, it was yet an episode in some measure unfortunate for the lyrical development; that it marked a splendid and necessary deviation, but still a deviation, from the natural course of French poetry, and that the succeeding ages, in which the discipline of antiquity was accepted mainly through its affinities with the native intelligence, and its example scrupulously accommodated to the wants and aptitudes of the French genius, avenged too cruelly upon the lyrical idea that debauch of an unsociable enthusiasm.

The enterprise which Pierre de Ronsard, weaned by a merciful infirmity from the life of travelling courts, and reading Greek under Daurat at the Collège de Coqueret, confided to his comrade Baïf; the hope the pensive Du Bellay cherished in well-watered Anjou and proclaimed in his spirited *Deffence*, was the conception of an exalted patrio-

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tism, nothing less than to endow their country with a fame in letters comparable to the fame of the ancient Republics and of living Italy. Full of Pindar and Theocritus and Horace and Petrarch, they had confidence not alone in the efficacy of their learning and the strength of their own vocation, but in the magnanimity of their race and the powers of their native speech. Pedants might aspire to emulate the athletic accomplishments of Secundus and Sannazar, and allege the poverty of French to excuse their slothful prejudice. The old Roman writers, instead of using Greek in despair at the inadequacy of Latin for certain purposes of literature, had deliberately forged for themselves a worthier instrument by analogy with the Greek. It was for French poets to enrich French similarly.

Two charges have from time to time been levelled at the Pleiad with so much exaggeration, with so crude a misunderstanding of their aims and of the conditions which faced them, that one is tempted almost to deny that residuum of truth they certainly contain. The school is said to have broken wantonly with the fine tradition of medieval poetry and to have corrupted its mother-tongue by arbitrary coinage. As for the first, it is a sufficient defence that in letters, as in other things, the dissolution of the Middle Ages had begun with the accession of the Valois. The abandonment of that splendid heritage of French song which our own age has so painfully recovered, is not to be imputed to the Renaissance, but to the two hundred years of political stagnation which preceded. Out of that vast literature which had fed the imagination of Western Europe in earlier centuries, the *Romaunt of the Rose* was perhaps the one substantial work still read in something like its original form. Mr. Wyndham indeed supposes that the poets of the Pleiad "valued the best of medieval French verse." It is hard to believe that they had so rare an advantage over their time. The national epic and the chivalrous romances were not quite forgotten; but only successive *rifacimenti*, made at last in prose, preserved the names of Roland and Garin, Tristan and Lancelot. The earliest religious verse had perished wholly, and the *chansons de toile*, and the courtly poets taught by the South, and the sturdier burgesse poets of the

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thirteenth century, Colin Muset, Adam le Bossu, and Rutebeuf of Paris—the first really personal singer of his race.

Between Machaut, who introduced the idle complications of fixed forms, and those *rhétoriciens* who amused the solemn leisure of Queen Anne (of Brittany), French verse had been given over to heartless garrulity, queer crabbed erudition, platitudes and mechanical toys. Such at any rate was the main stream: there were exceptions. For what of the last patron-poet, Charles of Orleans, and what of the great Villon? Him at least it is likely Ronsard read in Clément Marot's "emended" edition. But one or two names of amiable or even of admirable poets, in whom we now recognize some of the high permanent qualities of the French lyric, cannot rehabilitate a stagnant age: they do not constitute a tradition. There was, however, Clément Marot, the menial poet of a court tinged already with an alien politeness, where the adulterate valour of a windy Amadis passed for the mirror of Frankish heroism, but the easy master of a succulent and hearty speech, a born story-teller in whom the old fabulists live again, and who, with a temperament irremediably frivolous, could not but keep the tone of a sober looker-on and hold uppermost that Gaulish joviality and bantering prudence, the lining as it were of the French gravity and rashness. Of Marot (as of his best pupil, Saint-Gelais) the Pleiad sometimes spoke respectfully; but in their view the very qualities of Marot could only make the French poetry, as they found it, more pitiable. Though in his hands the instrument had acquired or recovered agility and elegance, it was still put to vain uses, and reflected scarcely anything of the deep changes brought about by the revelation of antiquity and the contact with Italian civilization. The quaint rigidity of ballad and roundel were still in fashion: dignity, high purpose, amplitude, the deliberate search for beauty—where are these in Marot? And it was not his example that could persuade men of taste and learning to forsake their Latin exercises and cultivate the vernacular usage. We must deplore the opposition between the Pleiad and the best of their immediate forerunners, as something fatal and in the nature of

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the case. They could not extinguish Marot's influence, since he was for the moment the depository of a characteristic spirit—not the noblest, but certainly delightful—running through French literature, of which the survival may be traced through Regnier—one of Ronsard's disciples—to Molière and to La Fontaine, and far down into the classical decadence of the eighteenth century.

In short, the Pleiad destroyed nothing that was not rotten, and it was not the fault of the school if French poetry had, in a sense, to be born again. The other reproach, apparently less serious, may be better founded. Ronsard and his fellows have been made responsible for a host of ink-horn words, superfluous and grotesque derivatives, of which a large proportion are in reality far older than the sixteenth century; as old, indeed, as that abortive revival of learning under the first Valois, when court translators ruled the language. But the Pleiad coined a considerable number, and though their theory was cautious enough, their practice was not always fortunate. Ronsard's excessive fondness for compounds, epithets as well as substantives, is notorious. They coined less than they borrowed, however; and it was not only upon the learned tongues that they levied toll. Ronsard bids his poet bring terms of art into the common stock—sound advice and such as might be expected from a master of metaphors, but supposing infinite tact. He would have him delve into the past, too, and give old words new life, and enrich pure French with spoils from the neglected dialects. And he admits and uses alternative forms. It may be said in general that the Pleiad erred by taking the indigence of French too readily for granted, as if, because Marot's talent was content with a few words, it was the want of words that straitened it. That new ideas want new signs is a good excuse for a scientific jargon; it is seldom applicable to poetry. The dangers of a huge vocabulary—opulent and seductive, but miscellaneous and uncertain—are as great as its advantages. The abundance of the material was manifestly a constant temptation to prolixity—the common vice of all the Pleiad; and, what is worse, it encouraged the mischievous superstition of synonyms, and spread the heresy of a distinct poetical diction.

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The language of Ronsard, to which only the strong impress of his original genius could give unity, proved a formidable obstacle to the next generation of his readers. But a greater obstacle was the continual demand he made upon their learning; in other words, the disastrous habit of mythological allusions. We may call them merely ornaments which may be disregarded—this is to charge him with a decorative ideal of style; or we may attribute the habit to a superstitious reverence for his models, and blame the age for it. I would rather suppose that Ronsard's is the rare case of a Christian imagination really peopled with pagan forms by the force of a sympathetic assimilation. There are parallels in French poetry: André Chénier, and perhaps Heredia. Mythology, no doubt, was the reigning cant of that age, and Ronsard certainly thought to ennoble the matter of his verse by invoking the patronage of the Grecian gods. But there is in him also, as has been remarked of Chénier, a perpetual fusion of his experience with his scholarship. No poet ever used his eyes better, or was more delicately responsive to emotional suggestion from the sensible world; but reminiscences of a bookish origin haunted his vision and continually overlaid or transfigured his impressions. This, which was a source of delight to the humanists, his contemporaries, could only disconcert the public of a later time, which had forgotten Greek and Latin in the civil wars.

These considerations may help us to account more generally for the miscarriage of a magnificent effort. In the first place, admiring the ancient writers deeply and not without discernment, imbibing from them the desire of perfection, and coveting the same glory for his own country and his own speech, Ronsard imagined fondly that it was possible, by borrowing their processes, their subjects and accessories, to reproduce their achievements. That the Greek literature and the Latin had been the work of centuries does not seem to have struck him; nor that the artistic aptitudes of a race are as peculiar as its language and its manners; nor that what we can learn from antiquity must of necessity be something naturally exempt from change. The measure of this idolatry may be taken from one sentence in Ronsard's *Abrégé de l'Art Poétique*:

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Car tout ainsi que le but de l'Orateur est de persuader, ainsi celui de Poëte est d'imiter, inventer, et représenter les choses qui sont, qui peuvent estre, *ou que les Anciens ont estimées comme véritables.*

or from the enumeration of suitable incidents for an epic poem in the preface to *La Franciade*—a work which failed not only because it was made upon a pattern, but also because the poet had not access to the genuine matter of French epic, and especially because—though his verse has epic, that is, heroical, qualities—he wanted the genius for sustained narration.

But, secondly, the general drift of Ronsard's poetry contradicts what has been called the common character of the national literature—what at any rate is a common character of its most original phase in the great seventeenth century: I mean its sociability. Not that Ronsard, so entirely a man of his time, shows himself detached from any of its interests; and, for instance, he shared the public solicitude, and with his *Discours*—from one of which Mr Wyndham quotes and translates abundantly—threw all his talent into the national cause in the religious struggles. But he is an unsociable poet in this other sense, that the tone and the language and in great part the matter of his verse are out of the way and special. Though his themes are common, the treatment is most often such that exceptional attainments are required to appreciate him perfectly: his *Amours* found scholiasts even in his lifetime! Of the language enough has been said. The tone, never mean, is often strained, emphatical, self-conscious. It was not by chance that Ronsard's popularity decayed with the consolidation of a cultivated society in Paris, and with the apparition of that ideal figure which was to replace the complete or universal man of the Renaissance: *l'honnête homme*, the discreet, urbane and reasonable man of the world, the foe of egoism, fustian, pedantry, rhapsody and exuberance.

Ronsard with his companions in arms had gone forth to conquer worlds, and had in fact, and for ever, enlarged the imaginative boundaries of France. But when the enthusiasm of conquest subsided, it was seen that more had been snatched from time than could be assimilated quickly;

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and that the conquerors came home with foreign manners. An era, not of exhaustion, but of concentration, followed. Malherbe was the jealous and watchful administrator who decided what could be usefully retained: he put order into that splendid wilderness. He was unjust, he was ungrateful; but he came at the right moment. That Norman stoic, that "white-haired, spectacled grammarian," whose lyrical talent shows so little spontaneity, had a passionate, intolerant contempt for waste material. The chaotic affluence of Ronsard's vocabulary did not charm him: it wanted a standard, and it provoked redundancy. He tilted against the Gascon brogue of King Henry's court, and referred a dispute over a common word to the porters of the hay-market, thus signifying his confidence in the usage of the Parisis, that cradle of the language. He sought to restore its gristle by an extreme condensation, and required that not a syllable should be used for ornament, but that a man should set down only what he meant. Moderately sensible to the sonorous virtues of speech, he understood by harmony a continual propriety of expression, and a connexion of parts which the reason can appropriate. To eliminate caprice and chasten personality seemed to him a necessary part of the poetical discipline; for he never thought of poetry as anything else but a form of talk invested with a traditional prestige, by which the particular mind translated for the general the accumulated sagacity of ages. But he laboured to make it as definite a form as possible, and that is the whole gist of his riders upon the prosodical legislation of the Pleiad—that the voice should halt where the sense is consummated, that rime should be always strenuous and never casual. A few topics chosen for their common interest and developed broadly, in concise and solid formulas, sufficed him; and he took only a few, and the most compact and sober, of Ronsard's strophes for his moulds. In striving to impose his principles, he took for his models those of the Romans whose accent is most reasonable and whose labour is most cunning; but through them he discovered virtues latent in the national literature, though already manifest in French building: economy,

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balance, a clearness that is not only (like plain English) practical, but logical as well, and exacts an evident and definite relation of units in a group; but especially the adjustment of proportions to the human scale.

By his endeavours and the co-operation of French society, some purely lyrical qualities were sacrificed in the general interests of literature. Eloquence and psychological invention—these are the fields in which the French Augustans triumphed. One poet only, La Fontaine, had the singular good fortune to conciliate the interest of character, the very tone of reason, with the yearnings of an aerial fancy. But when the long agony of classicism ended and song in France was free once more, the Romantic triumph brought with it the revenge of Cassandra's lover. Between *Cromwell* and *Les Orientales* Sainte-Beuve, a recent convert to the young school of poetry, taught Hugo and his fellows to look for treasure and some secrets of their craft in the forgotten poets of the Renaissance. Paradoxically, he suggested them as patrons and indeed as ancestors; and the Revolutionaries, who had hailed André Chénier—the last great classic—as a precursor, were only too eager to believe themselves the late-born heirs to the glory of the Pleiad. Their theories, their methods were poles asunder; what they had in common, besides the defiant spirit of young comrades, was the exuberance, the personality, the pleasure in their craft, the power to provoke the return of lively sensuous impressions, which are always and everywhere the very conditions of lyrical power.

I have left myself scant space to thank Mr. Wyndham for the anthology he has made from the poetry of the Pleiad and its satellites. All, or nearly all, the approved favourites are there: Joachim du Bellay's astounding paraphrase from Naugerius, and Ronsard's *Mignonne, allons voir si la rose*, and the best known of the sonnets for Helen, and the Elegy on the Choice of his Grave, and Belleau's incomparable *Avril*; but there is much besides which deserves to be known better. There are extracts from the longer poems of Ronsard—part of the Hymn to Death, and the beginning of the Pindaric Ode to Michel de l'Hospital—one strophe,

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antistrophe and epode out of the twenty-four. The Italianate Desportes is not forgotten, nor Pontus de Tyard, nor the Lyonnese Sapho, Louise Labé, nor Passerat, nor Gilles Durant; and even the scapegrace Théophile, who upheld the renown of Ronsard in the midst of the reaction, is represented by some strophes from his tender and energetic *Solitude*.

But it would be an unpardonable omission if nothing were said of the translations which Mr Wyndham has included in this charming volume. They are not merely ingenious exercises: most of them quite unmistakably owe their birth to that sort of admiration for the originals which excites the longing to re-create what one would have for an intimate, almost an exclusive, possession. To say that they read like originals is the hackneyed praise of excellent translators; but it is the highest possible praise. I wish I could give the whole of the rendering of *Avril*, which is a feast and a continual surprise. There is room at least for a sonnet which in the French is by many degrees inferior to that exquisite lyric, but of which no one who compares them will doubt that the translation betters the original.

O pleasant wind, whose sighs of fragrance fill
The air with odours of all flowers that blow;
O happy field, wherein, long years ago,
These lovers wept, because their days were ill.
O wood of shadows; clear precipitate rill,
Which saw their good out of their evil grow,
Which saw delight born radiant from their woe,
And their two selves transfigured to one will.

Age now denies the human joy they had:
And minded for their souls' sake to be sad,
They cast away all love without regret. . .

Yet ever a dear remorse awakes that old
Sweet love of theirs, when their worn eyes behold
This wind, this field, this wood, this rivulet.

With this sonnet from Vauquelin de la Fresnaye I must take leave of a book which will certainly do much to stimulate among our countrymen the study and the love of the best French song.

F. Y. ECCLES

SOME RECENT BOOKS

- C.** Under the above heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the Editor desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.
- C.** The Editor will apply to Publishers for a copy of any book which he proposes to have reviewed.

IN *Newman, Pascal, Loisy and the Catholic Church* (London: Francis Griffiths. 1906), Mr W. J. Williams has given us a most remarkable work, a veritable treasure-trove of deep thought on the foundations of religious belief, and a book which is, for those who rightly understand it, a very powerful *Apologia* for the Catholic Church. Our chief object here is to indicate the angle, as it were, at which Catholics should read it, in order to profit by it and to avoid entire misconception. The book is in effect the work of a man who has lived a life of thought, kept company with thinkers of all schools, and kept a notebook wherein to set down his thoughts. The writer is familiar with many varieties of interpretation of the universe, gnostic and agnostic; he has gone through much heart-searching and has, mainly through the influence of the writings of Pascal and Cardinal Newman, come to the conclusion that in the Church is to be found the solution of doubts and the deepest philosophy of belief. He has set down, we take it, from time to time, with absolute candour the *pros* and *cons* as they come before him. He has joined the Church, and he gives to the world the frank story of his reasoning—the summary of his notes. To tamper with it, to remodel it, to omit what is not on the beaten track of accepted Catholic thought, to change its phrases for those familiar to Catholic ears, nay, even to omit forms of argument which are, in their present state, inadmissible in the light of the Catholic conclusions would be to destroy the value of the book. When Newman offered to Cardinal Wiseman to submit the *Essay on Development* for theological revision, Wiseman declined on the ground that it was in reality the record of Newman's own course of argument which led him to the

Mr Williams on Newman

Church. It was a *fact* not to be tampered with or adulterated. Not until thirty years later did Newman deal with it from the standpoint of generally accepted Catholic theology, and make the changes which such a standpoint demanded. Similarly Mr Williams's powerful book is the frank exhibition of a train of thought which has brought one who has been influenced by very many lines of thought to the Church. To those who stand where he once stood it will in its present form appeal with a force which substantial modification would destroy. Those whose happy antecedents have kept them out of the world of restless speculation and the Babel of many tongues, who are accustomed to no more of reflection than is meted out in careful doses by their professors of theology or philosophy, will doubtless find sentences to startle them. But we hope and believe that the general progress of education has by this time made it possible for most of those who would be fitted to read such a book at all to appreciate a standpoint and circumstances different from their own. In many cases they will be able to supply for themselves the co-efficient needed here and there to make Mr Williams's positions as orthodox, seen from the vantage ground of those who look down from the citadel, as they potentially are in that external region of candid intellectual inquiry to which they belong.

Let so much be said for readers who may approach the work in a critical spirit. For those on the other hand who look for what is powerful and helpful there is no need for this word of caution. They will find what they seek in abundance. Literary defects there are many in the book. But they are almost forgotten in the sense which the whole work conveys of strenuous, earnest and profound thought. There is no trace of that bias against the current language of orthodoxy, that desire to belittle ecclesiastical authority and Catholicism, that Little-Englandism of the Church, which is sometimes called Liberal Catholicism. The thought is absolutely genuine, honest and impartial, even where it passes into regions beyond the bounds encouraged by the Church in those whom she educates.

We are likely to have occasion to return to many chap-

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ters of this work. Let us here cite as a specimen of Mr Williams's quality his argument for the Church on the ground of her combination of depth in sanctity with width in sympathy, being thus co-extensive with both the depth and the breadth of human nature.

This argument was expressed by Cardinal Wiseman in the form in which it appeals to a born Catholic. From Mr Williams it comes with the power of the testimony of one who has found this combination wanting elsewhere. It is an amplification of the old *testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ*. That testimony is to be found not by isolating the formal theology of the Church, or her liturgy, or her official decisions as though any one of them represented by itself the whole of Catholicism. It is to be found in the whole full life of the Church, in the mass of Catholic influences whereby those of her children whose power of appreciation is fullest, are enabled to live the fullest and highest Christian life. She produces the greatest Saints, thus proving that she can touch what is deepest in humanity, and can verify the great Doctor's saying: "Dig deep enough into the human, and you will find the divine." She can also without losing her identity or supremacy assimilate all that is good in the various worships and philosophies of mankind, adapting the thoughts of Aristotle and Plato to her theology, and christianizing rites originally heathen, thus proving her width as well as her depth.

As to the unique pre-eminence of the Catholic Saint, Mr Williams points out that even those who in theory hold that Protestantism recovered what Catholicism had lost of the spirit of Christ, are led instinctively to the Church when they want to find the highest specimens of Christian sanctity.

It is surely a significant fact [Mr Williams writes] that it should be in a Church which is considered to have so far forsaken the special teaching of the Gospel, rather than among those who made it their boast to have returned to the Gospel, that those saints who are considered by modern writers of all schools best to represent the spirit of Christ have, somehow or another, continued to arise. "There is more of Jesus," says Matthew Arnold, "in the little finger of St Theresa than in the whole body of John Knox." Nor

Mr Williams on Newman

can so Evangelical a writer as Sir James Stephen find any character in the Protestant world which so kindles his religious enthusiasm as the character of St Francis Xavier. It is a Protestant writer in France who speaks in the same terms of St Francis of Assisi. It is Carducci in Italy who adds his testimony to that of Sabatier. It is Castellar in Spain who adds his testimony to that of Carducci. It is the Positivist Cotter Morrison who gives a like position to St Bernard.

Of the gradually displayed assimilative power in the Church which was the final experimental proof of the capacities of Christianity—which is conspicuously absent in Protestantism, and which was as conspicuously a part of the Catholic ideal—Mr Williams writes as follows:

The religious idea was compelled for many a year to travel along a narrow way, but it was brought forth at last into a wealthy place.

Therefore, that Catholicity which at first did but mean the collection of traditions from all parts within the Christian Church, came to mean what it was inevitable in the nature of the case it should, from the first, actually imply—the bringing into one and gathering together of all the strongest facts and experiences of religion; all elements in the religious idea wherever found which could prove their fitness by survival or their vitality by their growth or their “richness” by their capacity for a deeper interpretation; all “truths of religion” outside the Christian Church as well as within it. In this manner and on a basis of the deeper expediency begun but not completed, attempted not achieved, a Catholic Church has alone any chance of becoming “Humanity grown conscious of itself.”

It is often the poor and simple, with a few isolated scholars and mystics, who are the first to realize and to feel the benefits of this triumphant freedom: Untroubled by intellectualism or pietism, untrammelled by controversy and the mere appearance of consistency, they have found pleasure in all that gives aid to their religious aspiration; and as to the pure all things are pure, so for them, without a thought of exterior consistency, an inner and deeper consistency of the spirit has been formed.

And it has been from this cause, rather than from her theological development, that we are able to regard the Church as “the fullest exponent and transmitter” in the world; not as she appears in controversy, laden with texts and shackled with scholastic logic,

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though even there she sometimes takes a wider sweep and makes for a higher goal; not as she appears in councils, in synods and in congregations, though there also she has a vivid inspiration; but in the full stream of her magnificent progress and with her people's shout of triumph in her ears; for there it is she is seen to be greater than the ideals of the older civilization, not because she has destroyed them, but because, set on the highest throne she can offer, they are no longer rivals of the majesty of Christ.

It is because the throne of Christ is conceived as founded in the deepest part of man's nature that it can thus be raised above all principalities and powers; and it is in the Church's recognition of the intrinsic glory of Christianity that her own glory altogether lies. She could never have shown her confidence in the incommunicable greatness of Christ, had she continued for ever blind to the intrinsic greatness of pagan ideals, or regarded the gods of the heathen as, in her first impulse and onset, she had been compelled to regard them. Christ's triumph must be shown to be no mere military victory in which opponents are not only vanquished but annihilated. The victory must be one in which all rivalry ceases, because all that is great in the enemy is both transcended and absorbed.

Not yet can that victory be won; not yet has every enemy been thus brought into the embrace of God. But if "morality is" indeed "the nature of things"; if "the greatest thoughts come from the heart"; if it is from living out the true life that religious truth may best be secured; and if the saints are those who have had a genius for morality, that Church may, surely, be said to have got nearest the nature of things, nearest the objective ground and basis of religion, which, with so full a recognition of pagan worship and pagan thought as to cause scandal to her enemies, has been able to produce the saints whom men, of whatever creed, have felt to be the highest and the best representatives of the spirit of Christ.

These are but specimens of the "apologetic" side of the book, which is more prominently a work of philosophical criticism. The analysis of Cardinal Newman's deeper thought on Faith and Reason, including the exposure of Dr Fairbairn's misconceptions on the subject, contains the most important contributions towards the elucidation of the problems under discussion which we know.

We somewhat regret that Abbé Loisy's name is included

Aristotle's Ethics

in Mr Williams's title. In the work itself there is no reference whatever to the Abbé until the last chapter but one. We are quite in accord with Mr Williams's view as to the place which Abbé Loisy's ostensible aim—namely a careful analysis of the results of modern criticism—would occupy in the carrying out of theological development on the lines of Newman's *Essay*. At the same time his actual writing has aroused a degree of criticism, even apart from its official censure by the Holy Office, which makes a brief treatment of his position unsatisfactory. We regret that expectations should inevitably be aroused of a full and more critical treatment of his writings which the reader does not find. Moreover, to many people the prominent association of the Abbé Loisy's name with Mr Williams's theory may make them, however unjustly, approach his book with less sympathy than they otherwise would do.

W. W.

THE appearance of *Aristotle's Theory of Conduct* by Thomas Marshall (Fisher Unwin. 21s. net) reminds us of Shirley Brooks. "Ah, I see you have Homer's *Iliad*," he is reported to have said to a friend whom he found reading the Greek text in an age of translations. "Well, I believe it is the best." We may be allowed to believe that a careful study of Aristotle's *Ethics* will be found of more profit than the perusal of a shelf-full of modern ethical manuals, hand-books or similar aridities. After all, we have added but little to what Aristotle wrote. The main facts were before him, and his prodigious insight enabled him to lay down the broad lines of all subsequent ethical thought. True, the facts as they met him were simpler than they are in these days. He kept his eyes resolutely on the Greek city-state, which above all things was εὐσύννοπος, could be surveyed at a glance. Moreover, he limited his investigations to a definite field within the civic life of his own time. He is not concerned, for instance, to analyse the notion of duty. He imports no theology into his treatment of the subject. He merely assumes that the young men who come to his lectures have their consciences, as we should say, in good working order, that they have cultivated good moral habits, and have some acquaintance with life. What

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he undertakes to give them, should they care to receive it, is a course of moral hygiene. He wants to produce not a mere theory of conduct, but good conduct itself. His aim is political, in his own sense of the term.

The professed student of ethics, then, may be recommended to grapple with Aristotle at first hand. The work will be no light one, for the text, as we have it, would seem to consist mainly of lecture notes. It is at times scrappy, redundant and inconsequential. Only a close study of it will bring out the main lines of thought. But these, when grasped, are a possession for ever.

Yet Aristotle will also have an interest for the man of affairs who cannot afford to make a minute study of the Greek text. He has much to say about character and habit, about social amenities and friendship, about self-management and prudence, which cannot fail to attract those to whom it is addressed, namely, men who have had some experience of life and seek a guide amid the problems of practical conduct. For these in particular Mr Marshall's book will be of service. We find there a general introduction in which the purport of the *Ethics* is set forth; special introductions to the several chapters with explanatory remarks at the end of each chapter; a paraphrase of the text, sometimes full and sometimes condensed; and finally, a number of modern examples which are intended to bring home Aristotle's meaning to present-day readers.

The book is somewhat prohibitive in price, and contains more misprints than are usually to be had for a guinea. It certainly simplifies matters by divesting Aristotle's thought of the Hegelian and evolutionary accretions with which some modern commentators have encumbered it; but this simplification is carried to lengths which would seem to distort Aristotle's real teaching. A reader might easily carry away the impression that Aristotle, in rejecting the Platonic basis of ethics, falls into the opposite extreme of making morality a matter of convention.

If Mr Marshall's book will induce students to go to Aristotle for themselves, it will amply justify its appearance. But if it be taken as a substitute for Aristotle, it must be

Silanus the Christian

pronounced to share the shortcomings of all such substitutes. Yet even so its pleasantness of style and happiness of illustration make it eminently readable. C. P.

A QUARTER of a century has elapsed since Dr Edwin Abbott put forth his views of early Christianity in the romances *Philochristus* and *Onesimus*. He has just interrupted his learned series of elaborate contributions to the study of the New Testament by the production of another romance, *Silanus the Christian* (Adam and Charles Black. 1906. 7s. 6d. net). It is the first time that anyone has ventured to put theories of the composition of the Gospels into the form of a novel. In the present case the theories have but little framework, and the whole interest lies in the mental development of the hero. Silanus is a pupil of Epictetus in 118. He finds the philosopher's lectures stimulating and unsatisfying. The analysis of Epictetus's opinions is most interesting. Silanus finds in the writings of St Paul the answer to the questions which Epictetus had raised. He is thus led on to the Synoptic Gospels, which he considers interesting but untrustworthy. A Christian called Clemens finally introduces him to the Fourth Gospel, by studying which he becomes a Christian. He had been taught by an elder friend, Scaurus, to apply to the Gospels a searching literary and historical criticism such as in the second century is frankly anachronistic. The miracles of our Lord appear as without foundation; many of His sayings have been misreported; even St John's Gospel was not written down by the Apostle himself and is not fully to be trusted, though it gives a true picture of the spirit of Christ's teaching.

But then the purpose of the book is

to show in a general way and popular way—on psychological, historical and critical grounds—how the rejection of the claim made by most Christians that their Lord is miraculous, may be compatible with a frank and full acceptance of the conclusion that He is, in the highest sense, divine.

The author firmly believes "in the eternal unity of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, in the supernatural but non-miraculous resurrection after He had offered Himself up as a sacrifice for the sins of the world." Dr Abbott

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accepts the greater difficulties—the lesser he cannot swallow. To most people who believe in the Incarnation it would seem unnatural to disbelieve in miracles of some kind, that is to say, to disbelieve in any personal, individual action of God in His own world. If He goes so far as to appear as Man among men, if He further acts upon the souls of men, it is strange that He should never accompany such internal action with any manifestation of it to the senses. Dr Abbott's ideas are so opposed to the common opinions and expectations of men that we find it difficult to suppose his book will do precisely the good he expects of it. We do not, however, expect it to do harm. The destructive criticism is very unconvincing as a rule (it is to be reinforced by a forthcoming volume of notes), whereas the spiritual teaching is often very beautiful, and may be helpful to many souls who are searching for truth. They may be carried further than Dr Abbott himself would lead them. C.

THAT evil is good misunderstood, and that many wrongs do ultimately make a right, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, seems to be the keynote of *Sur la Branche*, by Pierre de Coulevain (Paris: Calmann-Lévy), a new edition of which witnesses to its unabated popularity. Relying little on incident, the book describes the spiritual evolution of a woman who, after fourteen years of ideally happy married life, discovers, after her husband's death, that he has been unfaithful to her. In the first bitterness of her grief she shuts herself off from her relations and friends and determines to lead a lonely life, *sur la branche*, putting her past behind her for ever. In this strange and friendless existence she turns to literature as her solace, and when the story opens, sixteen years later, we find her living in Paris as a successful novelist. Her years of isolation and renunciation have brought peace and a deep faith in a divine and beneficent Being who orders all things for the ultimate good of mankind. This conviction leads her to take a more lenient view of her husband's fault; a reconciliation takes place between her and the woman who wronged her in earlier years, and Jean Noel devotes the remainder of her life to her husband's illegitimate son.

Prisoners

The application of a theory can be pushed to an extreme limit, and Jean Noel's interpretation of life is perhaps a little too perpetually providential. Although we fully sympathize with her intense conviction that *nous sommes tous dans une main de justice, et de justice divine*, such a supposition as that picture postcards are a providential dispensation for the broadening and enlarging of our minds brings rather too vividly before us the exceeding shortness of the step between the sublime and the ridiculous. But *Sur la Branche* is full of fine passages and powerful scenes, one of the most striking of which takes place in the observatory at Simley Hall, where Jean Noel makes her confession of faith to Sir William Randolph. It is a story full of charm and human interest, and the reader is impressed with a strong sense of the absolute faithfulness of this delineation of a soul struggling upwards, as a plant towards the light, from dark depths of despair to the great height of hope and faith from which she can say with Maeterlinck: *Le mal est le bien que nous ne pouvons pas comprendre.* G.F.G.

IN *Prisoners* (Hutchinson. 6s.) Miss Cholmondeley gives us very interesting studies of character as seen through the medium of a highly improbable plot. To save her reputation, Fay, the wife of the Duke of Colle Alto, allows her cousin Michael, who is very much in love with her, to confess to a murder he has never committed and to be sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. After two years spent by him in an Italian prison—years of physical degradation and mental anguish—a tortured conscience and the influence of her sister Magdalen bring Fay at length to the point of confession, which ordeal she is spared by the timely death and repentance of the real murderer.

It has been well said of the human race that it has "conscience enough to feel that it is vile, and intelligence enough to know that it is insignificant." Individual men and women, however, are never entirely bad any more than they are wholly good. Contrast is to character what light and shade are to a portrait; just as shadows in painting are only assigned their true value and relation to the whole by relieving high light and half tones, so the faults of a charac-

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ter are only assigned their just proportion, and given their due effect, by contrast with at least some remnant of nobler traits. And Fay, in her entire lack of redeeming qualities, almost fails to be interesting. Perhaps the most convincing character in the book is Michael, and in the chapters describing his years in prison the author of *Red Pottage* is at her best. His pitiful attempts to be loyal to the woman he loves, his passionate desire to keep his goddess on her pedestal, and his anguish when at length reluctantly compelled to dethrone her, are told with skill and dramatic power peculiarly Miss Cholmondeley's own. Another brilliant though profoundly cynical piece of work is Mrs Bellairs' dying confession to her daughter Magdalen, the confession "of a weak, down-trodden nature which has been vanquished by life" seeking to find consolation in "laying upon others part of the unbearable burden of life just when death is about to remove it." Magdalen herself we feel to be a little unreal. Love such as hers, "all breathing human passion far above," would seem to need for its sustenance the infinite wisdom and the infinite pity belonging to a higher sphere.

G.F.G.

ONE wonders why on earth every one cannot be like the Curé d'Ars. It is so simple. It requires no particular gifts or opportunities, no extraordinary endowments or immunities—nothing but a balanced will. There is no secret in it, except that which has been proclaimed from housetops ever since the Saviour of the world first said that His yoke is sweet and His burden light, and that it is by becoming like little children that we enter His kingdom. The story of this Saint as told by Joseph Vianney, in M. Joly's series (*The Blessed John Vianney*. Translated by "C. W. W." Duckworth. 3s.), is like a dream; but one of those dreams in which the impossible becomes suddenly natural and familiar, in which, for example, the dreamer discovers that all his life he has been able to fly, simply by eliciting an act of the will to do so. His only wonder is that he has not done it before. It is exactly that with the biography of the Curé d'Ars. Life is to most of us a series of complicated actions and conflicting forces. We go up and down, this way and

Robert Southwell

that, laboriously climbing stairs, taking care not to slip; but to this village priest, living it instead of talking and scheming about it, it is the very simplest thing imaginable. All that is necessary is to understand that carnal gravitation is really no law at all to the intelligent spirit, or rather, that the higher law of grace transcends it altogether; it is really no effort to soar to God when once we grasp what He is, and what we are, and what is the relation between us, and act upon it. And so, like St Francis, this man lived the common life—in his case the life of a country clergyman—yet never on the normal level; he floated this way and that, up and down stairs, through crowded rooms and village streets, jostled, questioned, consulted, scolded, worshipped and mocked, never understanding what was the matter or why the world wondered. He mechanically picked up food and put it in his mouth now and then, when he thought of it; he dozed a little occasionally on the floor; and for the rest of the time he talked to sinners. He had strange colloquies with personages invisible to others, laughing at them or making love to them according to their nature; he looked through the puzzled or deceitful eyes of his human companions, as through glass windows, into the soul within; and at last when he was tired out, he moved away and vanished as quietly as he had lived. And here we live, still puzzled and doubtful; we are as children who awake from a dream of flying. It seemed so easy just now as we went with the Curé d'Ars, so utterly hopeless and impossible now; and there are the tears of an angry and disillusioned child upon our face. B.

THE history of *Robert Southwell, S.J., Priest and Martyr*, by Miss I. Taylor (Sands. 2s. 6d.), is a very different story. Here was a romantic, passionate, humorous, courtier-like young poet, who fell in love with death and God, as Vianney was in love with life and sinners. He became a Jesuit at sixteen, was tortured at least ten times, and was executed under Elizabeth, after a long imprisonment, at "near about the age of our Saviour, who lived upon the earth thirty-three years." If the achievements of the Curé d'Ars seem within the reach of everybody who will be

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sensible, those of this Jesuit seem superhumanly impossible. He was a sensitive young man, to whom pain, both in fact and imagination, must have been frightful; yet under it he would not even describe the colour of one of his horses for fear that it should cause trouble. In his "throes" he cried out for death more than ever:

To some thou art a fierce unbidden guest,
But those that crave thy help thou help'st least.

And so at last he found his Beloved in the summer morning at Tyburn. It is all as gallant as can be. B.

IT is really impossible to say whether William Blake was "mad" or "sane." Men stand upon such different levels that it is impossible they should be agreed as to the meaning of these words. To be occasionally deluded is not to be mad; and to be a heavy materialist is certainly not to be sane. To one man, therefore, Blake will appear as an amiable maniac, projecting a torrent of ideas from his own brain—ideas that range from the most amazing delicacy and suggestiveness, fine as the glimmer of a star in a dew-drop, through all the gamut of familiar notions seen at an insane angle, down to a sort of charnel-house of corruption—from archangels to gross and writhing worms. To another he will appear as a spiritual genius, seeing, not like Mother Julian "all things in a point," but all things as through brilliant crystal, looking through the dead stillness of the upper air to that swarming spiritual world whose transcendent apex is God Almighty; set screaming at four years of age on seeing his Creator look at him through the nursery window; staring out through the walls of his room, through the faces of friends and the movements of children, through the corruption of death and the tragedies of life, and viewing all about him those huge sweeping forces and significances to whose existence, at least, all but dogmatic materialists must give some kind of assent. All these things, whatever they were, he wrote and illustrated, often in clumsy, halting lines, in grotesquely childish figures, like the words and sketches of a dreaming child with a man's heart. Yet in every word and touch of his pencil and every point of

William Blake

colour there burns this oppressive, suggestive and haunting power. Here is the "Ghost of a Flea"—sketched, we are informed, from a vision which talked to him—an appalling heavy man with sharp teeth and a bowl of blood in his hands, seen against a starry curtain of night; here two radiant spiritual figures, male and female, soaring together in a long curve through space; here a terrible little group of three—a woman in a stiff, full skirt, immensely tall, with a face of horrible despair, staring upwards with a handkerchief clasped in her hands, and two children clinging in terror to her dress; here a monstrous "Nebuchadnezzar," crawling beast-like and naked; here mysterious groups, old men with long beards and faces full of doom, persons in nondescript costume, running and crouching and crying out and holding up their hands. His titles, too, are amazing. "I want, I want," is written beneath the tiny figure of a man desperately beginning to climb a ladder to the moon; "What is man?" beneath a chrysalis with a human face, surveyed by a caterpillar. His writings are on the same intercrossing planes: lambs and tigers, human aphorisms, Swedenborgian visions and insane prophecies; verses—the best of them written at fourteen years of age—as dainty as a silver-point, or tumultuous and disproportionate as a torrent in a garden. It is easy enough to trace "influences"—those of the Elizabethans, of Michael Angelo, Flaxman and Fuseli—but they do not affect his substance. Whatever he was—prophet, visionary, artist, poet, madman—he lived at full pitch. He had no creed, if by "creed" we mean an ordered system of dogma: he observed so unceasingly that he had no leisure for formulating; and he died as quietly as a summer day. His biography is nothing but a frame for himself; he is either more fundamental or incalculably more superficial than any external events; for through them all—his childhood, marriage, domestic life, the houses where he lived, his occupations as designer and engraver, his patrons and friends, even his very creations themselves—through all beams his own bewildering personality. His face is what we should expect: the pinched features of a fanatic, with the large eyes of a visionary and the mouth

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of a fastidious child. He was in fact a child, prophetic or insane, from beginning to end; and in the world he has attained his majority at last. Gilchrist's life of him (edited by Dr Graham-Robertson. John Lane. 1907. 10s. 6d.) is a fascinating book, written by one enthusiast and admirably presented by another. B.

MGR PÉCHENARD was happily inspired in inviting Dom Cabrol, O.S.B., to give, at the Catholic Institute of Paris, a series of conferences dealing with the fascinating subject of the beginnings of liturgy; equally was the learned Benedictine happily inspired in giving to the general public the result of this invitation, in the shape of the present volume, *Les Origines Liturgiques* (Paris: Letouzey et Ané. 6frs.) Though it is only of late years that Catholic scholars have fully realized the great importance of liturgical studies and research and the light they are likely to shed upon other branches of sacred science, yet they have in the last decade or so more than made up for lost time; with the happy result that, in this department, Catholic scholarship now holds its rightful, that is, the foremost place. Those whose tastes or duties lead them in the direction of liturgiology will not be likely to dispute Dom Cabrol's claim to a place in the front rank of its exponents. Any work, consequently, from the Abbot's pen will be certain to receive that welcome of which it is sure to be worthy.

Nor is the present volume an exception. From the nature of the case these conferences could scarcely be other than generalizations; it would be absurd to expect the detailed examination of sources, the critical analysis of texts, the laborious comparison of documents, in a word the whole literary, critical and historical apparatus, which is the only sure foundation of safe conclusions in this as in any other science.

This is a work of general interest, intended as an introduction, or rather as an incentive, to these studies; it is, therefore, adapted in style and treatment to appeal to the educated public rather than to the expert. Yet the patience and care, the erudition and research of the trained scientist, though not apparent on the surface, are, nevertheless,

Free Will

to be perceived solidly supporting the easy literary eloquence of the *conférencier*; while the moderation and restraint of the true scholar who realizes the limits of his knowledge are everywhere plainly to be discerned. The plan followed covers the general principles of the science, with particular application to a few special points.

The first conference contains an eloquent vindication of the true inherent beauty of Catholic liturgy, and a powerful plea for the preservation of all its remaining historical forms and elements. After dealing in the second with the principles of liturgy as a science, Dom Cabrol in the third chapter briefly, but clearly, vindicates our Christian liturgy from the accusation, formulated by Renan, Harnack and others, of being in a large measure the result of the assimilation of elements derived from Gnostic and Pagan sources. We are pleased to notice in Chapter iv a high appreciation of the true liturgical spirit shown by Newman in some of the prayers to be found in *The Dream of Gerontius*, although it seems to us that, in their French dress, they are incomparably less impressive than in Newman's English. Want of space forbids us to do more than refer to the last three conferences, which are an application of the principles already laid down, to the Mass, Baptism and the ceremonies of Holy Week. We must not, however, omit some mention of the nine appendixes, covering 150 pages, in which are grouped, for the benefit of those who may wish to go a little more deeply into the subject, more detailed accounts of certain questions only lightly touched upon in the body of the book. The Mozarabic and Celtic Liturgies here receive special attention; while two papers by a *confrère*, P. Marcel Havard, on "Les Messes de Saint-Augustin," and "Centonisations Patristiques dans les Formules Liturgiques," are worthy, especially the latter, of careful study, both for their interest and for their originality. B. M.

MODERN determinism has not added much to the necessarian doctrines of Hobbes, Locke, Hume and Mill. He therefore who demolishes the fundamental positions of these four chief exponents of determinism, brings toppling down the modern superstructure built thereon. Father

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Rickaby's book, *Free Will and Four English Philosophers* (Burns and Oates. 3s. 6d. net) does, and does thoroughly, that work of demolition. He has brought forward the philosophers one by one; he has stated in their own words their central arguments, and with completeness and lucidity he has brought those arguments one by one to naught. He has, moreover, accomplished this task with rare freshness of style and with a wealth of simple, clear and exhilarating illustrations. The *existence* of free will is abundantly vindicated and secured against the attacks of the four English philosophers. We cannot, however, accept all that Father Rickaby has to say about the *nature* of free will and the manifestations of it.

E. G.

MISS MARY BUTLER'S book, *The Ring of Day*, (6s.) is, to put it briefly, a novel with a purpose, and so good that it ought to be much better. The book intends highly, and thus far achieves its aim that it lives in the memory by the force and fiery glow of the writer's enthusiasm; for the subject, the Revival of a Nation, (if we may for a moment take her point of view) is so arresting, that the shadowy personages who expound it for the time breathe and move. Stimulated by the writer's own conviction and intense earnestness, the imagination momentarily supplies all deficiencies, grasp of character, form, strength, detail, grace of style, much that goes to build up a good novel. But when all is done, Beatrice remains a young lady's heroine; Eyre a scarecrow, dressed in ill-fitting fragments of Epicurean philosophy; Erin O'Gara an emanation of patriotism only, and the minor characters puppet-shadows. The story is long-drawn and unreal, the handling careless or inexperienced. And surely the purpose of the book would be furthered if we heard something of the practical work of the Gaelic League. There is a sordid Saxon proverb about an ounce of fact being worth a pound of flummery.

The humours of committees and their squabbles, the ups and downs of the organization of a Feis, collisions with various forms of established authority, the occasional martyrdom of isolated members of the League, and, particularly, delightful incidents like the representation of "The

The Ring of Day

Bursting of a Bubble," or that little matter of the parcels addressed in Gaelic that set all Dublin laughing—why, there is material for twenty modern novels in incidents like these, if only the spectator chance to be Saxon-born, and the actors are the genial, pathetic, ever-young, unaccountable, adorable Irish folk.

Fault-finding is ungrateful work in face of Miss Butler's undeniable gifts; yet these are, we venture to think, not special gifts for fiction. The author of good novels must be born, and cannot be made, even by dint of high purpose and perseverance. (If one living instance to the contrary be quoted, we must reply that some regard her reputation as a triumph of personal worth over artistic incapacity.) And is not Miss Butler more likely to produce good literature and therefore really to advance the cause she has at heart by writing essays and patriotic verse?—even though they be, like Irish history, "too inflammatory for the use of schools." If she follows this last course, she will be sorry one day for having persistently misquoted a lovely ballad line:

Oh, Kathaleen-ni-Houlahan, your way's a thorny way!

Whatever method she chooses, the fire within will surely reveal itself: only, in a better medium, with more polish and lucidity, the flame would show glorified as in a crystal, while now it is lurid and dulled.

To ardent spirits, busied about and it may be suffering for the regeneration of a country, it seems a miserable kind of dilettantism that one should bid them stay for good literature. How shall we convince them, we who hold that "Words alone are certain good"? The use of words for speech or song is a very jealous and mystical art, and the writer must first seek perfection in his craft, and then all powers shall be added unto him. It is an old quarrel, this of literature and life; but there was never yet a great cause which did not produce a great literature.

Some say that the poetry and art of Ireland have always been fragmentary and inconsiderable, of great beauty, but lacking in *architectonique*, power and form. However this may be, there is now, according to one group of thinkers, a great

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cause in the air: the Revival of a Nation. May it, then, bear fruit in a more sure and perfect literature! Kathaleen-ni-Houlahan is too lovely a vision to be praised with aught but the best in speech or song.

R. C. T.

THE *Lady of Rome* (Macmillan. 6s.) is true to the type that we all love best in the works of Marion Crawford. We know her well with her high principles, her delicate repugnances, her narrow environment. From the first it must be recognized that her imagination will be her weakness, and her faith her strength. Also the surpassingly generous and strictly unattractive husband, the rough but holy Capuchin confessor, the holy and wise Monsignore, the trustworthy woman friend and the malicious woman enemy are all familiar. The hand that has drawn such men and women before has lost none of its wonderful cunning, and who would have them otherwise? Who would not retain also the family palace with its secret passage, and the villain who takes advantage of it? But there is one sad difference in the "*Lady of Rome*" herself. Throughout the action of the book she behaves as the type should, with the same struggles between conscience and the affections, and a more than usually subtle episode of self-delusion only enhances her charm of personal dignity and purity. But what mistaken craving for variety makes the author brand her from the beginning with a coarse sin and its results? Again and again, while enjoying all the fine analysis of her motives and her sufferings, the mind revolts at the thought of what went before the opening of the novel, and this not only because it is painful in itself but also because it is morally out of drawing with that exquisite personality. It is the one blot in *A Lady of Rome* upon that charming and ennobling story of old and new Rome that we want to hear again and again from Mr Marion Crawford. Let him deepen his types if he will and become more subtle in their analysis, but let him beware of destroying the old nobility of motive or of action in an unnecessary hankering after "the other story" which is too often the will-o'-the-wisp of the mature novelist.

S.

Growth

THE first chapter in *Growth* (By Graham Travers. Constable. 6s.) describes the meeting of a young men's debating society, and the scene is laid in a chapel in Edinburgh. "Of course," writes the author, "it was pathetic and *borné* and provincial, that little assembly; so much youth and dogmatism and shyness, ambitions and dreams so far out of touch with sober probabilities. But after all it was alive, and life is the thing that counts."

The subject of the evening was Toleration, and the principal speaker John Thatcher. But one sentence only of the speech that produced so deep an impression on those who heard it is quoted in his own words:

Shall we learn from the pages of Channing, dead, and close our ears to the voice of James Martineau in the flesh? Shall we stretch out the right hand of fellowship to Fénelon across the gloomy river, and turn our back on John Henry Newman, who is still by our side?

These lines give the keynote of a curiously fascinating and powerful book. The intellectual fervour, the moral intensity, the pure candour of this novel are its most marked characteristics. The same qualities are displayed in the treatment of very different subject matter. At first it is the world of the little chapel with its amazing contrasts, the fierce intellectual life of Thatcher and Dugald Dalgleish and their like, the spiritual earnestness of the pastor and the deacons, but also the hideous tyranny of the form of religious and social life exemplified in the chapter headed "A Discipline Case." "If chapel life be a microcosm, surely the whole breadth of the tiny cosmos lies between the meeting to-night" (to try the case of a husband and wife who were far from "being to the edification of the ungodly") and that at which the right hand of fellowship was light-heartedly stretched across the "echoing straits to James Martineau on the left and John Henry Newman on the right." After we have been fascinated by the vivid picture of the time of intellectual transition in that tiny cosmos, where Thatcher and Dalgleish have with much freedom of thought so little of action that to go to a theatre or to Mass in a Roman Catholic chapel is to expose themselves to the

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darkest suspicions, the scene changes. Dugald Dalgleish lodges with Miss Brown, who is of opinion "that it's a gran' thing to be kept straight without getting narrow." Miss Brown is so pathetic and original a personality that it is difficult to pass her by. But there is another lodger in the same house—Judith Lemaistre—who changes the whole atmosphere of the book. Judith is rich and also independent in every sense of the word, but very warm-hearted and unselfish. Miss Brown's description of her state of mind is perhaps the best. "She's honest, and I'll no' deny that she can tak a tellin'; but I'm sair mista'en if she has so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost!" It is with Judith Lemaistre that the story leaves Edinburgh, and through her eyes there is the first view of Rome and the Catholic Church. The description of Judith at Tenebræ in St John Lateran is so fine that it must be quoted almost entire.

The gloom of the cathedral deepened; the candles shone brighter, and the monotonous chanting of the psalms began. It was years since Judith had been in a church, years since she had read a psalm. In her ignorance she had come to St John's expecting bowings and elevations and swaying of censers—expecting such demands on her credulity as would reduce her to a mere spectator. And now, with a sense of incredible freshness, without a single jarring note, with every accompaniment of stately simplicity, she was brought face to face with the fine flower of the old Hebrew Psalter.

It was partly the Latin version, aided by a translation to which she was unaccustomed, that took off the old blunting familiarity; but the pious evangelical associations fell away. Fresh as when they were uttered, Judith heard the words of men who, down on the bedrock of life, had felt the utter vanity of human help, and had stretched out their hands in the darkness to God.

One needed no creed to appreciate this,—no initiation at all, save the sorrow that none wholly escape. Surprised out of her unconscious attitude of resistance, Judith laid down her arms, and threw open the gateway of her being.

Ah, they knew something, those men of old! They knew what it was to aim high, and fall low, to think they had found the solution and see it fail; to pass through the arid waste of humiliation in the eyes of their fellow-men to the fresh springs of

Growth

humility in the presence of God. The spring lies right in the heart of the waste—so they said—for those who have eyes to find it. Judith knew but little of the waste, and she saw the spring as the traveller sees the mirage—far away—a vision, yet the vision of something real.

Even now her critical faculty was not asleep. "What does it amount to?" she asked;

. . . a sunset touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
A chorus ending from Euripides.

But it seemed to her more than this. It was as though a forgotten side of her nature had turned on her and claimed its revenge.

"A—leph . . ." She had come expecting fine music, but this was unlike any music she had ever heard. Was it music at all, or had the very spirit of sorrow and seeking invented a voice of its own? There was nothing in the trivial word to go so straight to the springs of emotion. With infinite pathos, with boundless reserves of strength, the voice swelled out among the vaults and arches of the great cathedral.

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

"Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow.

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem, turn to the Lord thy God."

This striking passage does not mean that Judith Le-maistre will become a Catholic. It is only an instance of the candour and simple strength of perception and sympathy that mark *Growth* as a novel apart from the merely controversial or the merely æsthetic. The same qualities are shown throughout in the story of the one man who through much suffering finds his way from the community in the chapel in Edinburgh to the communion of the Church. It seems safe to assert that never has the story of a conversion been told by one not a Catholic (he reaches indeed a very opposite standpoint) with more insight and more tenderness. If *Growth* is not among the few novels that have made a deep impression on the public mind during the past year, it can only be because it has reached a higher level of intellectual interest and of absolute candour than that public can as yet appreciate. But such work as this is not merely for the moment, and will not pass away into oblivion with the fashion of a passing season.

S.

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IT is dangerous to hazard a guess as to the division of labour between the joint authors of any work of fiction, but it would seem safe to conclude that in *Her Faith against the World*, by Wilfrid Wilberforce and A. R. Gilbert (Burns & Oates. 3s. 6d.) the political elements in the story are the work of one hand, and the rest of another. The political parts of the book are more workmanlike and more clearly cut than the rest, and are indeed far above the average attempts at depicting the life of the House of Commons; but there is little subtlety or individuality in the presentment of the Prime Minister or of his colleagues in the Cabinet. In the rest of the book there is greater insight into character, but the work is not clear enough in outline, and there is something baffling to the reader in the alternate rapidity and slowness of the narrative. Thus, for instance, Gertrude's conversion to Catholicism is dismissed in a few sentences, while the effect of mental strain after a severe shock to her health is dwelt upon at immense length; such an analysis would have been in better proportion in a much longer novel. There is indeed enough of stirring plot, of noble motive, and of well-planned incident in *Her Faith against the World* to have furnished forth a book of twice its length, and the characters would have gained by further development.

Ronald Dare has been rejected by Sir Richard Forrester as a suitor for his daughter Gertrude, because "a barrister of four years' standing, who has not yet made a name, can scarcely be described as having any position at all." Yet opportunity is apparently kind, and very soon Ronald is selected as Conservative candidate for the sleepy old-fashioned town of Fairdale Episcopi. But the Liberal Opposition have discovered a fact too long entirely ignored by Dare himself, and unknown even to his intimate friends—that he is a Catholic. Faith is weighed in the balance with love and ambition, and found wanting. Dare denies that he is a Catholic, and wins the election, and has a position, in the eyes of the world, that amply satisfies Sir Richard's requirements for his son-in-law. Meanwhile Gertrude Forrester has been sent abroad in order that she may forget

The Letters of Erasmus

the charms of Robert Dare, but in Rome she finds what Sir Richard would consider a still more dangerous attraction, the Catholic Church. Thus while Ronald has lost his faith for her sake, and is absolutely committed to his Parliamentary career as a Protestant, Gertrude dares and suffers greatly for the treasure he has thrown away. More than this it is not fair to the joint authors to reveal. It is to be hoped that if this is their first effort it will not be their last. If the theme of their next book is as interesting, if the character painting is more definite, the workmanship more even, and the details more artistic in treatment, a valuable addition to Catholic literature may be looked for at their hands. S.

A TRULY scholarly production, and worthy of Oxford, is the volume of letters entitled *Opus Epistolarum Des. Erasmi Roterodami* denuo recognitum et auctum per P. S. Allen, M.A. (Tom. I. Oxonii: in Typographia Clarendoniana. MCMVI. 18s. net). The letters are prefaced with biographical matter supplied by Erasmus himself, by the *Compendium Vitæ*, and the prefaces of Beatus Rhenanus (pp. 1-71). The letters, including those of correspondents, are 297 in all, and cover a period of thirty years (1484-1514). Three are now published for the first time, and many others are not contained in the *Opera Omnia* (Leiden. 1703). They are arranged in chronological order as far as this has been ascertained. A proportionately large number of the letters in this collection were written in England, from London, Cambridge or Oxford. A good number are addressed to Lord Mountjoy, the pupil of Erasmus and afterwards preceptor of Prince Henry, to Dean Colet, Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, Bishop Fox of Winchester, and Archbishop Warham. To the young Lord he tells the story of the misadventures of his return to Tournham:

Quid inter hæc animi Erasmo tuo fuisse credis? Insidebat attonito equo eques attonitus; qui quoties aures erigebat, ego animum dejiciebam, quoties ille in genua procumbebat, mihi pectus saliebat.
—p. 224.

He is grave when he writes to his friend the Augustinian friar:

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In primis autem Paulum tibi facito familiarem. Hic tibi semper habendus in sinu, nocturna versandus manu, versandus diurna, postremo ad verbum ediscendus.—p. 374.

A still more serious mood is upon him when he writes to his intimate friend Servatius Rogerus:

Videor in studiis nullum esse exitum; fierique ut quotidie videamur incipere. Quare decrevi hac mea mediocritate contentus, præsertim cum Graecitatis quantum sat est adhibuerim, meditandæ morti et animo fingendo operam dare.—p. 421.

Our chief concern is, however, with the edition rather than with the letters themselves. It incorporates the work of so many other recent and distinguished scholars that its value is accumulative. Its preparation has occupied the leisure of the editor for thirteen years, and the outcome of all his devoted labour can only be fully appraised by one who has the opportunity of comparing his production with Vander Aa's classic edition in folio (Leiden, 1703), of which Volume III contains the letters. The results of the editor's research are presented to the reader in a chronological list of letters with "first words," the places from which they were written, and the persons to whom they were addressed. There are ten Appendixes, in which the editor discusses with scholarly ease and completeness certain biographical data with reference to Erasmus and his correspondents, the Deventer Letter-Book, and the Gouda Manuscripts. He furnishes likewise a complete list of printed editions of the letters. Critical questions as to authenticity, date, the persons addressed, etc., are briefly discussed in prefatory paragraphs at the head of each letter; textual matters are dealt with in notes at the foot of the page.

H. P.

DURING the last fifteen years there has been an unlooked-for revival of interest in the Abbé Lamennais. It is not his peculiar views that have aroused this keen and widespread interest, but rather his personality, his place in history and his rehabilitation by means of hitherto unpublished documents. His *Essai d'un Système de Philosophie Catholique*, 1830-1831 (Ouvrage inédit, recueilli et publié . . . par Christian Maréchal, Agrégé de l'Univer-

Lamennais

sité. Paris: Bloud), is a definite contribution to the history of philosophy.

The *Essai* is the first manuscript of the *Esquisse d'une Philosophie* which appeared in 1841. Lamennais was the rebellious offspring of the Revolution. As a child he had witnessed some of its terrors; as a young man he revolted against its excesses; as a philosopher he was repelled by its shallowness and brute materialism. But its wild pursuit of liberty had intoxicated him; its vindication of rights and liberties had made him an enthusiastic Liberal.

In 1825 he became associated with the Abbé Gerbet, Salinis, Lacordaire and Montalembert. The *Avenir* was founded with "Dieu et la Liberté!" for its motto. The cause of liberty was espoused somewhat too youthfully and imprudently, with the result that, in 1831, Lamennais was summoned to Rome. The *Mirari vos* of Gregory XVI in 1832 proscribed the extravagances of Lamennais and his ardent companions. They promptly submitted, and the *Avenir*, together with the *Agence générale pour la Défense de la Liberté Religieuse* came to an end. Shortly before this startling *dénouement*, and when at the zenith of his fame, with a group of devoted associates around him all working for the reconstruction of society and philosophy on new lines, Lamennais dictated to a small class in the retirement of his school at Juilly the series of notes which form the *Essai* now printed for the first time. M. Maréchal tells us how the text has been reconstructed from the *cahiers* of the pupils; and in his Appendix he points out the relations of this text with the *Esquisse d'une Philosophie* published in 1841, after the separation of its author from the Church. M. Maréchal has done his work zealously and with judicial impartiality. His Introduction, though perhaps a little too condensed in parts, is both able and attractive.

The main portion of the volume is not precisely the object of this review. Those who have read the *Esquisse* will here discover that its leading tenets were already ripe in the mind of their author ten years before its publication. Some idea of the character and scope of the work may be given by saying that it professes to be a synthesis of human

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thought—God, the Trinity, the Universe, Man, the Fall, Evil, Grace, Redemption and the great principles of Power, Intelligence and Love. The elements of the proposed synthesis are clearly set forth; but the construction is vague, superficial, arbitrary and imaginary, notwithstanding incidental grandeurs of view and the conspicuous ability of the writer. Nay more, pantheistic tendencies, the hereditary vice of the synthesist, appear so strongly and so inevitably, that the author is himself compelled to disclaim any such interpretation of his conceptions. Take out the pantheistic principles, and the synthesis vanishes. The pantheistic standpoint is unmistakable; its applications are, to say the least, unsatisfactory and unimpressive. Lamennais and his companions sorely felt the need of a philosophical synthesis. They believed that in their day there existed no active source of philosophical information in France. They set themselves therefore to supply the wants of their time. They began to think out the greatest problems without adequate preparation for their task. Their eminent ability and earnestness together with the loftiness of their motives gave them a powerful influence throughout their country. They were the men of the hour, required for a temporary work, but will scarcely be reckoned with in the history of thought.

H. P.

IN every respect a charming book, delightfully printed and admirably illustrated, is *Catholic Churchmen in Science*, by J. Walsh, M.D. (Philadelphia, U.S.A.: Dolphin Press. \$1). It is to be commended as much for its manner as for its matter, and we find it impossible to pass any higher encomium upon it than that. Those who are really scholars, whether they be Catholics or not, are well aware of the enormous debt which science owes to Catholic priests and Catholic laymen, especially to those who did the *bahn-brechenden* work so important in itself, so forgotten now. Yet, if one were to appeal to the man in the street or on the top of the omnibus, he would probably retail the oft-repeated story that the Church is and has always been hostile to science, and that to suppose it possible that a Catholic can at the same time earnestly pursue scientific investigations

Churchmen in Science

and devoutly follow the practices of his religion is to cherish a vain imagination.

Here in Dr Walsh's little book is the reply to such sentiments. Commencing with an excellent introductory chapter on the supposed opposition of science and religion, he gives in the remainder of his book the lives of seven Catholic clerics whose names will ever shine resplendent on the roll of scientific discoverers. In dealing with the life of Copernicus he is able to place the controversy respecting Galileo on its true basis. Then he deals with Basil Valentine, the founder of modern chemistry, and shows him standing at the parting of the ways, profoundly influenced by the older ideas, but pointing to those new paths along which chemistry has since progressed. Of Linacre, founder not only of two professorships—one at Oxford, one at Cambridge—but also of the Royal College of Physicians in London, the friend of Blessed Thomas More and of every other distinguished man of the time in England or on the Continent, we in Catholic England ought to know all that is to be known. But it is much to be doubted if one in ten of educated Catholic Englishmen have ever heard of that former glory of their religion. Perhaps one of the most interesting of the biographies is that which deals with Nicolaus Stenson. "Stenson's duct" is an anatomical object which is known to every second-year's medical student. Its discoverer was not only one of the leading anatomists of his day and professor of that subject at Copenhagen, but he was the father of geology and laid the foundations on which that science has ever since been built. But what is most interesting about him is that he was born and brought up as a Lutheran; that he became a convert to Catholicity through the influence of a pious old nun who presided over the pharmacy at the hospital with which he was connected as a physician; that he subsequently abandoned his lucrative practice to become a humble and a most pious priest; and that he was eventually consecrated a bishop for the Scandinavian lands from which he came.

The other lives are those of Father Kircher, S.J., of Abbé Haüy and of Abbot Mendel. It is much to be hoped that

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this book will be widely circulated in England as well as in America; and much to be desired that Dr Walsh will follow it up with other lives of Catholic scientists; he has plenty of material.

B. C. A. W.

MR T. Sturge Moore's book about Correggio (Duckworth) is a kind of challenge to the school of scientific or attributive critics who, in Mr Berensen's words, hold to the belief "that the world's art can be, nay should be, studied as independently of all documents as the world's flora or fauna."

The important thing in practice is what a work of art means to each man as an experience. Whether it be the result of one mind or many, produced by one hand or many, there it stands; how does it affect us? To express our real thought about it, we may feel impelled to say, "This cannot proceed from the same source as that, for this is effective, that bungling and stupid." But to pretend that an explanation of these impressions of ours has scientific validity, however ingeniously it may be brought into accord with the known data, is to assume that we have what we know we cannot have, i.e., sufficient data to deduce a certain conclusion from.

Again:

It is much to be doubted if an over-great mental activity before a work of art, especially one directed chiefly to the detection of technical peculiarities or of other mannerisms, is likely to increase the sanity of any man's judgement. Still less is it likely to enable him to enter the society of spirits grander than his own.

Now, both of these quotations will awaken prompt and sympathetic assent in the minds of most amateurs. The most real profit we have derived from the labours of the "attributive school of critics" has been a by-product of their main preoccupation. They have focused attention upon many pictures worth looking at by their disputes as to the hand or hands which painted them; and, in many cases, by establishing or strengthening a probability that the artist was such a one and no other, they have increased the material upon which the imaginative critic works. This last debt is insufficiently acknowledged in Mr Moore's book. There is little doubt he will convince the reader that the imaginative reason alone holds the adequate balance in which the

Correggio

works of great artists can be weighed. He classifies the most important kinds of critics thus:

One mind with its knowledge of history, of letters and of thought, deepens and expands the experience resulting to us from our contact with a work of art. This is Winckelmann's, Goethe's, Ruskin's field of operations. Another mind by its intimate knowledge derived from daily practice with similar implements and materials, and its fellow-feeling for the aims of a creator and workman, produces a like deepened and expanded interest, though by very different means. This is the field of operations wherein Reynolds is supreme and in which Fromentin is pre-eminent.

Mr Moore's contempt for "the attributive critic" rests largely upon the belief that it is in the individual qualities of a work of art, not in the qualities which it shares with other pictures of the same school, that its real beauty and significance resides. This is, of course, true of the greatest and noblest pictures. Towards the understanding of this individual beauty an imaginative critic, who is at once a psychologist and a painter in words, can alone bring appreciable aid; he alone can help us to know the painter, spirit to spirit. But there are a multitude of excellent and lovely pictures, whose chief beauty lies in qualities common to a school, in the inheritance of generations of artists. In understanding these qualities the patient, elaborate comparisons and investigations of the historical critic are of the greatest value. This Mr Moore does not seem sufficiently to recognize.

The qualities which Mr Moore brings to the task of criticism are rarely united in one writer. In the first place he is a poet himself, whose poems are marked by a vigorous and original imagination. He has, therefore, a most intimate knowledge of the creative mood. He has produced woodcuts, too, which show a rare sensitiveness to the influences of his medium. Both achievements have helped him to understand, as a critic, the probable degree to which an artist has been influenced by the work of others or by the sentiment of his times. He knows how subtle and intricate are the channels which feed an inspiration; how the exigencies of materials and circumstances may be stimulants as well

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as checks to invention. He is, therefore, able to show the insignificance of certain theories of direct derivation, which superficial resemblances may have led critics, who are critics and not originators, to elaborate out of all proportion to the truth. Whenever he discusses Correggio's inspiration, and deduces the mood in which he worked, he is convincing; he is often subtle at such times, but he never ceases to be sensible. In the second place, he has a natural turn for analysis, and a love of ideas. This passion for ideas (he closes with a chapter on general ideas) fills his book with digressions, which relieve the mind from the strain of attending to the description of the details of pictures not before the eye, and at the same time stimulate the imagination, and create that feeling of the importance of works of art so essential to their appreciation, by connecting them with religion and with the poignant experiences of thought and emotion. Lastly, he does not exaggerate his impressions; while, when he would make us feel, he has at his command the terse and vivid language of a poet.

We can only refer to the descriptions of Correggio's "Io" and the "Ganymede." His criticism of the former picture belongs to that real kind which enables us to see a particular picture not only in the light of the imagination but also in the light of reason; thus providing generalizations, which can help us in forming a true estimate of other pictures, even when they differ in spirit from the one in question. Once a particular imaginative quality has been clearly distinguished, we are in a better position for judging similar themes, of which the treatment is different. Mr Moore's comments upon "Io" in the embraces of the divine cloud throw light upon the work of artists differing from Correggio as profoundly as Fragonard.

The following passage sums up perhaps as well as any other, Mr Moore's conclusions upon Correggio:

What we know of him most certainly is what I have striven to show in this work: that he was very industrious; that he was constantly inventive and ingenious both in use of pigment and brush and in the arrangements of colours and forms of objects and figures; that he was more intermittently creative, first in landscapes and then

A Treasury of Literature

in method, and gradually transformed the most likely elements of Christian mythology so that they led him naturally up to the perfectly Greek sentiment of his "Ganymede" and "Io"; and that his contact with religion was external, but probably grew into an appreciation of those elements which eventually proved most possible and most permanent in the social culture to which he belonged, so that they thrived in it even after the transference of the centre to Paris.

Mr Moore's contention is that in dealing with religious tradition or with human affections Correggio's effort tended to expand and complete the suavity, the amenity and the intimacy of the vision of beauty which these things contain. In doing this he was anticipating the treatment which the eighteenth century, especially in France, welcomed and understood best.

The eighteenth century attempted to make amenity and natural affection both grandiose and polite, setting a higher value on refinement of expression than on reality of feeling.

He goes on to warn us that we must not despise this spirit of suavity and sociability simply because it has not the splendid excellence of sincerity and strength such as lives, for example, in the work of Michael Angelo. D. M.

IN the forefront of her preface to the *Treasury of English Literature* (Constable. 7s. 6d. net) Miss Kate M. Warren sets a remark which aptly defines the scope of the book she has compiled with noteworthy care and skill.

It has been prepared in the first instance as a companion to Mr Stopford Brooke's *Primer of English Literature*, with the intention of illustrating, by prose and verse selections, the literary history and criticism to be found in that well-known book.

If her own work did no more than fulfil her first intention, its aim alone would suffice to distinguish it from those anthologies in which the personal taste of the compiler is a law unto itself. But while admirably meeting its original purpose, the book has gained in the editor's hands distinctive features that give it a value quite its own. Foremost among these features we remark the manner in which the work of the earlier writers is rendered more accessible to the average reader. In spite of the recent revival of interest in Early English it is true that our literature, for many of

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its lovers, still begins with the Elizabethans, and, except for an occasional excursion into Chaucer, they are deterred from personal acquaintance with the older writers by the archaic forms of Middle English. Nevertheless, Miss Warren boldly begins "from the beginning"—in this case the seventh century—and her earlier pages are devoted to a series of battle-lays and sea-songs, runes and religious poems and snatches of prose, which will be for many readers a delightful revelation. Except for a comparatively small class of scholars this portion of our national treasure-house of wisdom and song has been a garden enclosed; but here it is, in part at least, thrown open to all who care to enter. It is made accessible by translations, printed in slightly smaller type at the foot of each page, and by helpful vocabularies when the language reaches the stage in which it approximates to our modern tongue. These translations might easily escape the notice they deserve. It is not possible to read even one or two without perceiving not only that the meaning of the ancient words is faithfully given, but that the renderings are themselves living English with the vigour and grace so often lacking in literal translations.

On the question of selection, the editor points out that, even with guiding principles, it must ultimately remain a matter of personal responsibility. After the Elizabethans we have sections devoted to the periods from Bacon to Milton, from Waller to Addison, and from Johnson to Burns, in each of which space is fairly divided between verse and prose—the latter, however, sometimes suffering from the curtailment due to considerations of space. In each of these sections all the greater names, and many of minor note, are represented. Indeed, so wide is the range, that even readers well versed in our literature can hardly fail to meet with some writers who have for them the charm of novelty.

In short, whether used with the *Primer of English Literature* or apart from it, this *Treasury* will be a gain, not only to the student, but to all who love our literature for its own sake, and who recognize in it the expression of the highest aspects of our national life. So far as the connexion between the *Treasury* and the *Primer* is concerned, Mr Stop-

The Bishop of Cremona

ford Brooke expresses warm approval of this book, and stands sponsor to it in an Introduction, which, beginning in retrospection, ends in prophecy, and while serving as preface to Miss Warren's book is, in effect, an epilogue to his own. But quite as striking a preface in an unconscious way is the seventh-century poet-song of Widsith which stands first in the volume, and tells of the glee-men and their power and worth. Our great writers in prose and verse alike are all glee-men, and this early poet introduces them all when he says: "Whoso maketh songs of praise shall have lasting honour under the heavens." E. B.

IT was a happy thought to do into English the Bishop of Cremona's Pastoral on *Religious Worship and some Defects in Popular Devotions* (Burns & Oates). It is true that to the majority of English Catholics the views in this eloquent little book will appeal so obviously that Mgr Bonomelli will be preaching to the convinced. But we do greatly need such a work, both for our non-Catholic fellow-countrymen and for certain sections of our own community. It is to be feared that the Bishop is too favourable in his view of the English tourist, judging from his "Letter to the Translator," and his book is therefore even more needed than he supposes to be the case.

I know that they [the English travellers] also observe with wonder and something of scandal certain defects and abuses, chiefly in the southern parts of Italy, where, only too often, the most ignorant superstitions are to be found.

I do not imagine that serious, intelligent English Protestants cannot distinguish clearly between the divine unalterable element in the Church and her teachings and that which is human and frail in practice; nor do I imagine that they do not perceive that an institution depending upon and existing among men is destined by the very nature of things to acquire with the course of time certain excrescences, which, though not affecting its actual substance, alter and occasionally disfigure its aspects. This, I repeat, cannot escape the notice of the English Protestants who travel in Catholic countries. But it is only right that they should know that we also see and condemn exaggerations, abuses, littlenesses and superstitions; and, if need be, know how to face unpopularity by speaking out freely and with severity.

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The Bishop is no bigoted reformer. He is ready to recognize the necessity for toleration as to some of the natural indigenous expressions of religious life in the peasantry, "so long as the substance of things remains untouched." Indeed, his strongest reprobation is reserved for the new devotions imported from France into Italy by more educated and therefore more blameworthy Catholics. It is in this matter that some of our own Catholic countrymen and countrywomen are in need of warning, especially if they have the care of the education of our children. Again, whether as to new and strange imported devotions, or as to the reading of spiritual books "in which the critical judgement displayed is most defective," are there none among us who would do well to learn and inwardly digest the following words of Mgr Bonomelli:

It is not by fables, perverted facts, miracles invented by the popular imagination, visions, apparitions, raptures, ecstasies, inventions, exaggerations and the misrepresentation of history, that we shall edify the faithful or draw to us those who have separated themselves from the faith—and there are many who have done so.

S.

THE story of "the Cardinal King," Henry Stuart, last direct male heir of his ill-fated line, has been strangely ignored by the many writers who have devoted themselves to the long tragedy of the Stuarts. Mr Herbert M. Vaughan's narrative (*The Last of the Royal Stuarts: Henry Stuart, Cardinal Duke of York*. Methuen. 10s. 6d. net) at once supplies a real lack and explains the comparative neglect which his hero has suffered at the hands of historians and romancers. In these pages we see Henry Stuart as a dignified, gracious and pathetic figure, but one entirely lacking in the valiant ardours which made his brother, Charles Edward, so gallant a leader of a forlorn hope. Henry, Duke of York (under which title he appears through most of this biography), was in fact better suited to be a peaceful and beneficent Prince of the Church than to be the heir of an exiled King and the restorer of a fallen dynasty. "You may perhaps win the Kingdom of Heaven by your prayers," said the Duc de Richelieu cynically to the devout young

The Last of the Stuarts

Prince, "but never the Kingdom of Great Britain." Whatever chances there might have been for the Kingdom of Great Britain were finally jeopardized, for his brother as well as himself, by Henry's resolve to enter the priesthood, which he did soon after Charles Edward's return from the splendid but futile venture of the '45. Henry's vocation would seem to have been genuine and irresistible, but his course was never wholly forgiven by his brother, for it inflamed Protestant England with that hostile suspicion of Catholic influence which had already done so much to injure the Stuart cause. With his acceptance of the red hat Henry Stuart's political importance may be said to have ceased, for his was not the subtle and dominant brain to turn ecclesiastical position to political ends. Mr Vaughan, though no irrational enthusiast for his hero, yet contrives, while admitting his limitations, to give a very pleasant picture of the Cardinal Duke, showing him a stately figure in the magnificent Roman pageants; diligent in his work as Bishop of Frascati; a patron of learning, as witnessed by the seminary and library founded by him; generous to recklessness and trustful to a fault. His gracious and well-ordered life contrasts sharply with the disastrous twilight into which had sunk Prince Charlie's so brilliant dawn. Deprived at last, even at the friendly court of Rome, of the empty sovereign honours so dear to him, "Charles III" lingered on, a forlorn phantom of royalty, to be succeeded in due time by "Henry IX." Charles had schemed and struggled to the end; Henry, with something of the passive piety of his grandfather James II, accepted his position, waiting till the will of Heaven should reinstate the true faith and the true line in England. Lovers of the Stuarts will wish that he had not waited as the pensioner of George III, but to that undignified position was Henry reduced by the havoc consequent on the French invasion of Italy. The terrible onset of the French Revolution brought the King *de facto* and the King *de jure* into friendly relations.

Mr Vaughan's study touches but slightly on the complex political issues of the day, nor is his personal narrative set forth with any great charm of style. The book is, how-

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ever, a lucid and winning account of the last of a hapless race, whose memory yet lingers round the ilex avenues of Frascati, the palaces and basilicas of Rome, and the pathetic cenotaph in St Peter's.

D. G. McC.

THE correspondence between Professor Briggs and Baron von Hügel on *The Papal Commission and the Pentateuch* (London: Longmans) is a very valuable and informing one. With it should be read *L'Authenticité Mosaïque du Pentateuque* (Paris: Letouzey), by M. Mangelot (Professor at the *Institut*, and himself a member of the Commission) which contains a defence of its recent decrees. M. Mangelot's conclusion, in which he allows, of course, that nothing is of faith for a Catholic on the subject, is that it would be rash in the present state of the evidence to deny the Mosaic authorship which was so long taught by Catholic tradition. But he explains later on that this authorship does not necessarily involve more than the attribution to Moses of *la rédaction ou le fond de la majeure partie de l'ouvrage*. Baron von Hügel is concerned with an objection raised by Professor Briggs, of New York, to the recent decrees of the Pontifical Commission. Professor Briggs writes to him as follows:

When we were in Rome together, I had the very highest authority for the statement that I have made in many places that a reasonable amount of liberty would be given in Biblical criticism, so long as its results did not conflict with the established dogmas of the Church. What, my dear friend, does this change of position mean? The Church has never committed itself officially to the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch; and to recognize that Hebrew laws and institutions were a development of a divinely-guided Theocracy, rather than given all at once to Moses at the beginning of the Hebrew commonwealth, suits the Roman Catholic position as to Christian dogma and institutions better than the usual Protestant position that we must build on the New Testament alone.

Baron von Hügel in the course of his reply suggests the difficulty of the situation as to the relations of the Church to Biblical criticism in a striking passage. He raises the obvious difficulty in his own words before giving his answer:

The Pentateuch

... If even we single scholars [he writes] have mostly reached such complex conclusions only with difficulty and under the slow pressure of the manifold facts of the case, what chance is there, you may well ask, of the immensely conservative Roman Catholic Church ever accepting, or even frankly and finally tolerating, such historical method, or even only its more assured results? And if we will but look at what has actually happened, where is there any encouragement to be found? In answer I shall point out four most powerful motives and affinities, ineradicable, immanent, which are ever at work to render any full or final exclusion of historic method from Biblical subjects impossible for Catholicism.

The four headings developed by the Baron are, firstly, the important place of history and of the historical method in Catholic Apologetic; secondly, the missionary character of Catholicism—and a religion which aims at converting the educated world cannot permanently exclude scientific methods universally accepted in that world; thirdly, the traditional insistence by Catholic theology on the “Church and Bible” rather than the Bible only as our guide tends in the opposite direction to the kind of indiscriminate treatment of the authority of the Bible, which is at once Protestant and specially opposed to critical methods. Fourthly, from first to last Catholicism has been a developing organism, verifying our Lord’s own saying that “many things” could not be borne by his disciples at once, but that the Spirit of Truth would later on guide them into all truth.

Whether the reader agrees or disagrees with Baron von Hügel, he cannot fail to respect the earnestness, thoroughness and freshness with which he grapples with the exceedingly difficult question before him.

We have not time, receiving this book at the eleventh hour, to go fully into the important questions it raises. Our own points of dissent from the Baron will be duly noted in the article already promised in continuation of the paper “For Truth and for Life” which appeared in our last number. We will only here say that Baron von Hügel’s interpretation of the recent decrees seems to attach to them a more conservative import than that of M. Mangenot. It is natural enough that Professor Briggs, reading documents

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with the eyes merely of a Biblical specialist outside the Church, should not apprehend the reasons for the *prima facie* aspect of the decrees being considerably more conservative than the detailed positions to which they definitely commit the Commission; but a Catholic in approaching such a decision should always bear in mind the rule observed by authority in such cases—namely, that a time-honoured tradition is not officially displaced until it is, by the practically universal consent of specialists, admitted to be mistaken. It is, as it were, driven out bit by bit. If the views of some Catholic specialists are still what many scholars would regard as antiquated, this is a factor in the situation with inevitable consequences. If the Commission is to issue decrees solemnly ratified by the Pope, they are likely therefore for a double reason to be *prima facie* conservative. The first formal toleration of freer views will be suggested rather than emphasized in such a document. And we take the answer of the Commission to the last *dubium* (which allows that the Pentateuch, as we know it, may include later additions to any work which Moses wrote or planned) as being such a suggestion. Again if a Commission of this kind includes specialists representing the principal actually existing schools of divergent thought within the Church, their deliberations will naturally result in a compromise, each school conceding something and each insisting on something. The resulting compromise is almost sure to be in form somewhat illogical as representing opinions not logically reconcilable in their entirety. It can no more be otherwise than a work on grace by an orthodox Thomist can be made logically consistent with Molinism. Yet it was the toleration of Molinism and the timely insistence on other points of doctrine logically irreconcilable with strict Thomism which prevented a Calvinistic development of Thomism and allowed a more adequate theology of grace to be formulated in the schools.

The transition from a conservative view to a more progressive view is often inevitably effected through a temporary position of indeterminateness or even apparent inconsistency, in which the inadequacy of the former is recognized, while

The Sins of Society

the limits which are safe and true in what is newer are not yet generally agreed upon. The extreme to which Rome has in the past carried her official conservatism supplies the law or interpretation for fresh cases. The decrees against Galileo were not suspended until 1757. Leo XII gave formal permission as late as the year 1822 for Catholics to teach the Copernican theory. No intelligent Catholic then alive had ever doubted this theory. This is an extreme instance, but it illustrates the better what we are pointing out—that official recognition by Rome of a change in traditional teaching is by a custom, which, we may add, has its roots in the nature of things, belated. Nearly all the force of original thought is on the side of change. Authority is in the first place the “counsel for the defence” of tradition. Its decrees must be interpreted in the light of this fact. This is, at least, the view we would submit for the consideration of those who are interested in these questions. W. W.

IT is necessary to know more of human nature than is commonly known in order to have a more than common influence over men and women. It is rather by this knowledge than by learning or even by eloquence that Father Bernard Vaughan strives in *The Sins of Society* (Kegan Paul) to work in the cause of One of whom it was written that He needed not to be told what is in any man. And it is in the service of the lowest, the vilest, the most diseased morally, that this follower of the Good Shepherd uses his natural faculties of observation, of sympathy, of sound sense. The true note of burning zeal, the love of good and the hatred of evil are still alive in these pages: they have not died with the utterance.

No true specialist is ever narrow in his own department, and Father Vaughan is as bold in the region of morals as any zealous specialist in Christian apologetics could be in his. Each on seeing a desperate case, whether it be a case of loss of faith or of loss of morals, will be absorbed in helping the sufferer. And each risks the same danger; each is so absorbed in his own patient, that he cannot spend himself on merely preventive measures: he is too busy with the man sick of the fever to consider the danger of infection.

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It seems undoubtedly true that Father Vaughan's patients are in very considerable numbers, that such a protest as these sermons was needed for a section of the modern world. But just as many an intellectual specialist would gladly, if it were possible, discuss his dangerous matter in a dead language to hide it from those to whom such questions are not vital, so very many will wish that Father Vaughan could have disguised his meaning, in more than one passage, from the innocent, and have remembered that the guilty are quick to understand even the writing on the sand, as he suggests himself in a very eloquent passage in one of these sermons. S.

CATHOLIC REVIEWS

Home and Foreign

Communicated

LOOKING back over the periodical literature of the last six months, one cannot help being struck by the fact that in many instances the same subject is found to be occupying the attention of Catholic writers in very various organs in different parts of the world. In many cases it is easy to account for this coincidence by the presence of some common cause. The matter in hand has an obvious topical interest owing to some recent event, such as the appearance of some important book which, whether by its merits or otherwise, naturally invites the attention of Catholic critics or theologians.

Thus, it can scarcely surprise us to find the merits of Fogazaro's notable novel debated in such widely removed organs as the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the Belgian *Revue Générale* and the Hungarian *Katholikus Szemle*. In the same way Canon Chevalier's memorable work on the Holy House of Loreto has very naturally formed the theme, or the occasion, of a host of critical essays and historical dissertations. In another field of thought, the new tendency in Apologetics, generally known as Pragmatism, has occupied the attention of various writers in the Reviews during the course of the past year. This important topic was treated in the *Dublin Review* of April, 1906, in Baron F. von Hügel's paper on "Experience and Transcendence." It was discussed, from a somewhat different stand-

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point, in an article by Dr W. McDonald in the April number of *The Irish Theological Quarterly*; and again in a suggestive paper on "The Spiritual Value of Christianity," by Father Thomas J. Gerard, in the August number of the *American Catholic World*. This last article, which is an able vindication of Pragmatism, was suggested by Father Tyrrell's recently published *Lex Credendi*. These various papers on the same topics may each have a value of their own; and in any case it is an obvious advantage to have an important question simultaneously treated from different standpoints by writers whose work may be complementary and, if need be, mutually corrective. And in this way one feels that Catholic thinkers in different lands are, perhaps unconsciously, working together.

There are, it may be added, some instances in which the coincidence is not so easily susceptible of an explanation. Thus, as our readers will remember, the life and work of Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa was treated in these pages last October in an article based on some books which were published a few years ago. Quite independently of this, the corresponding number of the *Philosophisches Jahrbuch* of the Görres Society contained an important study of the life of the same famous Cardinal by Professor Übinger, of Freiburg. The chief purpose of this paper is to establish the identity of "Nikolaus Treverensis" with Nicholas of Cusa. But with this object in view, the writer makes a careful and searching study of the contemporary notices of Nicholas, and traces the main lines of his varied and eventful career. The paper deserves the attention of all who are interested in this remarkable figure of the fifteenth century.

Another instance of this undesigned coincidence in periodical literature may be seen in the mention of St Melania by two recent writers in the *AnaleËa Bollandiana* and the *Revue des Questions Historiques*. The last number of the former review opened with a discriminating criticism of Cardinal Rampolla's fine edition of the two ancient lives of St Melania. Needless to say, the Bollandist reviewer, Père Adhémar d'Alès, does justice to the merits of the eminent statesman's literary labour. But he is unable to accept the Cardinal's conclusion that the life was originally written in Latin, and that its primitive form is most faithfully reproduced in the extant Latin version. As might be expected, the work of the learned Bollandist is by no means confined to negative criticism. In a critical study filling some fifty pages he makes a minute and careful comparison of the Greek and Latin lives, and, without making any claim to completeness or finality, he ends by setting forth his own conclusions in a series of ten definite propositions. It will be enough to say that he shows a decided preference for the Greek life, which in

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his view is not only superior to the Latin in point of literary merit but likewise reproduces the original work with greater fidelity. At the same time he agrees that both texts show certain signs of originality, and neither of them can be regarded as the sole source of the other. On the whole he is disposed to favour the hypothesis of a primitive redaction whereof the two extant texts are independent recensions. The notice of the same Saint in the July number of the *Revue des Questions Historiques* occurs in the course of an interesting paper on "Un Incident à la Basilique d'Hippone en 411," by M. C. Daux. The incident in question was the popular clamour demanding the ordination of Pinianus, the husband of Melania. And the writer's chief object is apparently the correction of some mistaken statements on this subject in Amedée Thierry's work on St Jerome, a book which was published several years ago. For this purpose, M. Daux makes a careful study of the evidence and tells the whole story from the beginning.

In addition to the aforesaid article on St Melania, the *Analecta Bollandiana* contains several other papers of importance. Conspicuous among these is a study of Canon Chevalier's book on Loreto, from the competent pen of Père Charles de Smedt. It is hardly necessary to say that the learned Bollandist is in sympathy with his author on this subject. He claims, indeed, that all the learned organs of Catholic criticism which have so far dealt with M. Chevalier's book accept his conclusions as the final verdict on the matter. "Elles regardent son livre comme une œuvre définitive, dont aucune découverte de documents encore inconnus ne pourra ébranler les solides assises." In this country, it may be added, this subject has been treated from the same standpoint by Father Taunton in an article in the October *Fortnightly Review*, and by Mr Edmund Bishop in a series of papers in the *Tablet*.

Among the other matters in this number of the *Analecta* there is much that may well have a special interest for English readers. Thus, Père H. H. Delehaye contributes a full critical catalogue of the Greek Hagiographic Manuscripts in the Earl of Leicester's library at Holkham. This collection, we are reminded, was regretfully mentioned by Montfaucon in the *Diarium Italicum*. The great scholar had been vouchsafed a brief view of the manuscripts, which were then at Venice, but on the death of their owner they had passed to unknown hands, and there was now, he said, no hope of making a more careful examination of these treasures. Happily the eminent Bollandist of our own day has been allowed the advantage which an unkindly fate had denied to the Maurist Montfaucon. By the courtesy of Lord Leicester the manuscripts

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were removed for a time to the British Museum, in order that Père Delehaye might have ample opportunity for making a detailed study of the collection and compiling the present catalogue. Elsewhere in the *Analecta*, Père Delehaye gives some account of a Greek manuscript in the British Museum—to wit, a February *Menologium* of the eleventh or twelfth century, purchased for the Museum as recently as 1901. It will be described more in detail in the catalogue of Greek Hagiographic manuscripts in the British Museum, which is to appear later on in the pages of the *Analecta*.

In view of the high authority of the Bollandists on historical studies of this kind, special interest attaches to the warm praise bestowed on a recent English work, *The Extinction of the Ancient Hierarchy*. Of the author, Father George Phillips, the Bollandist reviewer does not hesitate to say, “sa méthode sûre et rigoureuse, sa critique sagace et pénétrante marchent de pair avec l’étendue de ses connaissances”—the critic has already spoken of “les trésors d’érudition qu’il possède sur cette période.” “L’identification,” he continues, “des onze évêques ne souffre pas d’objection; tout le monde trouvera, je pense, la démonstration de l’auteur péremptoire et élégante.” Full credit is also given to Father Phillips for his vindication of the character of some of the chief Catholic champions. But the Bollandist is not so sure of the sufficiency of the imprisonment in episcopal residences to constitute “martyrdom,” and he imagines that the *advocatus diaboli* may find something to say on this subject. On this point, however, the author has clearly answered the chief objections of his reviewer.

Another notable organ of historical criticism, the *Revue Bénédictine*, maintains the same high standard of scholarship to which we are accustomed in the pages of the *Revue des Questions Historiques* and the *Analecta Bollandiana*. It is a satisfaction to note that some of the best critical work done in this Benedictine review has come from the pen of an English member of the Order. As our readers may remember, it was in a paper in these pages that Dom John Chapman solved the celebrated problem of the Cyprianic interpolation. In the July number of the past year the same sagacious critic has made another notable discovery in the fields of early Latin literature, to wit that Priscillian was the author of the Monarchian Prologues to the Vulgate Gospels, prologues which, in spite of their heretical origin and character, have been preserved in many Biblical manuscripts. This English article, which is a solid piece of critical research, holds the place of honour in the French review. In one of the shorter papers in the same number, Dom Chrysostome Baur throws some fresh light on the attitude

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of St Jerome towards St John Chrysostom. After the evidence adduced in this article it seems scarcely possible to doubt the assertion of Facundus that a violent attack on St Chrysostom was written by Theophilus, and translated by St Jerome. In fact, Dom Baur shows reason for believing that a fragment of this very version is preserved among the letters of that Father.

In the last number of the *Biblische Zeitschrift*, Professor Hoberg of Freiburg, the well-known conservative critic, replies to the article of Dr Vetter on his "Moses und Pentateuch." But instead of a mere rejoinder to the objections of his critic, Dr Hoberg gives us what is, in fact, a positive and original study of the Pentateuch problem. The series of *Biblische Studien*, with which the *Biblische Zeitschrift* is associated, received some notable additions in the course of the past year, in F. Maier's study on the Epistle of Jude ("Der Judasbrief. Seine Echtheit, Abfassungszeit und Leser"), Dr Hablitzel's monograph on "Hrabanus Maurus," Dr Aicher's "Das Alt Testament in der Mischna," and an exegetical study on "Ezechias und Senacherib." It is of interest to note that the last named, which bears tokens of the writer's familiarity with modern critical literature, is from the pen of M. Theresia Breme, an Ursuline nun. A noteworthy feature in the last volume of *La Quinzaine* was M. Charles Boutard's interesting series of articles on "L'Histoire de l'Avenir." Apart from its purely historical interest, the story of Lamennais and his ill-fated organ may well have its lessons for our own time. In the *Revue Générale*, which is a fit companion to *La Quinzaine*, one of the most important papers in the last year was M. Alphonse Roersch's account of the Belgian Humanists in the July number. In spite of all that has been written on that fascinating period, this may be said to throw a flood of fresh light on the history of the Renaissance.

The *Revue des Sciences Philosophiques et Théologiques*, the first number of which is published this month at Le Saulchoir, Kain (Belgium) promises to be an important addition to Catholic periodical literature. As may be surmised from the wide range of its programme, the new organ is meant to be a rallying ground for those who are labouring in the various fields of theological science. It is brought out under the direction of a group of Dominican professors, and the list of its chief editors and contributors includes many notable names, among them being those of Dom Cabrol, O.S.B., and Pères Lagrange and Sertillanges, O.P.

W. H. K.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY

*The First Eight General Councils and Papal Infallibility**

THE question of the place and power assigned to the Bishop of Rome in the early Church is obviously closely connected with the history of those Councils which were held in the East and may be described as "Greek." With these, therefore, did Dom Chapman concern himself in a lecture delivered before the Society of St Thomas of Canterbury, "Students of the West," which is now published in book form. A chapter has been added on the Vatican Council, in which the dogma of Papal Infallibility was promulgated, thus closing for ever all controversy on this subject within the Church.

The little book should be found extremely useful by all having to deal with those who appeal to what they style the Undivided Church against the living authority of the Holy See. Dom Chapman gives a clear account of these Councils, which the Eastern Church accepts as well as the Western, and candidly examines in the light of history the position assigned in each to the Papal legates and the attitude adopted by the assembly towards the instructions or injunctions of the Pope himself, as in the case of the letters sent by St Leo to Chalcedon and by Pope Agatho to the Third of Constantinople. He also examines the instances of Papal weakness or error which are commonly quoted against the dogma of infallibility, such cases, for instance, as those of Vigilius and Honorius. Altogether a very useful manual.

Fortifying the Layman†

This is an admirable little book, which cannot be too highly commended. As the Bishop of Salford says in the preface by which this issue is introduced, the only thing to say about it is, as an angelic voice said to St Augustine, *Tolle lege*, which may be rendered, "Get it and read it."

Father Hull's point is that a pressing need of our times is better and sounder knowledge of their religion on the part of the laity, so that they should be well prepared both to withstand the evil influences which on every side tend to sap and corrupt their faith, and to meet the objections and difficulties which will constantly be thrown in their teeth. To this end those who educate them must co-operate by making the teaching of religion real and vital, while those who by their profession have to deal with questions of theology or history upon which anti-Catholic writers usually rely, must make it their business to supply in popular and accessible form materials for reply to such attacks. But, our author goes on

* By Dom John Chapman, O.S.B. Price 6d. net.

† By Ernest R. Hull, S.J. C.T.S. Price 6d. net.

C.T.S. Publications

to urge, it is even more essential that the layman himself should co-operate by taking a living interest in his religion, and keeping his mind in training for its service. The great danger is "mental atrophy," the dulling of conscience through disregard of its admonitions, and of the religious sense through neglect of exercise, owing to absorption in worldly pursuits, business or pleasure.

So well are these topics treated and developed by Father Hull that, as Bishop Casartelli says, the only satisfactory mode of giving to our readers a proper notice of his book would be to cite it in its entirety.

The Way of Truth *

This little volume represents a series of lectures delivered to non-Catholics in the little mining town of Tredegar, South Wales, afterwards locally published as a booklet bearing the title *Via Veritatis*. Finding that in this form his work has proved useful to various seekers after truth, Father Northcote now endeavours to obtain for it a wider circulation.

His object is to make the Church known to outsiders as she is, and to remove misconceptions as to her doctrines and practices which so commonly form stumbling-blocks to such as know her only from the representations of her adversaries. Beginning, therefore, at the very beginning—with the existence of God—he shows how the search for truth should be conducted, dealing in succession with the questions of Faith, the Church and the Bible, the Anglo-Catholic Theory, Infallibility, the Priesthood, the Holy Eucharist, Penance, Eternal Punishment, Purgatory, Indulgences, Invocation of Saints, Relics, Images, the Blessed Virgin, Keeping the Faith. His little book is clear and temperate, and we hope it will be widely read.

Very similar is the object of the smaller pamphlet *Our Faith*,† which, after describing the Notes and essential character of the true Church, proceeds to explain those points of her doctrine in which her creed differs from that of other Christian bodies.

Some Pages of Franciscan History †

Father Robinson's object in this little booklet is to enable the lovers and clients of St Francis of Assisi to acquire a true knowledge of their patron, in view of that recrudescence of devotion towards him which is so remarkable a feature of our day, and the flood of Franciscan literature which it calls forth.

There are two parts. In the first the sources of the Saint's history are carefully and critically examined, with a view to determining the value and authority which can be claimed respectively by each. In the second part, special attention is devoted to modern non-Catholic writers who, like M. Sabatier, have done so much to spread devotion to the Saint.

* By the Rev. P. M. Northcote, O.S.M. 6d. net.

† By Cecil Lilburn. 3d. ‡ By Father Paschal Robinson, O.F.M. 3d.

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IT is interesting to note as an instance of continuity of policy on the part of one of the great parties in English politics, and at the same time of the longevity of the grievances of the Irish people, the striking similarity between the plan of solution of the Irish University Question, for which the Government has declared, and that which was proposed by Mr Gladstone thirty-four years ago. In both, the fundamental idea is that of one national university, in which would centre all the activities of higher education which colleges of various types might carry on throughout the country.

It is an instance, too, of another kind of longevity, which is a matter of congratulation for all classes of Irishmen, that Mr Gladstone's Irish Attorney General of that day, the present Lord Chief Baron, has been one of the commanding personalities amongst the brilliant men of whom the recent Royal Commission on Trinity College, Dublin, and the University of Dublin has been composed; and that he has been able to bring to bear the resources of his vast knowledge and experience in helping to shape the conclusions at which the Commission has arrived.

Some complaints have been made against what has been styled the precipitancy of the Government in committing itself to the recommendations of the majority of the Commissioners, but in my opinion not reasonably. If the Report of the Commission had been left to the free discussion of the country, we should have been involved in endless and fruitless wranglings, which, however interesting to persons of a speculative turn of mind, or welcome to those who have vested interests in the existing state of things, would simply have been fatal to the formation of a practical judgement on this question, which for many a long year has got beyond the debating stage.

It seems to me, too, that Mr Bryce's candid statement that the Government had made up their minds indepen-

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dently, and only waited for a confirmation of the conclusion at which they had arrived by the Report of the Royal Commission, ought to commend itself as well by its honesty as by its good sense to every reasonable man. This University Question is as well known to every one interested in Irish education as the famous Quadrilateral in Northern Italy used to be to Austrian strategists. The ground, with all its possibilities, is perfectly familiar, and one may doubt whether the labours of the Robertson and this recent Commission have added, except as to the internal affairs of Trinity College, one iota of knowledge or one new view to the mind of any competent Irishman. But, by cutting short wordy and perhaps angry discussion, the Government has done for it what the Gresham Commission did for the apparently endless argumentations which had gone on for years as to the transformation of the London University. In that case it was found, when practical men set to work on a definite line, that it was a case of *solvitur ambulando*. In all probability it will be the same with the Irish University Question. There is no possible solution against which our eloquent and ingenious fellow-countrymen, especially if their natural powers are quickened by self-interest, could not make an apparently overwhelming case. And as for the consequences which they might feel it their duty to predict, they would loom up so portentous and monstrous that nothing less than midsummer madness would permit us to face them.

Another preliminary remark may be usefully made. It has been alleged that the recommendations of the majority of the Royal Commission are against the weight of evidence. As to this, I would submit that weight of argument would be, in this context, a much better expression. The Commissioners were not so many jurors to bring in a verdict on some matters of fact according to the evidence, but rather experts to form an independent judgement, according to their appreciation of the arguments set before them. They were like a High Court of Appeal, where one man of ability may get a decision in his favour against half a dozen inferior men. These distinguished University men

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were sped as a Commission, not to count heads on one side and the other, but to hear the witnesses fully on all sides, and then to exercise their own independent judgement and give the Government and the country the benefit of their guidance. For that reason their Report, with its clear, definite, pregnant statements in which they put the whole pith and marrow of the case, is infinitely more valuable than nine-tenths of the evidence on which it is founded.

Most of these witnesses were personally identified with colleges and other institutions which had very material interests at stake, and it would be too much to expect them to dissociate themselves completely from local views and interests, and to regard the problem to be solved in its wider and national relations.

The Royal Warrant was issued on June⁵, 1906, appointing the Commission

to inquire into the place which Trinity College, Dublin, and the University of Dublin, now hold as organs of the higher education in Ireland, and the steps proper to be taken to increase their usefulness to the country.

The Catholic Bishops of Ireland were invited soon after to send in a statement in writing of their views on the matters covered by this reference, and it is not only interesting but most important to compare their authentic exposition of the claims of the Catholics of Ireland with the ultimate findings of the Commission.

As to the first point [the Standing Committee of the Bishops answer] the Bishops are of opinion that there is no room for doubt as to the fact that Trinity College, Dublin, and the University of Dublin, as organs of the higher education in Ireland, are to all intents and purposes restricted to the service of the Episcopalian Protestants of Ireland.*

The Commissioners in their Final Report adopt almost the very terms of this statement. They find

that Trinity College has been and is a satisfactory organ for the higher education of the Protestant Episcopalian popula-

* Appendix First Report, p. 80.

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tion of Ireland, but that it has never been, and is not now, to an extent adequate to the reasonable requirements of the country, an organ for the higher education of the Roman Catholic population.*

Thus on the fundamental fact of the whole case the accuracy of the Bishops' statement has been borne out to the letter.

No less remarkable is the acceptance by the Commission of their proposals for the settlement of it.

Putting on one side, for the moment, the suggestion of a university for Catholics which the Bishops regard as the true and adequate solution, they affirm that "the Catholic people of Ireland would be prepared to accept (2) a new college in the University of Dublin (3) a new college in the Royal University, but that on no account would they accept any scheme of mixed education in Trinity College, Dublin."

Under this head the Commissioners report:

That while the Commissioners are divided in opinion in regard to the merits of the various schemes proposed to them involving the creation of a new college in Dublin acceptable to Roman Catholics, they, with one exception, recommend the establishment of such a college in Dublin.†

In reality this is the formal recognition of the validity of the whole Catholic claim. The Irish nation, which is predominantly Catholic, has been asking for an institution of university rank, in which, in harmony with their own religious sentiments, they may have access to higher education. The Commissioners, with one exception, which itself strikingly illustrates the claim, recommend it to the Government, and it is curiously interesting to observe how the difference of opinion amongst the Commissioners has its counterpart in the alternative proposals of the Bishops. Amongst the schemes submitted to them, the choice of the Commissioners was finally limited to either of two systems of federation, which for convenience' sake may be called the Royal University scheme and that of the University of Dublin. The Chairman, Sir E. Fry, Sir A. W. Rücker and

* Final Report, par. 168, p. 28.

† Par. 168, n. 2, p. 28.

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Mr S. H. Butcher are strongly in favour of the former, and support their view in a note which they have appended to the Report. It goes without saying that their reasons are weighty, and are put with great force and acumen. Independently of their reasons it is evident that, on a question of the kind, the authority of these most distinguished men deserves the fullest consideration. And in this particular instance there is a presumption in their favour from the fact that their judgement is confirmed by the Report of the Robertson Commission, with the advantage of having been formed after consideration of evidence covering the whole ground of university education in Ireland, from the greater part of which the Robertson Commission, by a very unfortunate and unintelligible limitation of its reference, was excluded.

It has also to be said in favour of the plan which they recommend that it provokes little or no opposition, but candour makes one add with Mr Jackson that "it evokes no enthusiasm." Just now it would seem from the statement of the Protestant Bishops of Ireland, repeated as it has been by many persons who may be taken to represent Trinity College, Dublin, that this Royal University scheme might be passed, so far as Ireland is concerned, as non-contentious.

If I might venture to express my own personal view, I would say that it has much to recommend it. I am very much in sympathy with the feeling which shrinks from reducing the whole country to dependence on one university. Then I like it because it is rather constructive than destructive. If the Royal University, with its existing colleges, were turned into a teaching university, after the precedent of London, it would be an immense addition to the educational power of the country, with no injury, real or imaginary, to any other institution; and, at one stroke, this change would meet practically all the objections which are now urged against the Royal University as a mere examining body. And I have no doubt that if Government had sought the solution of the problem in this direction they would have received considerable popular support.

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But for us Catholics the dominant factor in the case at the present moment is the fact that the Government has determined to accept and carry through the alternative scheme of solution through the University of Dublin, and no other; and the first question which, as practical men, we have to ask ourselves is, what ought to be our attitude in face of this decision? To my mind there can be no room for doubt. Up to this, every one was justified in pressing for the adoption of the solution which he thought best; but at this stage of the question the advocacy of a rival scheme would be mere obstruction, and on the part of Catholics suicidal.

The Bishops have expressly stated that, in their opinion, the Catholics of Ireland were prepared to give favourable consideration to a scheme framed on the general lines on which the Government has officially announced its intention to proceed. If that statement were inaccurate, it ought to have been contradicted at the time when it was published. If it were true then, it is no less true and binding on us now.

It has to be recognized also that there is in and around Dublin, and to some extent throughout the country, a large volume of opinion which prefers this scheme on its own merits to any other. Some "declarations" which have been issued on the subject would by their inconsistencies and self-contradictions suggest a certain superficiality of thought on the part of their authors. Nevertheless it is quite clear that many Catholic laymen do desire association, in some shape or other, with the University of Dublin.

Another most important element in the case, particularly in relation to the Parliamentary fortunes of the question, is that the scheme outlined by Mr Bryce and promised by the Prime Minister really originated with Mr Wyndham when Chief Secretary, and it is not too much to hope that his influence, albeit he failed to get the Rev. Thomas Gray and some of the other Dons of Trinity College to rise to the well-dressed fly which he dropped so deftly over them, will be used to win for it the favour of his friends in Parliament.

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As to procedure, it is very satisfactory to observe that the Government intend to follow the course suggested by the Royal Commission, that its "recommendations should be carried out by an Executive Commission."

This is obviously the only way in which so complicated a work could effectually be done; and I have no doubt that, if the Government carry through Parliament a short Bill embodying the broad outlines of their scheme, and put the filling in of the details into the hands of a small, well-chosen executive commission to do for Ireland what the Gresham Commission did for London, and what the two Commissions appointed under "The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge Act" of 1877 did for those universities, they will reach the end of this question more easily than they imagine, and, with it, the end of one of the greatest of the outstanding grievances of Ireland, which is at the same time a root of bitterness in the soil.

If this scheme of a reconstructed University of Dublin is carried out, it is quite possible that we may see a development of intellectual activity in Ireland such as we have never known, and with it wide and far-reaching consequences in many directions. There is nothing in the nature of things to prevent two colleges in Dublin from growing into a great centre of learning and culture, which, without any qualification, might be truly designated as national. There is no desire on the part of Catholics to reduce the resources, to lower the status, to impair by a hair's breadth the freedom and independence of Trinity College. The more it has, and the higher its position, the better we like it. The Catholics of Ireland do not seek equality by levelling down, but they do claim that the rich and ample provision which has been made for the higher education of one small section of the population should be the standard of what is to be done for themselves. As a college, it is right and just that Trinity College should retain, without curtailment of any sort, all its ancient endowments. There is no desire to go back on bygone settlements, but there is every objection to allowing one small sect which, whatever be its good qualities, is only one-eighth of the population, to

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monopolize the University of Dublin, and with it whatever university education of a true type is to be had in Ireland.

The Lord Chief Baron has shown in his most able and convincing "note" that from the very beginning it was the purpose of the founders to give the University of Dublin a distinct existence and definite functions, apart from those of the College. An evil spirit, which we may hope is being exorcised from Irish life, was responsible for narrowing the University within the limits of one college, which, in its turn, came to be the organ of the higher education of the members of one religious communion. That condition of exclusive privilege is an anachronism, and its termination will be neither a loss nor an injury, but a signal blessing to those who now cling so tenaciously to it. While Trinity College by the weight of its own achievements, with its well-won reputation and its actual power as a teaching institution of the first rank, must always hold, if not the first, certainly a great place in any university to which it may be attached, it has nothing to lose but everything to gain by being brought out of its isolation into the full current of Irish life. It will get back infinitely more than it gives. And on this head the "note" which Professor Jackson has appended to the Report of the Royal Commission is so obviously true and just, and the sincerity of the writer and his good will to Trinity College are so evident, that I think it well to transcribe some sentences of it.

The scheme for the enlargement of the University of Dublin by adding to Trinity College three or perhaps four other colleges, a college without tests but with a Roman Catholic atmosphere in Dublin, and the Queen's Colleges of Belfast, Cork, and perhaps Galway, seems to me not only vastly superior to the Royal University scheme, but also positively a good one. It appears to me: (1) to establish right relations between the University of Dublin and Trinity College; (2) to strengthen Trinity College by providing supplementary teaching, to which its students might be admitted under intercollegiate arrangements; (3) to give the other colleges the countenance and the support of their great and illustrious rival; (4) to do

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something considerable for the promotion of friendly relations between young men of different creeds; and (5) whilst it secures to Trinity College unimpaired its present status as a college resorted to by the educated class, and principally connected with Arts (in the academic sense of the word) and with theoretical sciences, to strengthen the provincial colleges which are already doing so much for students who are not in a position to resort to Trinity College, and for the technical application of scientific discovery. In my opinion Trinity College, as the premier college in a University of Dublin, thus enlarged, would have even a greater position than it has at present as the one college in the University of Dublin, whilst alliance with it would secure the other colleges against the danger of narrowness and provincialism. Given friendly relations between the constituent colleges, I should expect such a federation to prosper exceedingly, both as a whole and in its several members, and I should have no fear for its stability.*

This "note" is of a higher mood, and one could wish that those of our fellow countrymen who are interested in the higher education of Ireland might catch some of its spirit. But it is there precisely that the difficulty arises. The "hostility," as he conceives it, of the different members of the federation to be associated with one another prevents Professor Jackson from positively recommending immediate legislation to give it effect, notwithstanding his conviction "that this scheme is such as to provide for the academic needs of Ireland, and to allay religious and political animosities."

If I might express my opinion of the validity of this conclusion, I would say that it holds good provided the "hostility" of the colleges were shown to be at the same time reasonable and abiding. But when a scheme is evidently sound and useful in itself, the *onus probandi* surely lies on those who oppose it.

Now as to the Queen's Colleges, it is vain for their officials to allege that federation in a national University with Trinity College would not be an immense improvement on their present position in the Royal University, both as regards academic status and efficiency. Dr Windle, the most

* Final Report, n. 5, p. 72.

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distinguished President of the College at Cork, has said so *totidem verbis*, since the intentions of the Government were announced.

Then as to University College, Dublin, we all gratefully recognize the brilliant services which Father Delany has rendered to the cause of higher education in Ireland, but we must recollect that the college of which he is now the President is not, in any way, the college which we should hope would come into the federation. University College is now entirely under the control of the Jesuit Fathers. While we should regard with distress any change which deprived us of their invaluable services as teachers, yet we count upon replacing their little college, which has kept the lamp of learning so splendidly alight all these years, by an institution more truly national in its constitution and government. This being so, I should think that we may regard Father Delany's opinion, which, after all, indicates not "hostility" to the University of Dublin scheme but a decided preference for the alternative, as merely personal; and the statement of the Bishops to the effect that a new college in the University of Dublin would be acceptable to the Catholics of Ireland may be taken as a more authentic indication of the probable feeling of that College, if it ever comes to exist, towards the suggested federation.

It is not quite so easy to appraise the pronouncements from Belfast. As far as I can make them out, they seem to be ruled by two master ideas: first to "dish" the Catholics, and this has been put on record by the Report of the Robertson Commission; and then, whatever is done, to prevent the door being finally shut on the setting up of a University at Belfast. Reading the evidence of the Rev. Dr Hamilton, than whom, I would take the liberty of saying, there is not a more broad-minded or liberal man connected with university life in Ireland, one can see the influence of the second of these ideas in determining their opposition to the Dublin University scheme; and one would not be far wrong in the conclusion that, once it were adopted, the sensible men of the North of Ireland would not discredit their Scottish descent by a foolish refusal to secure for

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themselves the full benefit of any advantages which it might yield.

With the people of Trinity College the case is different, and naturally so. They have lived so long in isolation, they are so rich, their positions are so agreeable, that it would be nothing less than heroic virtue if they willingly accepted a change. As a specimen of their habit of mind nothing could be more striking than the evidence of the Rev. Thomas Gray, one of their most distinguished Senior Fellows. It is a matter of common knowledge that a man must have advanced pretty well in years to become a Senior Fellow, which is the qualification for membership of the Board. It has been stated in evidence that sixty-five years is on an average the age at which persons enter on the responsible duties of this office. Yet this does not strike the Rev. Thomas Gray as at all incongruous. Here is a short excerpt from his evidence:

Question 3996a. Chairman.—Do you think that mere seniority is the best mode of choosing Fellows?—I think it is.—What would you think of handing over the government of the Empire to the seven oldest men in it? It depends upon who they were.

This is pretty much the tone of the whole place. They have an inveterate objection to change. They grow rather than move. But we may hope that if Trinity College were once brought out of this stagnation into the free currents of Irish life, it would, in a generation, put on a more progressive spirit. The estimable and venerable gentlemen who now direct its fortunes do not seem to feel the extent to which the very sources of its existence are being dried up. It has always stood aloof from the mass of the population, whom it did not need as long as it was the resort of the landed aristocracy. But now these are deserting it, and its rulers do not seem to realize the consequences. Mr Justice Madden, the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin, in the course of his examination before the recent Royal Commission, in answer to a question as to whether he had noticed that the upper classes were sending their sons less to Trinity College, said: "Indeed I have, and I

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have noticed it with great regret. In the eighteenth century Trinity College was a great school for the whole country. . . . Trinity College in those days educated Ireland as a whole in a way in which I am sorry to say that it does not now."

Taken in conjunction with Dr Traill's statement that "what people in England and elsewhere ought to realize is that there are two nations in Ireland," and Dr Douglas Hyde's ready comment, "and you educate only for one of them," it reveals a state of things bad at the present time, but worse in its prospects and grave enough, one would imagine, to set every one who was interested in the College thinking in what other directions and in what other strata of society it might strike fresh sources of supply. But we see nothing of the kind. On all sides there is the *vis inertiae* of things in possession. Yet there is no reason to think that it will always be so. The present tone of Trinity College is the necessary outcome of its history; in altered circumstances it is bound to disappear. And we may hope that a new generation growing up amid the liberalizing influences of a reformed university would associate with their fellow countrymen in a broad and national spirit.

The same conclusion is forced on us by a consideration of the intrinsic merits of the objections which are urged against associations with a new college in Dublin. It is alleged that this college with its predominantly Catholic atmosphere would fall, as a place of learning and research, much below Trinity College, which it would tend to draw to its own level. There can be no difficulty in admitting that, at the outset, the new college would not equal its venerable rival, but I think that time would remove the inequality very quickly. University College, in St Stephen's Green, labouring under the most manifest disabilities, was not long in overtaking Belfast Queen's College, and its successor, we should hope, would soon draw level with Trinity College. The reason is obvious. Numbers tell. The Catholics of Ireland are practically the nation. The best amongst millions will, other things being equal, be superior to the best amongst thousands, especially when of

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the thousands an increasing section are turning their backs upon the College which has a right to count upon their support. In relation to this point the memorandum sent in to the Royal Commission by Lord Justice FitzGibbon is delightful and hopeful reading for us Catholics, as we run down the roll of our brilliant co-religionists who, all through the last century, made such a name for themselves in Trinity College. If I might say it without offence, I would say that the real fear of our opponents is, not that our college would be too bad, but that it might be too good.

And even if it lagged behind for some time, surely Trinity College owes something to the people of Ireland, out of whose public funds it draws an immense revenue. It might be expected to take a friendly interest in its young associate which would carry with it so much of the fortunes of the country. That would be the realization, at long last, of the idea which governed its own foundation. It would be the *Mater universitatis*, and would share in extending to the whole Irish nation the advantages of learning and culture which, unquestionably, it has conferred in no small measure for centuries on a class. A hand thus held out generously to a people not insensible to kindness would be doubly blessed. After the estrangement of different classes of the people for centuries there is something singularly fascinating in the thought of the first approaches to a national unity being made through a great University in which the best minds of Ireland would be drawn together by a common pursuit of knowledge.

Nor do I think that there is much more substance in the objection which is urged on religious grounds. As far as I can gather from the evidence given before the Royal Commission, and from some speeches which have been delivered since within Trinity College, the point of the objection is the assumed incompatibility of a denominational college, such as it is alleged ours would be, with an undenominational college, which Trinity College is said to be, in a common university. Now supposing for a moment that the facts are so, what is there in the nature of a university, or of its relations with its colleges to prevent such a union?

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One of the most modern of the teaching universities of these kingdoms, the London University, whose reformed constitution is only a few years old, has formally and avowedly denominational colleges within it, although the Provost of Trinity College was not aware of the fact. In his examination before the Royal Commission the following passage occurs:

66 Sir A. W. Rücker.—Are you at all acquainted with the revised University of London? The Provost.—I have had some experience of it . . . but I am not acquainted with the details.

67.—You are aware that there are denominational colleges within it now, completely governed by different denominations?—I am not acquainted with it personally.

So much for the general principle which we have heard laid down so dogmatically. Now for the facts. If I say to the persons who speak for Trinity College that it is a denominational place, they answer at once that it is nothing of the kind, and if I point to the Divinity School, which is the ecclesiastical seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland, and to the chapel, both of which are endowed out of public funds, they tell me that these things do not affect the case, but that the Fawcett Act, by abolishing religious tests, established once for all the undenominational character of the College. But when Mr Bryce informs them officially that the same prohibition of tests will be enforced in any College which may be established for Catholics, and the Catholic Bishops give their consent to that condition, it is rather amusing to observe how they fail to see that the same consequence follows as in their own case. They do not even appreciate the important difference in their favour that, while their religion is endowed by public funds in Trinity College, Catholics are to make all provision for religion in their college from private sources. It is clear that the words "denominational" and "undenominational" vary in meaning with them according to the institutions to which they are applied. Some light, however, is thrown on the point by

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a very valuable passage which occurs in Dr Traill's examination:

Give the Bishops (that is the Catholic Bishops) and those laymen who are prepared to work on their lines a college of the kind they ask for in connexion with the Royal University, and let those Roman Catholics who wish to come to Trinity College be perfectly free to do so. Two conditions, however, should be attached to this double solution. First of all, the college to be taken into the Royal University should not be run on the same lines as Trinity College. It should be understood to be practically denominational. For, as I have shown elsewhere, Trinity College has a right to be protected from unfair competition. There is not room in Dublin for two open colleges run on the same lines, especially if the second charged lower fees so as to attract numbers of our students, Protestants as well as Roman Catholics.*

This is certainly an illuminating passage. In its clear, unsentimental light we can see distinctly the real bearings of religion on this question. It is all at the bottom a matter of commerce. Trinity College has a monopoly; it can now charge what fees it likes; twenty-five of its Fellows depend on fees; it charges £15 entrance fee as against one or two guineas in other universities; its fee of £16 a year for teaching is double the rate in the Scotch universities, and the one care with Dr Traill is to prevent at all costs the establishment in Dublin of a college which might break down this monopoly. It is a monstrous pretension. It implies that the educational welfare of all Ireland must wait upon the pecuniary interests of Trinity College. But in this extraordinary passage there is nothing to compare in candour with its suggestion for the solution of the whole Irish University question. Few men would have the courage to propose the practical repeal of the Acts for the abolition of tests, and the endowment by Parliament of a college which should be *ex professo* an inferior place of education, for the sole purpose of making it so worthless and narrow that Trinity College would have nothing to fear from its rivalry.

It is all very pitiful, but it is the inevitable result of the

*Appendix to the Final Report, p. 2.

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narrow, sectarian and old-world routine in which Dr Traill and his fellows have passed their lives. Their College is the world for them. Its boundaries are their horizon. The nation to which it rightly belongs, and of which it might be the throbbing living centre, is outside their purview, and even in Dublin they are practically shut off from the living forces around them. As soldiers in a garrison they go in and go out, but in their aims, their aspirations and habits of thought they have nothing in common with the population.

It would be a mercy to themselves to bring them out of this seclusion. They do not see now the difference between their self-centred existence and the multiplied lines through which the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge send their influences through English society, and receive in return their own vital support. These great Universities, with true patriotism, have put themselves at the head of the secondary schools of England, and, through syndicates, do gratuitously for them what our Intermediate Board does, at enormous cost, for the schools in Ireland. Their system of University Extension Lectures reaches almost all the cities of England, and they conduct within their halls summer courses of lectures for primary teachers. But unfortunately Trinity College, by its religious and political associations, is cut off from the nation, and it is the *vis inertiae* which has grown upon it in these conditions which now makes the strength of its opposition to reform.

Its best and most enlightened friends see that it cannot remain as it is. Isaac Butt, one of the greatest Irishmen of the last century and one of the most illustrious of the *alumni* of Trinity College, saw the supreme advantage of breaking down the barriers of privilege which were isolating and killing it. In a remarkable essay, *The Problem of Irish Education*, which every one interested in this question should study, he proposed the union in the University of Dublin, together with Trinity College, of a great Catholic college. At that time no reduction had been made of the highest denominational claims of Catholics, as they had been expounded by Newman; yet Butt saw no in-

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congruity in joining the two Colleges in one University. Much less difficulty ought there to be now when the religious claims of Catholics have been reduced almost to vanishing point. Butt was a profoundly religious-minded man; so was Gladstone, and it is a noteworthy coincidence that these two great men approaching the problem from opposite sides, the one as an Irish patriot, the other as an English statesman, arrived at, in substance, the same conclusion.

On the whole one need not be very sanguine to hope that the "hostility" which impresses Professor Jackson so much is an evanescent feeling that will not long survive in the open air of a national university. It is altogether probable that in ten or twenty years, when the work which Trinity College has been doing so splendidly for one section of the population of Ireland takes on a wider scope and fuller life, some who are now opposed to change will look back with wonder at their action, and will regret that the Irish Parliament in 1793 did not carry out its beneficent intentions, which might have turned at its source the stream of Irish public life for the last hundred years.

The general idea of a national university is right and sound in itself, and no one need have any fear of it. The difficulties will arise in putting it into execution. As to this, there seem to be two principles which afford safe guidance. The one is to interfere as little as possible with the actual working of Trinity College, and the other to start the new college for Catholics in Dublin with a feeling of contentment and self-respect, as the equal in actual status, and in hope and promise as to achievement, of its fellow. If these two principles are kept well in view, it ought to be fair sailing. If either of them is disregarded, the whole project may come to shipwreck.

One change in the status of Trinity College is inevitable, for the distinction between it and the University must be drawn sharply and clearly. But this need involve no perceptible change in the operations of the College. Its courses of studies might proceed as usual, its examinations be held, and even its degrees given, practically as at present.

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No doubt at the degree examination the governing body of the University, as distinguished from the College, should be represented, but this would mean no more than the presence, which is now almost universal, of an outside examiner.

In the very lucid speech in which he expounded the Government plan Mr Bryce stated very reasonably that they did not commit themselves to all its details. That being so, I should wish to call attention to one or two points which seem to me to need reconsideration.

He suggested that certain professorships, such for instance as those of Mathematics and Classics, should be put in dependence directly on the governing body of the University. Anyone can see at once that such an arrangement would cut down a good part of the teaching strength and academic status of Trinity College. Its great strength lies precisely in these subjects, and, if it were now left only tutorial work in them, it would unquestionably undergo a great change for the worse. It would not answer this objection to say that, while these Chairs became University appointments, their occupants might go on, as they have always done, to teach in Trinity College. Unless there were a legal enactment to this effect, it could only be a temporary arrangement; and, at any time that the governing body of the University thought fit, it might transfer the actual teaching to the other College. It is pretty certain too that the new College would not accept from the outset a position of such manifest inferiority. If it merely housed and fed its students, and provided some teaching in particular subjects, and had to send them day by day to Trinity College for all their work which was of a university character, one does not well see how it could ever become a great intellectual centre, or much more than a Catholic hostel to Trinity College.

There is no use in shutting our eyes to the real difficulties of the situation. Government will be dealing with two bodies both equally sensitive, and, at the outset, equally distrustful. The friends of Trinity College will fear that under the cover of being brought into a national univer-

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sity it will be lowered in status and weakened in efficiency. On the other hand the Catholics of Ireland, who resent nothing so much as being treated as inferiors, will not submit to a settlement which will stereotype their subjection and will prevent them from ever hoping to realize their own ideals in education.

As a college, Trinity College ought to be left intact, and the new college to be associated with it ought to be fully equipped as a university institution of the first rank. Such equality is the first condition of future harmony. The objection, on economic grounds, to this doubling of expenditure on certain Chairs does not seem to have much force. The whole amount of money which by any possibility might be necessary in order to carry out the scheme on the grandest scale is really a bagatelle compared with the great interests which are at stake.

A more serious difficulty, at first sight, is the question which arises as to what precisely would be the functions of the University towards these autonomous colleges. I should say that they ought to be as limited and restricted as possible, and their extension ought to be a growth from within of gradually approximating tendencies which would inevitably in time draw the colleges together. From the very beginning the University, by the appointment of examiners, would keep the studies of both Colleges up to a uniform and proper level; it would see to the constitution of Boards of Studies in the different Faculties, and by means of a higher Board would co-ordinate their operations, and thus the Faculties in the Colleges would become the first vital link between them, and lead up to a constantly increasing community of work and spirit. As soon as that stage was reached, a multitude of theoretic difficulties, which now seem insurmountable, would have disappeared, and the common work of the University would be carried on by its governing body at the instance of the Colleges themselves. But a premature binding of them together may be very mischievous and defeat its own purpose.

So far I have considered the union of two great and equal Colleges in a common University. There can be no

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denying that, when, as the Government proposes, after the suggestion of the majority of the Royal Commission, the Queen's Colleges at Belfast and Cork, and most probably Galway, are brought in, the conditions of the case will undergo an essential change, and not for the better. If the two colleges in Dublin work harmoniously together, they will not only grow into a great University, but practically monopolize all its advantages. You will then have two categories of students who, though technically equal, will to all intents and purposes, be "externs" and "interns." How this would work it is not easy to say. It is quite possible that, as distances are so short in Ireland, the students may gradually be drained off from Belfast and Cork, and the whole work of the University concentrated in its two colleges in Dublin. Or, on the other hand, the thought which was clearly in Mr Bryce's mind may turn out a true anticipation, and these two provincial Colleges may become ripe for University charters.

Even in designating the university degrees there may be some confusion. T. C. D. will retain its old value. U. C. D. (University College, Dublin) would also be understood, but there may be the suggestion of a "bull" in Q. C. B. D. (Queen's College, Belfast, Dublin).

Mere details, however, of this kind do not affect the substance of the scheme. The only question of importance at this point regards the value of a federal arrangement between the different colleges; but, on this ground, both the majority and the minority of the Royal Commission have the same difficulty to face. Both advocate federation, but with this difference, that the majority bring in Trinity College, and it is hard to see how this, regarded as a federation, does not improve the scheme.

Nevertheless, I must say that I think the scheme would be the better for being limited to two colleges, and that the University of Dublin would thus be more homogeneous and have more real unity. This would leave the three Queen's Colleges to be provided for, and if they were made autonomous and brought, through their governing bodies, into harmony with their several localities, and then com-

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bined in what would be a revived Queen's University, there are very many persons in Ireland who would accept this arrangement, as a whole, with great satisfaction.

But for us Catholics the dominant feeling is a hope that at last something will be done to take this country, intellectually, out of its water-logged condition, and give it some chance of taking its place amongst the progressive countries of the world.

It is hardly necessary for me to add that, in expressing these views, I speak only for myself, and I commit myself, where I approve of possible plans of solving this University Question only to their general outlines, reserving a final opinion until the details have been authoritatively filled in

✠ EDWARD THOMAS,

Bishop of Limerick

THE FUTURE OF THE FREE CHURCHES

An Evangelical Free Church Catechism for Use in Home and School. Prepared by Special Committees of the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches in England and Wales. 23rd edition.

NO better preface could be found to the present study on the Free Churches than the earnest prefatory words of the "Catechism" itself.

The great object of the Committee has been to express the Christian doctrines held in common by all the Evangelical Free Churches. The theologians who have prepared this Catechism represent directly or indirectly the beliefs of not less and probably many more than 60,000,000 of avowed Christians in all parts of the world. Students of history will be aware that no such combined statement of interdenominational belief has ever been previously attempted, much less achieved, since the lamentable day when Martin Luther contended with Huldreich Zwingli. In view of the distressing controversies of our forefathers it is profoundly significant and gladdening to be able to add that every question and every answer has been finally adopted without a dissentient voice. Deo soli gloria.

There is no proof that a writer in *THE DUBLIN REVIEW* would be going beyond its tradition of fair and friendly apologetics by heartily expressing his agreement with these weighty words of the Free Church Catechism. Moreover, if he accepts the statistics which are offered him of the spread of the Free Churches here and abroad, his attitude towards them, as a Roman Catholic, must be one of deep interest and even sympathy. From childhood onwards he has probably been led to look upon apologetics as a department of theology chiefly concerned with defending his Church by refuting Anglican arguments, and with attacking the Established Church by disproving Anglican orders. The attention paid to the Anglican section of apologetics has probably been out of all proportion to the numbers and influence of the Anglican communion. Unconsciously he has identified the English nation with the Church of England, and has ignored

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the millions of Free Churchmen whose voice has of late become so articulate and so commanding in the vast majority at St Stephen's.

To keep our thoughts together it may be well to set down a few dates.

- 1852. July. First Provincial Synod of Oscott.
- 1860. British Association at Oxford. Darwinism triumphant. "Essays and Reviews." Commencement of English Church Union.
- 1861. First Church Congress at Cambridge.
- 1870. Revision of New Testament. Vance Smith, a Unitarian, admitted to Communion in English Church.
- 1877. Methodist Conference admit laity.
- 1890. Feb. 20. At the suggestion of Hugh Price Hughes (Wesleyan), J. Guinness Rogers (Congregationalist) writes to *Methodist Times* proposing "Nonconformist Church Congress."
- 1892. Nov. 7. First meeting at Manchester.
- 1896. New Catechism proposed.
- 1898. December. Catechism published.

The formation of the National Council of the Free Churches and the publication of a Catechism which received the unanimous assent of the Committee appointed to draw it up open a new and momentous chapter in the history of English-speaking Nonconformity. Its history covers the whole period between the sixteenth and the twentieth centuries, and demands an accurate knowledge of the principles differentiating the churchmanship of the Free Churches from that of the Roman Catholic and Anglican communions. Speaking generally, and as accurately as a generalization will allow, the statesmen who framed the Elizabethan settlement of religion, warned by the Peasants' Wars in Germany, were wise enough to counterbalance their break with Christendom by an appeal to the historic Church which had expressed itself in the four General Councils. They thereby sought to justify their severance from the present by an appeal to the past. The subjectivism or individualism of the Lutheran and Calvinistic religious settlement did not recommend itself to the

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Tudor absolutists who influenced the policy of Henry and Elizabeth. As far as possible they left Church government as it was, only substituting, in the final power of government, the Sovereign for the Sovereign Pontiff. In this way they cleverly changed the centre of Christianity, whilst keeping what they could of its circumference.

The Nonconformist bodies, as they came into being, protested no less unmistakably against the spiritual supremacy of a Tudor Sovereign or Tudor Bishop than against a Roman Pontiff. Pius V was hardly more anathematized than Elizabeth or Laud. The accepted Nonconformist doctrine of justification by faith alone broke away from every sacramental or institutional system. When they professed that the soul stood or fell alone before God alone, an organized Church became a paralogism. Individualism became the right and even the birthright of every Nonconformist. This was their strength; nor need we deny that in spite of persecution, or perhaps because of it, they have been strong. From the first they wielded an attraction over souls in whom lay great powers of initiative and resistance. And though their doctrine of "faith alone" led logically to a Calvinistic doctrine of "fate alone," yet its very Calvinism fostered a manly independence which has been one of the characteristic forces of the nation's social and religious life.

It sounds almost like the echo of a dead past to speak of the Rule of Faith. Yet it is the word alone that is dead; the thing still lives among us, though we do not always see its life. It was vital to Nonconformity to justify its position by some final Court of Appeal, some Rule of Faith as it was called. Following the lead of Luther, the men who both broke away from Rome and despised Canterbury boldly appealed from an *Ἐκκλησία* to the Bible.

Bossuet foretold the Tractarian movement by reminding Anglicans that they could not long study the Fathers of the Church without being confronted and perhaps attracted by the Church of the Fathers. It would have been easy to prophesy, and no doubt a few Catholic controversialists did prophesy, that the Nonconformist appeal to Holy Writ

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would lead them onward to the Writer; and that the voice from the first centuries would sooner or later raise the question of the Ἐκκλησία whose voice it was. The Tractarian movement was not an unaccountable activity; it was the last phase of that biological process whereby variations run their appointed cycle before reverting to the parent type. Nor was it confined to the Establishment. It is energizing to-day in the Free Churches, as any philosopher of history may see who cares to study the history of that "profoundly significant and gladdening statement of interdenominational belief," the Free Church Catechism.

We may now set down a list of the various "Free Churches" whose federation has resulted in the Free Church Catechism. The names of a few well-known members of the Catechism Committee will be added.

1. Congregationalists (including C. A. Berry, D.D., and J. Guinness Rogers, D.D.)
2. Wesleyan Methodists (including J. A. Beet, D.D., and Hugh Price Hughes, M.A.)
3. Baptists (including J. Clifford, D.D.)
4. Primitive Methodists.
5. Presbyterians (including J. Monro Gibson, D.D.)
6. Methodist New Connexion.
7. Bible Christians.
8. United Methodist Free Church.

This list of federated Free Churches is almost more significant by those it omits than by those it includes. It will be noticed that the Unitarians and the Society of Friends are not included in the Federation; although we are assured by Mr P. Bunting that "members of the Society of Friends also have from almost the first taken part in the movement."* It is, then, a phenomenon worth investigating that from a federation of Free Churches should be left out the followers of Fox (the Society of Friends), and the co-religionists of two of England's greatest geniuses, Milton and Newton, who were Unitarians. The reason is one of deep

* Percy W. Bunting, *The National Free Church Council*, being an Introduction to the *Official Handbook of the Annual Meeting of the National Free Church Council*, p. 9. Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1904.

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interest and even consolation to Roman Catholics. The Society of Friends and the Unitarians deny the Divinity of Jesus Christ; and it was to accentuate this doctrine that the framers of the religious federation toiled so earnestly.

The series of dates we have set down is the key to this consoling event. Nonconformists from the very first have made it their boast to have withdrawn every human mediator between the soul and God by bringing the soul into immediate contact with Jesus Christ, "the only begotten of the Father." Under the influence of the Catholic doctrine of Christ's divinity souls have been led to a pitch of religion not unworthy of the Book whence they professed to draw their inspiration and of the "Rock whence they were hewn." Pictures of family life amongst them often reveal a simple uprightness, piety, faith and charity which are the boast of Christianity.

But the vast changes, scientific and social, of the nineteenth century could not fail to stir the Free Churches. Historians of the Tractarian movement often attribute that strange phenomenon to a long chain of causes so subtle in character as to link the publication of the Waverley Novels and the immigration of French refugee Abbés with Butler's *Analogy*, Rousseau's *Contrat Social* and Kant's *Kritik der Reinen Vernunft*. All these causes have been at work to bring about the federation of the Free Churches, and especially to exclude from the federation all who deny the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

The Provincial Synod at Oscott, 1852, the first meeting of the British Association at Oxford, 1860, and the first Church Congress at Cambridge, 1861, introduce us to most of the forces influencing the Free Churches in their movement towards organization and reunion.

Under the rubric, "Meeting of British Association at Oxford, 1860," we find the question of the Divinity of Jesus Christ. Not that the question had never hitherto been mooted in the history of the Free Churches. From time to time faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ had waned in not inconsiderable sections of the Baptists and Congregationalists. Indeed, flourishing groups of Unitarians had been

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given off as swarms from the latter body. But the question entered upon a new phase when the new science of Darwin and the Agnostics beset the central doctrine of Christianity with perhaps the strongest attack it had yet borne. Miracles had no place in a scheme of things linking stardust to the mind of Aquinas and the soul of Augustine with bands of iron evolution. The intrusion of a divine personality into the offspring of a human mother became a rock of scandal to what was lightly called the scientific spirit. University education, of late thrown open to Nonconformists, introduced their younger men to this fascinating world of Agnosticism where one of the most accredited commentaries on Genesis was *The Origin of Species*, and where the Saviour of mankind was explained—or shall we say answered—by *The Descent of Man*. Nonconformists with a strain of the old Puritanism were quick to see that it would not suit their system to call Christ "Elias or one of the Prophets." Their whole being was bound up with professing Him to be "the Christ, the Son of God." For even if the Saviour could afford to be looked upon as a little less than God, the Free Churches could not afford to see Him thus lessened. A merely human Redeemer would be not only the denial of Christ but the denial of Nonconformity. The only plea the Free Churches had put forward to justify their severance from historic, world-wide Christianity was that the Church had gradually placed a human mediator between the soul and God. The going out of the Puritans and the Wesleyans in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries meant the denial of all mere human mediatorship between the soul and God, or it meant nothing. But if Christ was merely man and not also true God, Nonconformity became a protest without a purpose. Its existence was a paradox; its continuance would be folly; its future could only be the chaos begotten of all contradictions. For in spite of its title-deeds that no man should stand between the soul and God, Jesus Christ, a mere man, was the one mediator between the soul and God.

It is to the honour of the Free Churches that at a time when naturalistic evolution was saying it had taken away

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all the cosmical significance of Christ and had reduced His life to a local episode in a byeway of history, men of the old Puritan stamp set their hearts on re-proclaiming His divinity. Two of the men to whom, humanly speaking, this venture of faith was due have since then passed "from shadows and symbols to the truth." Hugh Price Hughes, a Welsh Wesleyan, not unknown to Catholics as a friend of Cardinal Manning, and C. A. Berry, a Congregationalist and friend of Gladstone, used their strong personalities to raise up a Free Church which should stem the unfaith of the age by a reassertion of the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

A factor determining them in this endeavour to federate the Free Churches into a Free Church was the existence and influence of the Established Church, which we have included under the rubric, "1861, First Church Congress at Cambridge."

Persecution had kept the Free Churches alive. As persecution died, it was not unlikely that they, too, would die, not of their wounds, but of toleration. When the struggle between the Established Church and the Nonconformist bodies came to an end, the latter were still in being, but the former was in well-being and indeed in supremacy. To the majority of the nation the Establishment seemed to be little less than the nation expressing itself ecclesiastically. Just as every man according to the American Constitution is born free, so was every Englishman, according to a not defunct opinion, born a member of the Establishment. No Englishman's birth or marriage or death was quite in order unless the Establishment blessed it or at least registered it. The English Church became, to many at least, the Church of the English people, and disloyalty to one became almost indistinguishable from disloyalty to the other. It alone was a Church and worshipped in churches; all others were sects and worshipped in chapels.

After winning freedom from the Established Church, there was little doubt but that the Free Churches would aim at winning her supremacy. They very rightly thought themselves as well qualified as their late persecutors to express the

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mind of religious England. The point is plainly and forcibly put by the writer already quoted: *

The time therefore seemed ripe for feeling the way to a more active co-operation of the Free Churches. And while the Anglican Establishment was necessarily left out of consideration, the very predominance and separateness of that Church seemed to make it the more important for the Free Churches to come together. Instead of the Church and the sects—a catching formula which wrought great evil among careless observers—it would be well to institute a great National Evangelical Church—not necessarily organized for all purposes under a single central government, but so united as to be able to take common action for common objects—which would stand in the eyes of the country and in the eyes of the younger generation less familiar with the history of controversies as an alternative to that National Church which claimed exclusive rights.

Under the rubric, "1852, First Provincial Synod of Oscott," we have introduced the third and most important factor in the modern evolution of the Free Churches. Nothing has so stirred their activity as the Roman Catholic Church. Even on their return as a shattered remnant from exile to home there was something about English Catholics that drew men's gaze. For some strange reason they inspired fear; the less worthy emotions need not now be recalled. The dread their coming stirred up could not be traced to their numbers, for they were only a handful; nor to their boldness, for they were almost dispirited; nor to their strength, for they had not many wise nor many mighty. But they represented and possessed a living principle, whose flame, quenched now here now there, in this century and in that, had been alight somewhere throughout the centuries since Christ had first enkindled it.

The Divinity of Jesus Christ was everything to Roman Catholics. Without that doctrine, which the Free Churches had taken with them when they left the historic Church, Catholics and Nonconformists alike would be of "all men the most miserable." When the successors of St Augustine

* Percy W. Bunting, *ibid.* p. 8.

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came back to the land which had heard the good tidings from him fourteen centuries ago, every worshipper of Jesus Christ, true God and true man, should have felt joy at the coming of so many defenders of their common Christianity.

The written Word was hardly less prized by Roman Catholics than the personal Word made flesh. But over and beyond the Book they brought back with them into England the same historic Church whose earliest consciousness the Book enshrined. The men in communion with the See of Peter represented no mere theoretic, embryonic Christianity, but a living, articulate, highly organized Church. They claimed to be the only institution which gave a man the right on entering it to proclaim himself a citizen of the world. It could never know defeat; for nowhere was more than a detachment of its members under struggle. And though merely a handful of its members took possession of England once again, they had behind them the momentum of the only world-wide body on earth.

No matter how persistently it held its peace, the mere presence of the Catholic Church stimulated religious thought and action. Since 1850, when its renewed hierarchy entered into formal relations with the nation, few things have been more striking than the wane of individualism and the growth—some would say the abnormal growth—of organization and collectivism. If the race was to the strong and only the fittest could survive, bodies, whether social or religious, could only hope to outlast competitors by organized and collective action. Even the Established Church in her efforts to survive had to abandon her national for an international position. To withstand the inroads of the new learning and politics she had to throw herself upon the world-wide Catholic Church. In this appeal to the Catholic Church the Tractarians were stimulated by their study of Patrology. The study of the Bible has acted analogously with the men who organized the Free Church Council. No body of honest thinkers could study the New Testament for any length of time without coming in contact with the world-wide *Ἐκκλησία*. Such questions as Inspiration drew men's minds from the old mechanical theory of a book

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whose every word was revealed, to the organic theory of inspired writings containing a part of revelation to be explained and interpreted by the same consciousness that had written them. Both the subject matter and the divine charism of the Bible on which the Free Churches rested, led them onward to the doctrine of a divinely organized *Ἐκκλησία* to which individual experience must submit.

In the light of this Catholic movement two answers of the Free Church Catechism are specially significant:

12. Q. What benefit have we from the Son of God becoming man?

A. We have a Mediator between God and men; one who as God reveals to us what God is; and, as perfect Man, represents our race before God.

34. Q. For what end did our Lord found His Church?

A. He united His people into this visible brotherhood for the worship of God and the ministry of the Word and the Sacraments, etc.

What has been hitherto said may be summed up in the words of two, well qualified to speak:

The historical causes which had separated Protestant communions—apart from the Church of England—into so many sects had for the most part ceased to operate. During the last half century new aspects of Christian doctrine had brought into such overwhelming predominance the broad faith in the Fatherhood of God as to reduce the importance of many points which in times gone by had been topics of sharp controversy. A deeper study of the history of early Christian centuries had shown the insecurity of dogmatic views as to the authority of this or that method of Church government. The growth and the arrogance of scientific scepticism drove the faithful back upon the ground foundation of their creed.*

This movement resulting in the Federation of the Free Churches differs essentially from the Evangelical Alliance, inasmuch as its unit is not an individual private Christian, but a definitely organised and visible Church. The essential doctrine of the movement is a particular doctrine of churchmanship which as explained in the Catechism regards the Lord Jesus Christ as the sole and divine head of every branch of the Holy

* Percy W. Bunting, *ut supra*, pp. 7, 8.

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Catholic Church throughout the world. For this reason those who do not accept the deity of Christ are necessarily excluded from the National Council and its local constituent Councils.*

There are, then, two parties amongst modern Free Churchmen, one undogmatic, the other dogmatic. The undogmatic party do not hesitate to deny the Divinity of Jesus Christ, as we are reminded just at present by the advocates of the New Theology. The dogmatic party recognizes that for Nonconformity a denial of Christ is unintelligible suicide, which would necessitate the usual verdict of "unsound mind."

The undogmatic party have no great concern in advocating the Apostles' Creed. At the first Baptist World-Congress, held in Exeter Hall, July, 1905, the President, Dr Alexander Maclaren, after consultation with the Vice-Presidents, suggested that the Congress should rise to their feet and recite the Apostles' Creed. The report in *The Christian World* of July 13 says, "there appeared to be a good deal of abstention."

In the *Times* of December 19, 1904, appeared a manifesto from the Education Committee of the Free Church Council to the 800 Free Church Councils in England and Wales, protesting against the permissive use of the Apostles' Creed in provided schools, which the Committee declared "a backward step." The dogmatic party have based the *Free Church Catechism*, which is "for use in home and school," entirely upon the Apostles' Creed.

The undogmatic party is still linked to a pure individualism, which, with the change of so many watch-words, has received a new name:

We did not accept our faith upon the authority of the Church, nor yet upon the authority of the Holy Book. . . . Every man who makes the experiment for himself will find that he is justified by experience.†

This individualism affects not merely the human unit but the Church unit:

*Hugh Price Hughes, *Encyc. Britt.* Supplement, art. "Free Church Federation," p. 512.

†F. L. Wiseman, B.A., *Methodist Recorder*, Sept. 6, 1906.

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At the offices of the Congregational Union a representative of the *Tribune* was informed that according to the constitution of the Congregational Churches the union could not exercise the slightest influence upon the government of individual churches. Therefore the theology of the churches was entirely a matter for the members.*

The dogmatic party are ecclesiastical and collectivist:

Dr Berry . . . was a High Church Congregationalist, which means that he thought a great deal of the usefulness and authority of the Church of Christ as opposed to the merely individualistic view of religion, which few really believe in.†

If the present state of the Free Churches is a sufficient, as it is the sole, guide to their future, data enough are at hand to guarantee a prophecy or at least an explanation. The symptoms of something akin to a High Church or Catholic movement are already visible. There are two parties, or at least two ways of thinking in their midst, one of which turns eagerly back upon Protestantism or individualism, whilst the other looks wistfully upon the image of a world-wide Church. Time heals wounds; but time can only widen the cleavage between these two, for these two are not one, neither can they be.

No theory of the Established Church existed until Newman undertook the task of formulating one. The Free Churches have not produced a mind great and bold enough to express them philosophically. But we know not how soon the Newman of Nonconformity may arise to begin a homeward movement towards the historic Church which still misses its separated children from its fold though not from its prayers. And if it be said with some show of truth that we have answered the question, "What will be the future of the Free Churches?" by denying any future to the Free Churches, we boldly assert that to find all that is true and good in their thoughts taken up into the fuller synthesis of the truest and the best is a future worthy of the history and hopes of the most loyal Free Churchmen.

* *Tribune*, Jan. 15, 1907. † *The Methodist Times*, January 19, 1905.

VINCENT McNABB, O.P.

ASCLEPIADES

THE name of Asclepiades recalls the days when, as a schoolboy bewildered in the variety of Horatian metres, one would say of any ode not written in the recognizable Sapphics or Alcaics that it was "Asclepiadean." This gave five chances of success; and the five variations of Asclepiadean together account for as many as twenty-two of Horace's Odes.

It is in the way of comments upon Horatian metre that we have what information the metrists give us about the Asclepiadean, and it is to this quarter that we must look for an answer to a very obvious and pertinent question, why are these metres called Asclepiadean* at all?

To take the case of the "greater Asclepiadean" only: why does a metre bear Asclepiades' name which was invented and freely written three centuries before his date? There are surviving fragments of Alcæus† in it, and of Sappho—indeed it is sometimes called the Sapphic Sixteen-Syllable. Atilius Fortunatianus‡ gives the answer. *Asclepiadeon metron vocatur non quod repertor eius Asclepius fuerit, sed quod eo familiarius et frequentius sit usus.* He expressly adds that it had been used by Sappho and Alcæus. The same story in fact as the Phalæcian Hendecasyllable:§ the popularizer and not the inventor has had the luck to

* Not as Wandalbertus Prumiensis (writing perhaps at Cologne about the year 848) quaintly puts forth: "Asclepiadeum autem ab Æsculapio, qui græce vocatur Asclepios, medicinæ repertore cuius laudes hoc metri genere frequentatæ sunt." And yet he was not far out, for he adds: "Vel ab aliquo ejusdem nominis poeta est appellatum Metrum, cum frequenter ab inventoribus, nonnunquam a frequentatoribus, interdum et ab eis quorum memorias celebrant, appellantur." His information derives from Isidore.—Wandalb. Prum. Epist. ad Otricum. *Monum. Germ. Poet. Latin. Med. Ævi*, vol. II, p. 570.

† The first example of it in Horace is translated from Alcæus; in its acatalectic form it occurs in fragments of Anacreon; there is one little specimen of it given under Callimachus' name in *Anth. Pal.* XIII, and, lastly, one undoubtedly genuine and one perhaps spurious piece of Theocritus are composed in it. The dialect of these, by the way, witnesses to the Æolic associations of the metre.

‡ Keil, *Gramm. Lat.* vol. VI, p. 295.

§ Ib. p. 258.

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perpetuate his name. It would be the same case if the alternative name of "Horatian" had superseded "Alcaic."

Horace then got it from Asclepiades; for the tradition of the metrists may be supposed to follow his own usage. And is it not further probable that Theocritus got the metre of his ἡλακάτη also direct from Asclepiades, and that the statement which appears in one of the anonymous lives of Theocritus, viz., that he was pupil of both Philetas and Asclepiades, accounts truly for his essays in Asclepiadean metre? What a curious irony of literary fate that a metre used by Alcæus and Sappho should go down to history under Asclepiades' name, and yet not a line survive of what he wrote in it! We have nothing of Asclepiades but Elegiacs,* and the Theocritean scholiast† speaks of him as "the elegiac writer." And so, as we have only elegiacs of his to hand, it would be fruitless pedantry to consider him any longer in any other regard.

As with many more of those whom only by comparison with giants we must call minor poets, so with him; the hospitable ark of the Anthology has been the vessel in which Asclepiades survived the deluge. But like many more of his kind he must make jettison of pretty nearly all to get through even so. We have a couple of score of his epigrams and no biography. In lieu of a biography we know his epoch, his birthplace, some of his friends, and lastly his nickname. Indeed you might say that upon the single thread of his identified nickname hangs all the meagre knowledge of him that is left us.

In the seventh poem of Theocritus, the *Thalysia* or Harvest Festival, the author falls in with a brother-poet Lycidas (who is now pretty safely identified with Leonidas of Tarentum),‡ and proposes a match at bucolic verses with him.

Come now—it's together for the morning and our road is together—let's have a match at capping verses. Who knows but what one may do the other a good turn? For I too am a

* With only one exception, a piece in Hipponactean iambics, A. P. XIII, 28.

† *Schol. ad Theocr.* VII, 21, 49.

‡ See vol. CXXXVIII, p. 62 (Jan. 1905) of THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

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piping mouthpiece of muses, and they all call me a capital songster. Only I'm not so credulous, not I! To my thinking I can't beat the excellent Sicelidas, the Samian, at singing, nor yet Philetas at present. I am just a sort of frog who sets himself to vie with the cicadas.*

The scholiasts tell us in their note on this passage that *Sicelidas* is Asclepiades "the Elegist." Into their account of the name, and their account why Theocritus calls himself Simichidas, we need not here inquire. Out of much confusion the one fact emerges plain; and it appears natural and becoming that Theocritus should speak in terms of such unfeigned respect for his two masters, for one scholiast adds that he was pupil of Asclepiades also. And the identification is further confirmed by Hedylyus, another contemporary, who alludes to him in an Epigram preserved by Athenæus.† Hedylyus is praising Socles, father of Lycophron, as a happy example of hard drinking and good poetry: *καὶ γράφει καὶ μέθυσε* is the moral. He says, "*His jesting verse is far sweeter than Sicelidas.*" Hedylyus and Asclepiades were friends, and certain Epigrams are in dispute between them, which is the author, according to the Anthology attribution. Also Meleager in the prologue of his *Garland* figures Poseidippus, Hedylyus and Sicelidas, under the common symbol of Field-flowers.

It is tempting to stop and inquire into so singularly persistent a nickname, or *nom de plume*; but the whole question of such names, how and why they obtained among the Coan circle of poets, would draw us into too long a digression. For the principle of the cipher is not the same in Leonidas = Lycidas and Asclepiades = Sicelidas, so there is little immediate hope of penetrating the disguises of any others of these mock-shepherds and mock-goatherds. We must be content for the present to note our man down for one of the Coan Pleiad, along with Theocritus, Herodas, Leonidas, Poseidippus, Hedylyus, Alexander Ætolus, and the rest; and so proceed to inspect his work.

Now here at once is a standing difficulty to be faced. A paper which deals both in appreciative criticisms of a

* Theocr. vii, 35-41.

† xi, 473.

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classic and in specimens of translation lies helplessly open to the attacks not only of malice, but of any reader who is not filled with a charity proof against temptation. If the subject is worth writing about at all, it is because the writer admires and wishes to communicate admiration. Criticism of another sort, the deliberate decrying of a selected subject, is unworthily spent upon a dead lion, although I will not deny that it may be properly used against living dogs. But at least it would be an impertinence to set forth reasons for not reading what too many people already neglect to read, because scholars nowadays too often neglect to execute their humble but necessary office of advertisers. It is a misfortune for the cause of scholarship that these light frontier services can hardly be performed except under contempt and discouragement from headquarters. However, that is another affair. But a flaring advertisement accompanied by a shabby sample is bad business; unless indeed with a speculator's credulity you will kindly allow that the sample, inadequate as it may be, still witnesses to a certain *bona fides* in the advertiser.

To put it in a word: I must submit specimens of Asclepiades in translation, knowing full well that they do him no justice and therefore that they ought not to be presented for specimens, and merely beg that the reader will risk going to see for himself—as one might do if an idiot were to bring word that there was a potful of coins in the back garden, though he could produce only a battered sixpence to confirm his report.

Of Asclepiades' remains a good half belongs to Book V of the *Palatina*. And it is hardly necessary to say that, as the fashion which determines propriety or impropriety is a fashion which fluctuates in different epochs, though there is nothing in these verses which the seventeenth and eighteenth century would not have stomached, there is an element which cannot face broad daylight in these days.

Again, some of the remaining amatory pieces, though in themselves unobjectionable, keep suspicious company in those compromising regions of Book XII to which the careless editing of Constantine Cephalas relegated them.

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But certainly there is no reason why students of Ovid and Horace should be offended in Asclepiades; and at any rate we shall have the consolation of reflecting how much better and wiser we are than those benighted ancients. The first piece shall be the unabashed profession of a veteran ne'er-do-weel addressed to Zeus—or shall we rather say hurled at Zeus?

V, 63. Come Snow, come Hail, come Darkness, Fire and Thunder,
Shake the black clouds and sink the world thereunder!
Kill—and I've done. But leave me legs to stand on,
My merry midnight rounds I'll not abandon.
For Zeus, I own thy master—one whose power
Drove thee in gold to storm a Brazen Bower.

Here let me take leave to explain that, though the originals of these specimens are all in the same elegiac metre, I have cast them into now one and now another measure in English, according as exigencies of space dictated or particular suggestion of fancy prompted. Sometimes the Greek itself seems prophetically haunted with echoes of English imitations that seem to make a particular rhythm from Herrick or Housman almost classically appropriate as the vessel to receive as much of the original as I may be able to transfuse.

To the Fair Unconsenting
V, 84. Pretty maiden, what's the good
Of hoarding up your maidenhood?
Do you think that pretty ladies
Find their lovers down in Hades?
Nay, the Cyprian, the great goddess
Only deals in living bodies:
Once in Acheron, we must,
Maiden, come to bones and dust.

The next calls up a vision very familiar to readers of Horace and the Roman Elegists—a world of chaplets hanging upon closed doors, and desperate serenaders at forbidden thresholds. It is entitled:

On a Chaplet plaited of Roses
V, 144. This is the door, I'll fasten
My wreath of roses here;
And, roses, do not hasten
To drop and disappear,
Charged with so many a tear.

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What rainy eyes have lovers!
These dews you must not shed
Till the opening door discovers
The well-beloved head—
Then kiss it in my stead.*

The next is frankly rather commonplace, wanting in the two principal charms, I find, which distinguish Asclepiades from all but very few of the Anthology poets—a gallant uproarious vehemence, and a most Greek concreteness and materiality which makes even his *genre* pieces peculiarly real and lively; you are seldom tempted in his love-pieces to believe “that there wasn’t any such person.”

On Nikarete†

V, 152. Nikarete, the fairest of fair faces,
Oft at the window bloomed her killing graces;
But now she pales: such winsome lightnings pour
From Cleophon, who waits beside the door.

After observing that Asclepiades’ pieces have an air of being addressed to real persons it is perhaps unkind to him to remark upon the diversity of name in the lady addressed, but it would be hard upon them to refuse them their sole title to immortality. Coans, Samians, Lesbians, we know not who they may have been; the inconstant fancy of this Epigrammatist has bequeathed us no Heliodora, no Lesbia, no Cynthia. The next then is

To Hermione

V, 157. Once as I toyed with that Hermione
Whose tender heart no suitor could not melt,
I wondered what the golden rune might be
Written around her flower-embroidered belt.
And there I read this legend: *Love me true,*
And be not vexed if others love me too.

This time it is

To Pythias

V, 163. Night, none but only Night, my witness be
How this false Pythias makes a fool of me!
I came not here unasked—she bade me come—

*This piece and the one on p. 265, entitled *Supper*, appeared in *The Saturday Review*; the editor of *The Saturday* has kindly permitted their incorporation in this article.

†I don’t know why the editor didn’t say “On Nikarete and Cleophon.” His titles are sometimes defective and sometimes rather brutally worded.

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And find locked doors resist my fond appeals.
My doorstep shall revenge this martyrdom
One day on her, to teach her how it feels.

We are still in the same world; and it is clear enough by now why Hedylus in applauding Socles' combination of talents in the piece I alluded to should name Asclepiades as a master whom to outdo in this line was high excellence. The lamp is more than a piece of furniture in the classical erotic poets; it is a personage, a minor deity, whose symptoms were omens; its sputter was a sneeze, boding like the sneezes of Cupid. Mr Swinburne has neglected an opportunity in not attributing similar powers to the electric light.

Here is Asclepiades on the subject:

- V, 6. Three times the lamp-flame sneezed. The sneezes three
 Made Heracleia vow she'd come to me,
 And now she is not come. O lamp, do thou,
 Mysterious lamp, avenge the broken vow!
 When next she meets her gallant for a lark,
 Put out thy light and leave them in the dark!

The next suffers from an obscurity perhaps owing to faults in the text. I quote it chiefly because it reminds one of Browning in *Porphyria's Lover*. Constantine Cephalas, having now reached the 166th Epigram in his book of *Amatoria*, wearily writes at the head of this piece:

- V, 166. KAI AYTO EPΩTIKON
 A night of rainy weather,
 And a wild wind overhead;
 And love and wine together
 To make my limbs like lead.
 Love- and liquor-laden,
 And not a soul about,—
 And yet there is a maiden
 Of power to lure me out.
 Wits and all a-welter,
 "Roam, *you*, from door to door,
 And seek in vain for shelter,"
 I cried, and could no more.
 "O, have thy storms no tether?
 Be still, wild winds above!
 O god of wind and weather,
 Thou too hast been in love!"

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Now for an Epigram which recalls Horace and perhaps inspired him.*

Supper

- V, 184. Go to the market, boy, and buy me fish,
For delicacy some, and some for hunger:
Two dozen hunchbacked prawns (make the fishmonger
Count them himself), and see they're as I wish:
A pair of mullets, half a score of eels,
Then six rose-garlands—find the man who deals
In roses—then go past my Tryphera's door
And say 'tis she that supper's waiting for.

I cannot guarantee the mullets or the eels, but the identification of the crustacean he styles "hunchbacked" can only waver between shrimps and prawns (the number precludes lobsters), and, as evidently they liked shell-fish, I have given the supper party the benefit of the doubt.

Nikarete, Hermione, Heracleia, Tryphera, Pythias and two anonymous; this time it is Didyme—a swarthy beauty. But prejudices against colour have always served only to stimulate the erotic poets to invention, Shakespeare included. Asclepiades' reason in defence of blackness is wittier and more original than the line of apology begun by the love-sick harvester in Theocritus X, continued in others, and satirized by Lucretius.†

To Didyme

- V, 209. Nay, but I'm ravished quite
By Didyme, the alluring!
Wax in the fire, at sight
Of charms so past enduring!
She's black as coal, I know,
But that's no cause to slight her;
Set but a coal aglow,
And never rosebud's brighter.

And so to Book VII, since these, with Book V, make up three-quarters of Asclepiades' property.

The first specimen shall be one that evokes a Pompeian picture of Cupids playing dice, and seems to be amongst the passages of our author which are directly imitated by Propertius.

* *Odes*, III, xiv.

† *iv*, 1160 seqq.

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- XII, 46. Altho' my years be not yet two-and-twenty,
I'm sick of life as any man can be.
O Loves, with work to do elsewhere and plenty,
Why must you make your bonfires out of me?
Nay, little Loves, where will you find employment,
When this poor soul you've teased so long decamps?
Ah, sure enough, fall to your old enjoyment,
And play at dice together, idle scamps!

The next must not be called didactic. The poet does himself the sentimental pleasure, dear to poets of his self-pitying order, very dear to Catullus and Propertius,* of looking at his own name in the vocative case; a feature which I have been driven to mutilate in English, because his name is so unmanageably long.

To Himself

- XII, 50. Nay, what's the use of crying?
Drink, man! What makes you think
That you alone are lying
In Cypris' bondage? Drink!
Oh, not on you, sir, only
The marksman's bolts are shed!
Then why in dust lie lonely,
And die before you're dead?
Drink! Life's a span, the liquor
That tries the strongest head;
The lamp comes none the quicker
That light's us all to bed.

How the intolerable sadness of that famous anonymous couplet sounds through all his gaiety in an undertone:

Balnea, vina, Venus corrumpunt corpora nostra:
Et faciunt vitam balnea, vina, Venus.

The following combines the moods of the last two, weariness of life and resolute adherence to the conventional vocabulary of Cupids and arrows and lightnings. It also served as a model for a piece in Propertius.

His saltem ut tenear jam finibus! aut mihi si quis,
Acrius ut peream, venerit alter amor! (II, iii, 45.)

- XII, 166. Cease, I've but little breath remaining—cease,
Cupids, and let me live it out in peace!

* "Miser *Catulle*, desinas ineptire," and "Sic igitur prima moriere actate, *Properti*."

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Or else, shoot no more shafts but thunder-stones,
And to a final cinder char my bones.
Yes, shoot away; being so parched and sore,
This is the best that I can pray you for.

The last that I will submit from this book is more cheerful, at least a relief from the self-pitying declamation of the foregoing. It is on the text *In Vino Veritas*, with a particular reference to the Socratic form of divination which Propertius, once more imitating the Samian, claims in *Non me Chaoniæ vincant in amore columbæ*.^{*} Nicagoras is the subject's name.

XII, 135.

No proof like wine! He boasts
And vows that he's no lover;
Now toasts succeeding toasts,
His secret we discover.
Tears? We've caught him tripping!
A drowsy, downcast brow?
And look, the rose-wreath's slipping
Loose from his temples now!

That is the end of his Erotic, and the remaining Epigrams from other departments will not occupy us long; they are barely a dozen. For specimens I will first cite two Epitaphia. Book VII is perhaps the cream of the whole Anthology; the funeral quatrain was brought to a rare perfection long before most other kinds of epigrams came to be written, and its traditional excellence persisted even after the obvious pathos of being drowned had shrunk into a commonplace, impossible to express better or differently than it had been expressed hundreds of times since Simonides. And so the new poets invented gruesomely exquisite improbabilities—like the man who was bitten in two by a shark and buried half on land and half at sea. Asclepiades' epitaphia are free from straining or affectation. Of what appears under his name in Book VII two are properly *ἐπιδεικτικά*, and of that category we will speak anon.

Two of the remaining three are the following:

Eumares speaks in his Tomb

VII, 284. Give me but eight yards' law, thou sea most cursed,
And let thy roaring breakers do their worst!
Nay, break my tomb asunder if thou must:
Thou'lt find no good therein, but bones and dust.

^{*} I, ix, 5.

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And the second, *On Euippus Son of Melesagoras*:

VII, 500.

O traveller, whoso'er you be that pass
Beside this empty tomb,
Advise my father, Melesagoras,
In Chios of my doom.
I lost in the Levanter, far from haven,
Ship, freight and life at sea;
This stone, with just a name Euippus graven
Thereon, is all of me.

There is an Attic quality in Asclepiades which makes one regret particularly that the Anthologist included nothing of his among the *Irrisoria* of Book XI, a certain neatness and sharpness of line which carries one back through Aristophanes to Archilochus for prototype; something which is both wit and fancy. Unluckily the examples of his wit are not always such that I have been able to quote them. His only contribution to Book VI has not wit, but a certain quaintness in the scene presented, which makes it agreeable to bear in mind as another view of the ancient schoolboy's life beside Herodas' picture in his fourth *Mime*.

Every schoolroom had effigies of the Muses set up in it, and it seems that the prizeman in the class made thank-offerings to them; a practice which I wonder Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, never revived. (Perhaps he did?) Such was the case of the boy Connarus as here set forth:

VI, 308.

Connarus wrote so neatly that he gains
A prize of eighty marbles for his pains;
So midst the applause of all the class he chooses
A comic mask to offer to the Muses.

If schoolmasters or parents gave *astragali* for prizes, it can hardly be wondered that youth went the way of the young scapegrace in Herodas, who soon found it was more fun playing for coppers with porters in a den than sticking to infantile pastimes.

And now just three more, all of them properly *ἐπιδεικτικά*—one, not from any particular interest, but because the mention of a historical name helps to throw a faint setting of history round an author disembodied of his biography, and because it is yet another example of the close alliance between poetry and fine art in the Greek world, especially

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in this age when every epigrammatist has his tribute to pay to Apelles and Myron. Here Lysippus is the artist: *Gloria Lysippo est animosa effingere signa*, says Propertius.* *Animosa* : just the point of Asclepiades' praise.

XVI, 120. Has bronze such power? Lysippus can display
Bold Alexander's likeness, line for line.
Glaring at Zeus, he seems in bronze to say,
"Zeus, I allow thee heaven, but earth is mine."

The concluding two are part of that literary confession-book in epigrammatic form which most of the Alexandrian poets wrote; generally, it may be, for title pages or for inscriptions on literary busts and statues in galleries—their own (if they had any), or those of their patrons and employers. Erinna both by the charm of her verse and by her early death made a deep impression on contemporary poets; we can still judge favourably of this inheritrix of unfulfilled renown by three pieces, into one of which, as if she divined the future peril from higher critics, she wisely introduced her name to be a signature of authenticity, metrically safeguarded. Asclepiades' homage to her closely resembles that of Leonidas.

On Erinna

VII, 11. This is her book: great worth, but no great plenty.
How should a girl write much, who ne'er saw twenty?
Ah, had but Death not made such haste to catch her,
Who would have had renown enough to match her?

Last of all, one on Hesiod, to whom this age of artistic pastoral recurred with fond affection as their particular master, though one can picture the astonishment of the stern practical Ascræan patriarch if he had been told that an age of town-bred and town-weary poets should arise for whom agricultural and pastoral scenes should become idylls to beguile the imagination. However, the Alexandrians drew their inspiration more from literature than from life, like our Victorians, and it was better worth while to derive pastorals like Theocritus' from Hesiod than to derive *Argonautica* from Homer.

Anyhow a praise of Hesiod is to be looked for in every

* III, ix, 9.

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Alexandrian Epigrammatist's work. These are Asclepiades' lines:

On Hesiod

- IX, 64. The very Muses looked on Hesiod,
His flocks upon the hills at noonday keeping.
They tendered him the leafy laurel-rod,
All in their mazy dance around him sweeping.
The mystic Heliconian draught was his
That welled from where the Flying Courser trod;
His song was *Births of Gods*, and *Husbandries*,
And tales of many an antique demigod.

If the sample had been adequate, criticisms would be superfluous, and I have already said that praise looks presumptuous where no better justification appears than the sample can afford. So I will leave in the reader's hands this slight essay at a reconstruction of a poet's personality, one of whom it may at least be conceded in the modest terms of the Theocritean lover, who decides to enlist as a soldier,* that he is οὔτε κάκιστος οὔτε πρῶτος ἴσως, ὁμαλος δέ τις ἀσπιδιώτης.

* Theocr. xiv, 55.

J. S. PHILLIMORE

FOR TRUTH OR FOR LIFE

The Key to the World's Progress. By Charles Stanton Devas.
London: Longmans and Co. 1906.

TWO main criticisms were passed on the article entitled "For Truth or for Life" which appeared in THE DUBLIN REVIEW for October, 1906. The writer of the article urged that the interests of the immediate religious life of Christian readers should never be lost sight of in the public discussion of the problems raised by modern criticism. Lifelong beliefs, it was urged, are apt to form an organic whole, and inaccurate traditions which they may include may have become so closely bound up with the essence of a man's religious belief that their correction needs to be effected with great care, and must not, in the case of some minds, be attempted on a large scale. To strive to correct them may mean, for some, the destruction of religious life and may blind them to the deep truths of which, if Christianity be true, that life involves the recognition. Thus the reckless pursuit of critical science—although it be the pursuit of truths—may be, for the individual, prejudicial to the interests of life, and therefore of deeper and more fundamental truths. The contrast between the interests of truth and of life is then immediate but not ultimate. The newest discoveries or theories in historical or Biblical criticism, or in archæological investigation, are a road to new departmental truth, but the road must be followed warily and with due regard to the interests of older and wider truths and of the religious life dependent thereon.

To the general view thus set forth a writer in *The Catholic Times* objected as conceding too much to the functions of scientific criticism. He appeared to maintain the ground that theological conclusions and traditions could not be modified by modern criticism. We do not think that this objection is shared by many. The work of archæology in correcting our knowledge as to the traditional holy places and as to the legendary lore bound up with our hagiology,

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is questioned by few, though the degree of evidence needed to displace a time-honoured tradition is a matter on which opinions do differ widely. So too as to Biblical and historical criticism in their bearing on traditional theological conclusions. When a theological conclusion rests partly on deductive argument and partly on historical evidence, a change in our premisses must affect the conclusion to be drawn; and such a change in the premisses is just what historical research from time to time effects. If it is clear that ordinations were held in the Early Church without the "tradition of the instruments," that ceremony cannot be of necessity essential to their validity. A theory of papal infallibility, again, which would be inconsistent with the facts of the Honorius case—which would make the error of Honorius a definition of heresy *ex cathedra*—cannot be maintained. There are theological positions which lie on the borderland between demonstrative deductions from revelation and the facts established by historical science, and in such cases all the evidence—historical as well as theological—must be considered in the determination of what is probable.

The other objection to the article is of an opposite kind. Some of the specialists and deeper thinkers appear inclined to regard the concern for the interests of religious life which we advocated, as merely a condescension to the weakness of the unintellectual. They admit, then, that the interests of truth and life may be in the case of such persons opposed. But for themselves the safeguards which their weaker brethren require are not deemed necessary. In their own case a pursuit of critical thought and speculation untrammelled by any such considerations is practically claimed. To thinkers of this stamp we commend the following passage from the writing of a Catholic thinker whom we have recently lost, and to whom we owe very much. Mr Devas writes as follows in his *Key to the World's Progress*:

Against reckless hypotheses that may or may not be ultimately established as truth, against half truths or premature truths that in the present context are the parents of falsehood, the Church bids her children be on their guard and fights

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with the best weapons she is able. And no wonder; for not to her does the multitude appear as a field for the experiments of men of science, a *corpus vile* for their vivisection. It is not her voice that will ever consent to sacrifice the welfare of the many for the benefit—even if it be the benefit—of the few. And thus the few, those strong and superior beings who are immune from common ignorance and corruption, for whom the exhibition of vice is no allurements, for whom the dissection of putridity is no danger, who can read anything and hear anything without harm, whose imagination never overpowers their reason, whose judgement is never swayed by prejudice, still less distorted by passion, these winged and chosen mortals must perforce be tolerant with the parapets and balustrades and fences and walls and sign posts and danger posts that compassionate authority has set up for us, the unwinged, ill-equipped and stumbling multitude.

The fine scorn of these concluding words hits a profound truth. There is no such division as the thinkers in question assume between the intellectual and unintellectual in the larger fields of thought—fields in which personal judgement on complicated evidence plays a more important part than scientific rules. The difference is only of degree. Doubtless an educated man can often allow for and understand the prejudices and the mistakes of the uneducated. Yet from the standpoint of the highest wisdom the presence of bias, of passion, of a one-sided appreciation of problems, even of a scientific credulity, begotten of the sanguine temperament and almost inseparable in some minds from hopeful investigation, would doubtless be discernible even in the most intellectual. There are in this world no representatives of such an all-seeing standpoint as the "intellectuals" would almost seem to claim as their own. In the purely abstract sciences indeed there are limited results as exactly ascertainable in their own sphere as the phenomenal world is knowable to the five senses—prescinding in both cases from the deeper questions which lie at the root of such knowledge. But even in the historical and critical sciences assumptions and prepossessions constantly intrude in the questions which interest us most. And the training of the judgement, the appreciation of laws of life learnt by

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experience, including the increasing caution brought by the experimental disproof of what was once confidently held, are a necessary corrective. Judgement is, according to Cardinal Newman, the highest intellectual quality, and it is just in this quality that some of the most active and acute intellects are deficient. The pressure of experience is as necessary a corrective to the dangers of rash theorizing as to those of supine credulity.

The Church recognizes these facts of human nature. She sees the presumption attaching to intellectual scorn. Unable in the militant stage to supply that all-round knowledge which is the ideal corrective, she can at least bring into action machinery which gives the salutary check and pause needed to prevent hastiness or over-confidence or premature finality in its conclusions on the part of the rash and headstrong intellect.

There is a congenital disease whereby the activities of the human reason are apt to degenerate into rationalism, just as the affections of that human soul which is "naturally Christian" run to the excesses of passion.

It is true that the whole man properly balanced attains to truth in religion as in other things. But each faculty is prone to excess if left alone. The very pursuit of speculative truth may take the form of a one-sided and excessive passion. And just as general rules of self-control, independent of the state of the mind when passion is actually at work, are the means of restraining it, so with the human intellect. Its feverish reasoning processes need control in accordance with the rules imposed by the judgement in its calmer moments. A man writes a letter at white heat late at night, when his faculties have been stimulated by excitement and are concentrated solely on the train of reasoning he is pursuing in his letter. He surprises himself by the cogency of his arguments. He surpasses himself in subtlety. He longs to post it. His wife says, "Sleep upon it." Next morning he reads it again. His opinion of its ability and subtlety does not change. Yet he says, "How could I have thought of sending it?" The judgement of the whole man sees its bearing on life, views it in a larger

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context, though perhaps the brilliant intuitions of midnight are gone. He now sees how it will arouse in his correspondent trains of thought for which he is unfitted, or anger him uselessly, or flatter him unwisely, or he sees that the letter to which it is a reply was one which itself represented a passing mood in the writer which had better not be renewed by being answered. He sees that others are concerned in the controversy, and that the letter may be shown to them and will, for quite distinct reasons, lead to mischief in their case. He begins by revising the letter to meet these dangers; he ends by suppressing it altogether. The letter is a really fine piece of thinking. For the writer it has cleared his own vision of truth; but in the circumstances to send it to his friend would be detrimental to the interests of life—of the human beings concerned. The wife, who knew none of these reasons but who had a deep and true instinct as to the dangers of such feverish thinking if embodied in writing which others would read, had done the practical work which the writer's more philosophic self of the morrow endorsed. Ecclesiastical authority—may it not be?—in the particular province of its action to which Mr Devas refers, plays the part of the wise wife.

Thus the two factors of free speculation on the part of the individual and conservatism and repression on the part of the ecclesiastical authority interact in determining the working beliefs of the Catholic community. The representatives of each factor may commit mistakes alike in judgement and in recognition of what each takes to be the truth. Yet in our imperfect state this double pressure gives the *safest* road—the road which avoids the most serious errors. That intellect should be uncandid and untrue to itself indeed would mean that it failed in its rôle. But that it should be ready to exercise self-restraint in obedience to authority is a widely different thing. The special sphere in which its freedom is restrained is often magnified by the "intellectualist." This is a form of the very excess of which we speak. "That is just *the* conclusion which is most important," we are apt to say of the censured proposition, just as we long for and idealize a forbidden pleasure.

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Even growth of knowledge—genuine knowledge—if it be a one-sided growth, may not increase wisdom, for it may be that “Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers.” Wisdom demands the preservation of due proportion—calls for a “mind and soul according well” to “make one music as before.” To strain the speculative intellect by exerting it disproportionately in regions where the protective faculties which experience matures are not adequately developed is a rash and perilous venture, not to be risked where much is at stake. A responsible inquiry cannot be on the same footing as a merely speculative exercise. Better stop short where great possessions are at stake than take a false step and risk their loss.

Yet it is, of course, all-important in the interests of the community that authority should not act wilfully and tyrannically. Its primary function is to protect ancient and sacred truth—the Christian revelation committed to its charge—from being obscured or disjointed in the human mind by new speculation. It professes in problems intellectual to be guided in its task by theology; and theology, when the intellectual life within the Church is active as it was in the days of the schoolmen, will be really abreast of the thought and learning of the day. If it is not so, the resulting inconveniences must be grave. To reject what is not mere brilliant speculation but is the practically unanimous verdict of the scholars, is unnecessary persecution; it may chasten a few, but many will rebel and feel that they have right on their side. The point comes at which submission of the human intellect amounts to the denial to it even of such powers as make a *rationabile obsequium* to the Church herself possible or reliable. Thus authority in forcing its prerogative may undermine the whole of its own basis.

If a good practical test of the right *via media* is asked for, it may be found by looking back to the palmy days of scholasticism, when theology was in the hands of the Universities, in which the best Christian intellectual life was represented, and the immediate test of the effect of beliefs on intelligent human beings was applied; for professors had to teach what was persuasive and credible to acute

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young men. It is clear that official rulers cannot, without the aid of theological science, decide intricate theological problems. And in mixed problems, where the premisses are partly derived from the positive sciences, the judgements passed by theologians who lived at a date long past is profoundly unsatisfactory, for it leaves out of account the conclusions agreed upon by the learned world of to-day in those sciences. If then a workable suggestion is asked for, I would suggest that the theological synthesis which according to precedent and to the Church's own custom in the Middle Ages is in such matters to be relied on, would be based on what is practically taught in the best seminaries. I say "practically," because decisions of authority, more conservative than are tolerable to those who are really studying the questions before them thoroughly and honestly, may be at times, of necessity, treated not quite frankly, much as the laws of social intercourse forbid complete frankness in conversation. These decisions are passed largely on prudential grounds and they must be respected. Yet the minds of first-rate professors, thoroughly conversant with the issues and evidence, are unable to believe in their intellectual adequacy. And pupils quickly detect and accept the master's real position. Thus the premisses may be given in the lecture room for one conclusion, and that conclusion is practically held by students; yet another conclusion is treated with external respect, as one bows to a *roi fainéant*, yet inwardly perhaps reflects on the disproportion between his dignity and his real power. This state of things may be a temporary necessity. It is the uncomfortable homage paid to an important principle of which we reap the benefit in the long run in other fields. Yet it is obviously in particular instances unsatisfactory, and when there exists the zeal for real intellectual reform, of which St Thomas and his master Albertus Magnus gave so splendid an example, it is a defect in the existing state of things which those concerned will strive to minimize. Official authority in the nature of things only recedes from a conservative position in deference to strong representations of the inconvenience of the existing order. And such representations would

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seem to be called for lest the evil by persevering should scandalize direct minds to whom the political and prudential motives for an excess of apparent conservatism are neither congenial nor fully intelligible.

These remarks record one point at once of our sympathy with and of our divergence from Baron von Hügel in his recent Letter to Dr Briggs. From our own knowledge we do not think that what is practically taught in the seminaries on the subject of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch would greatly distress Baron von Hügel. Thus he would seem to misconceive the practical consequences of the recent Roman decrees. He interprets them indeed, as we pointed out in January, in a more conservative sense than M. Mangenot, himself a member of the Biblical Commission. On the other hand, Baron von Hügel's strong statement of the apparent divergence between one not unnatural interpretation of the decrees and the practically unanimous opinion of scholars does bring home to the reader how desirable it is that such apparent divergences should be reduced to a minimum, though they can never be quite got rid of. We are more tolerant than he is of such divergences. They are not entirely avoidable where co-ordinate authorities, having care of the practical and the intellectual interests of the faithful, have each a share in sanctioning or discouraging conclusions connected with the interpretation of the revelation committed to the Church. He treats the conclusions of the Commission as strictly scientific conclusions. A Professor at one of our leading Seminaries in this country said to the present writer: "If you want scientific conclusions, you must go to the Universities; the decrees of a Roman Commission, ratified by the Pope, are *from the nature of the case* largely diplomatic." We take the decisions then as representing a different factor in the Church's life from that which they represent in Baron von Hügel's eyes. We are, again, more ready than the Baron to believe that the decrees are intended really to tolerate a wider view than their rhetoric suggests. But we are at one with him in holding that, at the present time, when the conclusions of scholars are known to so many, methods suitable to an

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earlier time have serious drawbacks and that these drawbacks should be frankly represented to the authorities. The dangers of indiscreet liberalism are constantly brought before their notice. The opposite danger, then, should be equally pressed on their attention.

Cardinal Newman, after his eloquent defence of the principle of economy in his introduction to the *Via Media*, urges strongly that the present time is one in which it is necessary to speak frankly and fully on these subjects—when the principle of economy should be reduced to a minimum. One of the last communications which the present writer received from the Cardinal was a memorandum in MS. written apropos to an article by the late Dr Mivart, to the tone of which he greatly objected, urging the very policy we have just indicated. The Cardinal suggested that a fair statement, in which many hands should concur to prevent the intrusion of exaggeration or of personal bias, should be drawn up embodying the more important lines of thought in which widely current theological opinions were at variance with the trend of the positive sciences, and that such a statement should be submitted backed by the most influential episcopal sanction, to the Roman authorities for their consideration.

Such a scheme cannot always be formally and immediately realized. Yet we can hardly doubt that it is now being realized gradually and informally. The loss of the unifying influence of the great Catholic Universities on our knowledge is doubtless a great drawback. Yet means of communication are now so many that the guardians of the interests of the Christian revelation and the religious life cannot remain for any long period unacquainted with what is most important in the work of the best representatives of scientific truth.

BUCKFAST ABBEY

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THERE lies before me, as I write, a charter, beautifully written on parchment. It was executed eight hundred years ago, in the chapter-house of the monastery where these lines are written, and is nothing less than the original of the first charter ever granted to Buckfast Abbey after the Norman Conquest. As usual with documents of that period, it is undated, and the seal has been cut off. But internal and external evidence prove it to belong to the reign of Henry I, and to have been written about the year 1105. Of its contents I shall give an account presently; let it be sufficient to say here that it is a deed of gift of land to St Mary's Abbey at Buckfast, from the powerful Baron of Totnes and Harberton in Devon, one Sir Roger de Nunant. That after so many centuries it should have come back to the lawful representatives of its original possessors is indeed wonderful.

A few years ago Mr James Pearse of Exeter bought, among a mass of waste parchment, what proved to be a portion of the Cartulary of Buckfast Abbey, written for the most part in the reign of Henry III, and since published by Prebendary Hingeston-Randolph with Bishop Grandisson's Register.

Now, such a wealth of charming little stories of life in Devon in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries as these charters disclose could be found nowhere else. I can only give a few, but there are many more to be told. They show above everything else the simple faith and piety of Englishmen at that period, and they form the most truthful record of our history in existence.

To give them life and colouring without local knowledge is impossible, and this to some extent, I hope, I shall be able to supply. The better to understand these little tales, whereof every detail is true, I ask the reader to form a mental picture of the scene.

At about seventeen miles from its source (Cranmere

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Pool, a wild and desolate marsh high up on Dartmoor), the Dart, fairest of all Devon's rivers, receives on its right bank a lovely stream as an affluent. This stream, now called Holy Brook, in Sir Roger de Nunant's day was known as Northbrook. Between the two wild and beautiful valleys of the Dart and of Northbrook, the huge bulk of Hembury Hill, crowned by a hill-fort of unknown antiquity, is wedged. Almost at the foot of Hembury, a few hundred yards from the confluence of the Dart and the Northbrook, is the Abbey of Buckfast, which seems to have been founded in the eighth century, although the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, who believes it to have been a British settlement dedicated to St Petrock, gives it a much higher antiquity. This will be enough for the topography of my stories.

These are interwoven with the history of the knightly families who from their stronghold of Totnes Castle, still majestic in its ruins, ruled over this part of the country, though the original patrimony of St Mary's formed no part of their barony. Alone of all the ecclesiastical possessions in Devon, it had never paid "geld," even to the King of Wessex or of all England, because of reverence for our Blessed Lady. It was a small estate, less than two miles in length by a little over half-a-mile in breadth, along the right bank of the Dart.

The Abbey is at its northern extremity, where it is shut in by the Northbrook. It was chiefly wooded, with meadows here and there and a small portion of arable land.

Judhel de Totenais, the son of Alured the Giant, a Breton noble, was the first Lord of Totnes Castle after the Conquest. He was a man of great piety, the founder of Totnes and Barnstaple Priors. At the accession of Rufus this powerful baron was deprived of the barony of Totnes, and retired to the cloister of Barnstaple. Totnes was then granted to Sir Roger de Nunant, the author of the charter now lying before me.

I am sorry to say Sir Roger began his career by harassing the monks of St Mary's at Totnes: "*Multa mala nobis intulit,*" says the chronicler of SS. Sergius and Bacchus at Angers, to which Totnes was a cell. He made them ample

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amends, however, at a later time. No doubt the monks, annoyed at the disgrace of their founder Judhel, had given the new baron a cold welcome. To us at Buckfast he was the kindest of benefactors.

It was a grand day for the Abbey when the monks, then living under the rule of the Blessed Vitalis of Savigny, assembled in the chapter-house to meet the great Lord of Totnes Castle. His two eldest sons, Guy and Henry, were with him *corde pleno faventibus*, assenting with full hearts, as Sir Henry says in a later writing. The Lady Alice, his wife, could not, of course, enter the enclosure, and Roger, the youngest boy, had been left at home. But he had brought with him as witnesses Osbern, the priest, called Rufus, presumably his chaplain, and William le Denis, his relative, whose unworthy descendant, Sir Thomas Denis, bought our Abbey from Henry VIII. Sir William styled himself "the Dane," and his descendants still show the Danish battle-axes on their coat armour. There were several other knights, and many of lower degree.

The Baron's charter was then read. Sir Roger was desirous that the newly-established Norman monks should be bound for ever to chant the daily Mass of the Blessed Virgin, known as the "Mary Mass," which every labourer used to hear before going out to his daily toil. To this end, therefore, and "that they may have bread and wine for singing Mass," he gives them his land, called Sideham, along the stream of North Brook. To this day it is just as he describes it, and as it is described by his children; partly wood, partly meadow, winding round the foot of Hembury. This he does "for the welfare of his own soul, for the souls of Alice his wife, of his ancestors and his posterity." Only he reserves a right of way to the ford across the Dart, for himself at all times and for his men when they go to market at Ashburton. The ford has long been disused, but the house above it on the Ashburton side still bears the name of "Priestaford." "If any shall violate this my deed, he shall not escape the curse of Blessed Mary, Mother of God, and my own curse," concludes the devout Baron.

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No doubt, the whole party had heard Mass in St Mary's Church, and the Abbot made them good cheer in the guest-house before they left. David of Holne, some two miles away, was among the witnesses. If, like his descendant and namesake, he already held the office of Royal Huntsman on Dartmoor, he may have added something to the feast.

Now I pass over more than a century and come to the days of Henry III.

The de Nunants had been succeeded by the Valletorts as Lords of Totnes, and the White Monks of Clairvaux dwelt at Buckfast instead of the Grey Monks of Blessed Vitalis. In monastic observance they differed little; but the Grey Monks were preachers, the Cistercians agriculturists, architects and pre-eminent in all arts and crafts.

About the year 1240, when Reginald de Valletort was Lord of Totnes and Harberton, and Peter I Abbot of Buckfast, a certain worthy and most kind-hearted knight, one Sir Robert de Helion or Hellion, lived in his manor-house at Ashton. Ashton is four miles from Chudleigh, just beyond Trusham, a former manor of the Abbot of Buckfast. The surrounding scenery is very beautiful, and I strongly recommend any visitor to Chudleigh to walk to Trusham, where he can see the ancient church built by the monks, every pillar of the nave being a granite monolith. At Ashton he will see by the roadside a charming old ivy-clad and gabled farmhouse, once the dwelling of the lord of the manor. There lived our Sir Robert, a great friend of the monks, and especially of Abbot Peter. The Abbot was in a way his next neighbour, and when he rode from Buckfast to Exeter would halt at his manor of Trusham; and Sir Robert must often have ridden over to greet him. Besides, Sir Robert owned a mansion and estate about a mile and a half from the Abbey, called Hosefenne, but now Hawson Court.

Sir Robert was the last of his name; his estates were soon to pass to the knightly family of Chudleigh. The austerity of the Cistercians moved him to compassion of what he thought their hard lot, and he resolved that at least on the

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principal festivals they should have something besides the solemnities of the Church to rejoice their hearts; and moreover he wished to secure that his kind intention should be perpetuated. Nothing better occurred to him than a cup or two of good wine. Then there was his estate of Hosefenne, which could not be better employed than for such a laudable purpose.

So he sent messengers to all his friends to meet him at Buckfast Abbey, to witness his donation with all due solemnity. They were a goodly company. The Sheriff, or Viscount of Devon, was there in person, Walter de Bathe. Such names as those of Sir William Hamlyn of Deandon, who had come from his home at Widdecombe-on-the-Moor, Sir Hugh Peverel of Ermington and Sir Guy de Brytteville were known far and wide in those days. The Rector of Holne, in whose parish Hosefenne was situated, had come with his most distinguished parishioners.

Some of the Abbot's guests on that day might have felt inclined to smile when the meaning of Sir Robert's deed of gift was explained to them. With the consent of his heir—I believe it was George Chudleigh, who had married the knight's daughter—he gives "to God, to St Mary of Buckfast, and to the monks serving God there," his land of Hosefenne, within the manor of the Lord Reginald. For this the monks are, as an acknowledgement, to present to him and his heirs for ever a pound of wax (a wax candle, I presume) on the feast of the Assumption. Then comes the pith of the document. Out of the revenue of Hosefenne the Abbot is to provide his monks with a yearly allowance of sixty-four gallons of wine, to be drunk on the four following feasts: Christmas, Candlemas, Whit-Sunday and the Assumption, the last being evidently the titular feast of St Mary of Buckfast; that is to say sixteen gallons on each festival. As the choir monks could not have been above sixty or seventy, it looks a good measure for a Norman knight, let alone a Cistercian. But the lay-brothers in the house were numerous, and those from the granges on Dartmoor and elsewhere would have come in for the day.

However, Sir Robert had some qualms about it. So he

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goes on to say that if ever the Father Abbot (he of Citeaux), or the Visitor, or the Abbot of Buckfast *pro tem.* should dare to curtail the allowance, the matter is to be inquired into, and the senior and graver monks to be questioned as witnesses. Should the Abbot's offence be proved, he is to forfeit the land. As the kindly knight, after taking a courteous leave of Abbot Peter, mounted his horse and rode away to Ashton, he must have felt he had done a good day's work for the benefit of his soul.

There is a picturesqueness about the little presents which donors of land require as an annual acknowledgement. A pound of wax is common, for the Devon monks were, of course, bee-keepers; sometimes it is a red rose on St John's day; a lady will ask for a pair of white gloves at Michaelmas. Abbot Eustace, who had sold two shops in the High Street of Exeter to one Master Lambert, stipulates, after consulting his cellarer, I suppose, for a pound of pepper against Easter Sunday. Perhaps the worthy citizen dealt in pepper.

About the same date as that of this memorable transaction, the Buckfast community, to whom wood and pasture land were of primary importance, purchased from Sir Ralph de Valletort a wood, which in the deed of sale is minutely described. All is to this day exactly as there stated, the ditch, the little trickling stream that has its source just under Hugh Kulla's cottage—poor old Hugh has been dead these seven hundred years—the copse, even the old oak-tree, all are still unchanged, and our boys and novices know every yard of it. It is a beautiful wood, surrounding Hembury Fort on three sides.

Now the Valletorts gave nothing except for hard cash, and the Abbot had to pay down to Sir Ralph ninety marks of silver, and throw into the bargain a horse of the value of ten marks more. Still, the bargain seemed a good one. There was a clause about certain rights reserved to the husbandmen of a neighbouring knight, Sir Stephen de Bauceyn, but the Cellarer did not think it worth his while inquiring more closely about these rights.

He had better have done so. Very soon the Abbot dis-

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covered that every peasant on Sir Stephen's estate sent all his pigs to feed in that wood, and would hear nothing of payment. Then they claimed the right of taking all the timber they needed for constructing and repairing their cottages, ploughs, carts and wagons from the Abbot's land free of expense, just when and where it pleased them. At Christmas they claimed from the Abbot eight cart-loads of firewood for each freeman's family, with one log, and five cart-loads and a log for every labourer.

It was in vain that the Abbot pleaded. It had always been the custom, and they would stick to it. At last both sides agreed to refer it to the arbitration of six landholders. The verdict was against the Abbot, but with the following reserves in his favour. For every pig under a year of age the Abbot was to receive a halfpenny, and if over that age one penny a year. Goats were not to feed in the wood in question. Then the wood was to be delivered to the peasants by the forester; but if ever he would not give it, or *could not be found*, they might help themselves.

This agreement was made on St Clement's day in 1257. Sir Stephen was not present, perhaps was already dead, when it was concluded. This celebrated Devonshire knight had been summoned to take the command of an army to repel Llewelyn, the Welsh chief, who had swept the royal forces before him to the gates of Chester. De Bauceyn forced his way into the Welshman's territory, but was surrounded by the enemy. Two thousand Englishmen were slain, and Sir Stephen fell by the sword of Rees Vaughan.

Sir Stephen was a younger son. His brother, Sir William, gave the estate in question, as he expresses it, "to the monks, serving God and Blessed Mary at Buckfast, for the soul of my brother Stephen," and the grant was confirmed by royal charter. The land bears to this day the name of "Bozon's Farm."

This last incident gives us a slight insight into the conditions of agriculturists in the thirteenth century. But in reading our old charters nothing is so strikingly brought home to us as the simple and practical faith of the age. One last example, a singularly beautiful one, not from our

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own Cartulary but from the Chronicle of another Devon monastery, will fittingly close these scenes from English thirteenth-century life.

The year 1258 is a memorable one in Devonshire history, for in that year Bishop Bronescombe of Exeter took possession of his diocese. It was marked by the death of two Devonshire celebrities, Sir Stephen de Bauceyn and the saintly Sir Reginald Mohun, founder of Newenham Abbey. The narrative of his last days, given in the Newenham Chronicle, I may here insert nearly as in Mr Davidson's translation.

"On the 13th of the Calends of February, in the year of our Lord, 1258, the Lord's day, and the feast of SS. Fabian and Sebastian, Sir Reginald de Mohun, Lord of Dunster and the founder of Newenham, entered the way of all flesh at Torre in Devonshire; and this was the manner of his death: Sir Reginald, when confined by a severe illness, sent for a Franciscan friar, Henry by name, a learned man, who at that time superintended a divinity school at Oxford. He arrived at Torre on the Wednesday preceding the death of Sir Reginald, and heard his humble, devout and entire confession.

"Early on the morning of Friday, as Friar Henry entered the chamber of Sir Reginald, the latter thus addressed him, 'I have had a vision this night; I imagined myself to be in the abbey church of the White Monks, and when on the point of quitting it, a venerable man in the habit of a pilgrim appeared and addressed me in these words, "Reginald, I leave it to you to choose whether you will come with me now in security without peril, or wait until the week before Easter, exposed to danger." "My Lord," I replied, "I will not wait, but will follow you now." I was going to do so, but he said, "You shall not follow me now, but three days hence you shall come to me in safety." This was the dream I saw.' The friar, after addressing many words of consolation to the sick man, returned to his own chamber, where, seating himself at the foot of his bed, he also fell asleep, and dreamed that he was in the church of a Cistercian monastery and saw a venerable man, clad in white raiment, lead-

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ing a boy more radiant than the sun, and in garments more shining than resplendent crystal, from the font towards the altar, as is the custom after children have been christened. He asked what boy it was, and was answered, 'This is the soul of the venerable Reginald de Mohun.' The friar then awaking, perceived that his dream confirmed that of Sir Reginald, signifying the same, for by the baptismal font was meant contrition of heart and true confession, and by the approach to the altar was foretold the entry of Reginald's soul into heaven.

"The third day being now come, Sir Reginald, who had been wont to hear every day all the offices of the Church, requested Friar Henry to recite Prime and Terce, as his hour was fast drawing nigh. The friar did so, and Sir Reginald said, 'For God's sake say it quickly, for my time draws near.' Henry then entered the church to say Mass, on which occasion the Introit was *Circumdederunt me*. Prayers and Mass being concluded, the friar returned in his sacred vestments, carrying the Body of the Lord. On his entering the chamber, Sir Reginald wished to rise from his bed, but his great weakness and the care of his attendants, who, to the number of ten, stood around him, prevented his exertion. 'Alas!' he exclaimed, 'why not suffer me to rise and meet my Saviour and Redeemer?' These were his last words, and he received Communion while still in his senses, and afterwards the anointing. The friar, with the priests and clerks, recited the recommendation of a departing soul. At its close Sir Reginald was still living. They began it again, and while they uttered the words, *Omnes sancti, orate pro eo*, without a groan or any sign of pain, he slept in the Lord.'

Seventy-five years later, in 1333, his tomb was opened. The chronicler, an eyewitness, says the body was exposed to public view, "being entire, incorrupt and exhaling a fragrant odour"; and he adds, "I both saw and touched it, for it lay three days open to the sight of all."

ADAM HAMILTON, O.S.B.

COURTESY

OF Courtesy, it is much less
Than Courage of Heart or Holiness,
Yet in my Walks it seems to me
The Grace of God is in Courtesy.

On Monks I did in Storrington fall,
They took me straight into their Hall;
I saw Three Pictures on a wall,
And Courtesy was in them all.

The First the Annunciation;
The Second the Visitation;
The Third the Consolation
Of God that was our Lady's Son.

The First was of Saint Gabriel;
On Wings a-flame from Heaven he fell;
And as he went upon one knee
He shone with Heavenly Courtesy.

Our Lady out of Nazareth rode;
It was Her Year of heavy load;
Yet was Her face both great and kind,
For Courtesy was in Her Mind.

The Third it was our Little Lord,
Whom all the Kings in arms adored:
He was so small you could not see
His large intent of Courtesy.

Our Lord, that was Our Lady's Son,
Go bless you, People, one by one;
My Rhyme is written, my Work is done.

H. BELLOC

THE PRÉCIEUSES

WHITEWASHING the villains of history has long been a recognized amusement, but it still seems atrociously pedantic to come forward on behalf of its mere victims. Everyone knows that Molière wrote a play called *Les Précieuses Ridicules*; and thence many people have inferred that the one and only business of a *précieuse* was to make herself ridiculous. This is much too sweeping a judgement. There were many sorts of *précieuses*; and there is no more reason to suppose that Molière meant to laugh at them all than there is to think that Mr Gilbert meant to gibe in *Patience* at every kind of "æsthete." Molière's shafts are aimed at the Bunthornes and Cimabue Browns of *préciosité*, not at its William Morrises or its Rossettis.

In this he was only carrying on what the *précieuses* themselves had begun. In 1656, three years before his play appeared, the Abbé de Pure, a great leader of the band, delivered a kind of official judgement on its members. He divided them into three classes. First came the *précieuses illustres*, great ladies worthy of the highest respect. Next the *grandes précieuses*, amiable women of the world, slightly tinged by affectation. Lastly, the *précieuses* pure and simple, without a saving adjective. These were the middle-class blue-stockings, whose eccentricities brought the whole movement into discredit. But what exactly was a *précieuse*? De Pure is ready with his definition: "It is a title given to those members of the fair sex who have made themselves conspicuous—*qui ont su se tirer hors du prix commun*." The means whereby they compassed this end varied both with times and persons. Roughly speaking, the history of *préciosité* breaks up into two main periods, and each is closely bound up with a leading personality. The first (1625-1645) is the age of Catherine de Vivonne, Marquise de Rambouillet; the central figure of the second is the once-celebrated novelist, Madeleine de Scudéry. Both these ladies aimed at refinement, but one sought it mainly through good manners and the other in literature and education. Perhaps it would not be unfair to say that

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Mme de Rambouillet wished to civilize her neighbours, while Mlle de Scudéry added to civilization the more dubious gift of "culture."

Mme de Rambouillet's task was set by the conditions of her time. Half an Italian by birth, and wholly so by education—for her father was French Ambassador to the Holy See, and her mother a Roman Countess—she was married off in 1600 to the rich young Marquis de Rambouillet, and settled down in Paris. To an Italian lady of rank, however, used to the ease and grace of Tasso, the court of Henri Quatre was scarcely a congenial atmosphere. The King's social tastes were those of Victor Emmanuel I. Queen Marie de Médicis was silly and ill-tempered; and the French nobles were rough soldiers, bred amid the wars of Religion. So far from posing as persons of culture, they were rather proud than otherwise of not knowing how to read; and they kept strictly to the kind of conversation recommended by Sir Robert Walpole, as giving all a chance to join. Naturally Mme de Rambouillet felt out of place in their assemblies; but real, or perhaps fictitious, ill-health presently came to her assistance. After a very few years she gave up going to Court, and thenceforward was seldom seen outside her own house.

There she applied herself to giving her neighbours all they did not get at Henri's court—nor yet at that of his depressing and unattractive successor, Louis XIII. Arrangements at the Louvre were threadbare, almost squalid; hers were nothing if not magnificent. The moral tone of the court was lax; hers was severely decorous. Its manners were free and easy; she upheld a dignified restraint. But her great innovation lay in setting social distinctions aside. Following an Italian custom, she threw open her Blue Saloon to all visitors with any claim to distinction, whether of birth or intellect or office. Saint-Simon is fond of accusing Louis XIV of having kneaded all his subjects together into one *vil peuple en toute égalité*. Really, if such a crime could be laid at any single door, the chief culprit would be Mme de Rambouillet, at least in so far as social matters are concerned. But the levelling-down would have come of

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itself, without either King or Marquise. The early seventeenth century had seen a great outburst of material prosperity; travelling facilities, in particular, were enormously increased and cheapened. Now, more than ever, Paris became the one goal of provincial aspiration. "Il faudrait être l'antipode de la raison," says one of Molière's *précieuses*, "pour ne pas confesser que Paris est le grand bureau des merveilles, le centre du bon goût et de la galanterie." Then too, the great days of the Hôtel de Rambouillet coincide exactly with the reign of Richelieu, who turned the ancient French feudal monarchy into an administrative despotism. The civil servant grew to be a power in the land; and with him rose the financial underwriters of the Minister—bankers, tax-farmers and big Government contractors. Even literary men gained something by this elevation of the middle-class, although a strong taint of Grub Street still hung about their profession. Most writers were careful to explain that they were more at home with a sword than with a pen. "Je suis sorti d'une maison où l'on n'a jamais eu de plume qu'au chapeau," boasts Georges de Scudéry, brother of the novelist. His sister was more prudent still, and adopted the wise anonymity of Sir Walter Scott; until her enormous circulation put her gentility out of danger.

Having to preside over so miscellaneous a gathering, Mme de Rambouillet's great object was to send social prejudice to sleep by keeping social distinctions in the background. The guest most welcome in her Blue Saloon was he who was content to be simply and solely an *honnête homme*—a term difficult to translate, since "man of quality" is too narrow, "man of the world" too vulgar, and "gentleman" too wide. Though every *honnête homme* was necessarily a gentleman, not every gentleman had the brains to be an *honnête homme*. His distinguishing mark was his "universality"; there was something about him of every class and everything of none. Nobody could tell from his manner whether he was noble, banker, writer or official. Next came the question how, and how far, *honnêteté* could be taught. "Would to heaven," groans the *précieux* Chevalier de Méré, "that we could make it as easy as mathe-

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matics." Still, he had no doubt that it might be acquired by much intercourse with ladies. "When a boorish young fellow falls in love with a pretty girl, I warrant he learns the ways of society quickly enough."

In the seventeenth century this remark was by no means the commonplace it sounds to-day; it was only quite lately that French gentlemen had begun to take their wives and daughters seriously. Mme de Rambouillet's contemporary, the historian Mézèrai, declares that Francis I, the hero of the French Renaissance, was the first king to throw open his court to "a sex whose beauty enhanced the splendour of his pomps, whose amiability spread courtesy and refinement, and awakened noble feelings in every generous heart." But this reform had only touched a very limited class, and had been largely neutralized by the subsequent wars of Religion. The mass of Frenchmen still agreed—as Molière's heavy fathers show—with that legendary Duke of Brittany, who said that a woman knew enough when she could tell her husband's doublet from his trunk-hose. Thanks to Mme de Rambouillet, however, all this was beginning to change; and the world was recognizing that there were sides of life wherein a woman's judgement was worth more than that of a man. Already Vaugelas, the great grammarian, had pronounced that ladies spoke purer French than their lords; and Malherbe himself, the "legislator of Parnassus," was inclined to think that they had a keener sense of literary form.

Armed with two such testimonials, Mme de Rambouillet made her Hôtel an arena where these feminine qualities could be displayed to the best advantage. Their most obvious field was literary conversation; accordingly such conversation became the order of the day. In its interests Mme de Rambouillet worked a revolution in domestic architecture. Before her time no one thought of building a house without putting the staircase in the middle; and this, as the gossiping Tallemant will explain, led to much congestion at a party. Mme de Rambouillet, following an Italian practice, carried the staircase round to one corner, and made all the rooms on a story open out of each

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other. In thus making conversation easy, she was only flattering a traditional instinct of her countrymen. We English think it strange to hear "a good talker" put on the same level as a writer of good books; the sanest Frenchmen have declared that books are only useful in so far as they prepare for conversation. And conversation must be general. "German men talk philosophy," says M. de Roederer, writing some seventy years ago, "Englishmen talk politics; the wives of both countries discuss their servants. With us this is not the case. Conversation is set going, prompted and restrained by ladies, and everybody takes a share. Thus we alone have made it a social and national art."

But what did Mme de Rambouillet's visitors talk about, when they were gathered in her Blue Saloon? On her own principles she must be literary; but she must also be "universal," and keep conversation down to the level of the dullest. Hence the lightest sides of literature came up for most discussion. Many slaked their intellectual thirst on small grammatical questions, of the kind made fashionable by Vaugelas—as to the precise significance of *car*, and whether it were better to say *je puis* or *je peux*. Pronunciation, also, came in for much attention. Should one talk of *serge* or *sarge*, *houme* or *homme*? Points of style were carefully studied. Without the labours of the *précieuses* there would be no meaning in the witticism, "C'est en vain que les passions nous bouleversent, et nous sollicitent de suivre l'ordre des sensations: la syntaxe française est incorruptible." Still more delicate were their efforts to *dégasconner* the tongue by ridding it of words and expressions unsuitable to polite conversation. These minute inquiries did good service, trivial as they seem to us. The French of Henri Quatre's time was in a somewhat chaotic state. Many of Montaigne's expressions were more forcible than polite, and quite as well away for reasons of propriety. Nor was Montaigne the only offender. Ronsard and the Hellenists had flooded the language with a deluge of Ciceronian words and expressions, sesquipedalian for the most part; as Sainte-Beuve says, France was suffering from Greek and Latin indigestion. Lastly, an awakening interest in natural science

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was bringing in a string of technical terms unintelligible to the world at large. To sweep all these away in the interests of general conversation was the business of Mme de Rambouillet and her friends. Unfortunately, however, they went much too far. Seventy years later Fénelon entered an eloquent plea against their iconoclastic zeal. Nowadays, he said, there was no room for picturesque irregularities of style. Everywhere the parts of speech marched past in one monotonous procession. First came the subject of the sentence, leading an adjective by the hand. Then, with an adverb tightly clinging to it, came the verb; while not far behind one saw the accusative labouring up to take its place. And as with syntax, so with language. Many words were cast out, and few brought in. The old nervous, racy language of the sixteenth century was gone; desire for purity had banished sentiment and vividness and force.

Whatever Fénelon might say, the *précieuses* felt no qualms about their own destructiveness. Conversation was the flower of human culture; and conversation must be sparing of Ciceronian constructions or words outside the common run. Nor could they make distinctions between a written and a spoken language. Why allow liberties on paper which the writer dare not take by word of mouth? Besides, the literature of *préciosité* was little more than written conversation. Even Mlle de Scudéry's romances are interminable dialogues with the merest skeleton of plot. But most *précieux* efforts were quite short, and meant to be read aloud, or passed round in a drawing-room from hand to hand. They performed, in fact, very much the same function as the evening's paper at an essay club. The writer's business was to set discussion going, or sum it up in some pregnant phrase; he triumphed, when he could express everybody's thoughts in a style beyond everybody's command. For novelty was not much welcomed. An original thinker was apt to be too full of himself and his own ideas to be agreeable in society. Besides, it was hard to scintillate in face of a highly-critical circle of hearers, well endowed with sense of humour. Most of them, too, were fellow-craftsmen—in manuscript, if not in print—and much less

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interested to hear what the evening's entertainer had to say than how he said it. Pascal expresses their spirit exactly, when he asks a captious critic, "What is the good of telling me I say nothing new, if I manage to put things in a new light? At tennis both players use the same ball, but one of them pitches it better than the other."

If this is true of *précieux* prose, it is still more true of verse. The seventeenth century was exceedingly vague as to the scope of the poetic art, and very much inclined to deny that there was any essential difference between poetry and "eloquence"—that is, elevated prose. We take for granted that verse deals with the dim mysterious background of our life, giving symbolic form and colour to

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped.

But the seventeenth century ignored the very existence of this background. How could it admit a realm confessedly beyond the reach of conversation? The only advantage *préciosité* could see in rhyme was that it was hard to manage; hence a compliment enshrined in metre became a far more delicate attention than one conveyed in humble prose. Accordingly it became a favourite method of communication. Every *précieuse* of repute had a literary gallant in her train, who acted as a walking *Gradus ad Parnassum*. Or, if she could not get her rhymes corrected for love, she engaged some starving hack at the standard wage of a dinner a week and a suit of clothes a year. But gentlemen were not allowed to avail themselves of this adventitious aid. "Un galant homme qui est amoureux," says René Le Pays, "ne doit pas aller solliciter son ami de lui faire un sonnet à sa Philis. Il est bon d'avoir chez soi une petite muse domestique, qui fasse des vers de ménage."

Often these "household verses" are pretty enough, when taken simply as impromptus; but staying-power they had none. Those *précieux* poets were the best off who died before their works were collected. For a terrible Boileau was on the way with a Dunciad in his hand, ready to mete out scant mercy to their merits, and something more than justice to their

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faults. The substance of his criticism is that *préciosité* had degraded literature by keeping its pet poets in feminine leading-strings. The charge was indignantly denied, notably by the Abbé Cottin, one of the few survivors of the original band. "From my youth up," wrote the old man, "it has been my privilege to associate much with ladies, and this pleasant intercourse still continues. Duty to truth and to the past compels me to bear witness that their innocent favour has sweetened the drops of bitterness in my cup, and enabled me to bear with resignation the lack of what is called preferment. I have indeed received—and that from the highest ladies in the land—what avarice and ambition deem essential goods of fortune. But my pleasure and reward have lain in serving illustrious ladies—as one serves virtue—for their own sake. They have polished my wits and refined my manners, nor have they ever kept me under servitude or constraint."

With all the Abbé says about manners Boileau himself might have agreed; but great services to manners may go with great disservices to books. The *précieux* poets openly boast of their "servitude and constraint." Voiture was the greatest of them; and Voiture's nephew, bringing out a posthumous edition of his uncle's works, claims as his chief title to fame that he rose through the favour of illustrious ladies. Critics used formerly to ask why the French seventeenth century was so poor in lyric poets. But how could anyone be "lyrical" in an age of feminine conversation-alists? Even the intrepid Wordsworth would have shrunk from reciting his sonnets in the Blue Saloon. Besides, ladies keep their minds in water-tight compartments much more than masculine humanity. They go to literature for a cultivated amusement, and an amusement they wish it to remain. They do not like to see it suddenly changing into grim earnest—the kind of earnest that creates a *Divina Commedia* or a *Faust*. Then too, a strong alternative attraction was in the air. All literature swings to and fro between the cult of matter and the cult of form; and there could be little doubt which side the *précieuses* would choose. Official guardians of decorum must perforce insist on an equally deco-

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rous observance of the laws of composition. Under their influence technique became so much an end in itself that—as Fénelon will presently say—to write a sonnet was to go through a discipline of useless torture. The one and only business of the poet was to perform a literary egg-dance amid a set of highly technical rules; and clearly he could do so with the more agility, the less he was encumbered by ideas. Nay, he took a pride in bringing the most delicate workmanship to bear on the most trivial common-places, much in the way Aléxis Soyer prided himself on making the most delicate dishes out of a scrag-end of mutton.

Just as Soyer disguised the poverty of his materials under highly-seasoned sauces, so Voiture and the *précieux* poets made use of elaborate ornament. Pascal, who spent some time among them between his scientific youth and his Jansenist maturity, ended by declaring that the only secret of their art was to give big names to little things. Their poems he likened to a pretty peasant, dressed up in her Sunday best, and bedizened all over with cheap fairings. Nor was this element of filigree peculiar to their verse. All *préciosité* was essentially aristocratic and exclusive; the Hôtel de Rambouillet felt itself a little oasis of culture in the midst of a howling desert of barbarians. But exclusiveness gives birth to mannerism. *Préciosité* demanded a plethora of mystic passwords whereby the elect could recognize each other. Mme de Rambouillet kept this rage for fantastic similes and quaint peculiarities of emphasis within a certain check; but the check was removed when she grew old, and the leadership of the band fell to Mlle de Scudéry.

This long-lived lady—she was born in 1607 and died in 1701—was a woman of great ability and force of character, though it is to be feared that her merits have proved less interesting to posterity than her undoubted failings. Born in a comparatively humble sphere—her parents were small gentlefolk at Havre, and she began life as a kind of humble companion to Mme de Rambouillet's daughter—she was thrown much more than her patroness into contact with the grosser Philistines. Hence her aversion to them

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was the more intense, and her struggles to break away from their vulgarity led her into much more devious courses. To avoid doing what the multitude did became her chief rule of manners. She could not even speak its language. When the common herd talked of its dinners, she spoke of "meridional necessities." On the same principle grey hairs became the "discharges of love," and noses "the sluices of the brain." In the end, so complicated did this language become that special dictionaries had to be written, and got by heart by neophytes before they were fit to make their appearance at her celebrated Saturdays.

Nor was the language of her followers her only care. In the course of her warfare with the middle classes she came to wield despotic sway over the dress and deportment of her admirers. Her vast romances—*Le Grana Cyrus* (1649) and *Clélie* (1656)—are really manuals of etiquette, wherein the heroes of antiquity disport themselves as she considered a French gallant should behave. This brought Boileau down upon her:

Gardez donc de donner, ainsi que dans *Clélie*,
L'air, ni l'esprit françois à l'antique Italie;
Et sous des noms romains faisant notre portrait,
Peindre Caton galant et Brutus dameret.

But the great *précieuse* cared little for such criticisms. She had a gospel to preach, and she preached it, without much troubling about the means. Nor was it only in her books that she made her influence felt. Admirers glowingly describe her inner councils of war, with "Sappho" lecturing away, while tried lieutenants sat around, dressing dolls in what was to be the *précieux* fashion of to-morrow. And Somaize, the Baedeker of *préciosité*, will describe what preparations an aspirant from the country must make before he can make his bow in her presence. The night before the eventful day *Bélisandre* has sat up late, deep in romances. He has learnt how to enter a room, and how to leave it; how to salute a lady, and say nothing with good grace. At last he unwillingly resolves to go to bed. His hair and moustache are already curled, his hands pomaded and encased in gloves. As he dozes off, he repeats to himself

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what he is going to say to-morrow. On waking, he scatters a few grains of powder on his hair. Over his face he passes a sponge, that has been soaked overnight in new milk. He rubs on his hands some oil of sweet almonds. Then he puts on his clothes. His shirt, of course, has a large frill. His small-clothes are tied at the knee with not less than eight ribbons, all of the newest colour and bought at Perdrigeon's. Round his arm he slips a black ribbon, to set off the whiteness of his hands; and on his cheek he sticks a large patch, which gives his complexion the languishing air ladies so much admire.

These preparations finished, he is ready for the fray. In due course he is ushered into the presence of Polixène, the hostess of the day—for there is a "calendrier des ruelles," and the great *précieuses* receive on a definite system, turn and turn about. Polixène is reclining fully dressed on her bed, for this is only a morning reception, and boudoirs are still to come. In the *ruelle*—the sacred space between the bed and the side-wall—are a few arm-chairs, occupied by ladies of the Court. Lower down are ladies of the town sitting on straight-backed chairs. Gentlemen are perched on camp stools, or spread their mantles on the floor and sit down at a lady's feet. When Bélisandre comes in, they are all busy telling each other scraps of literary gossip. Mascarille has just written a wonderful piece on somebody's inconstancy or somebody else's raptures. Aminte is writing words to such and such a tune. Théodamas sent an ode last night to Philonide, to which she had an answer ready by eight o'clock this morning. Aristée is hard at work on the third part of his romance.

Such were what Madelon, in the *Précieuses Ridicules*, will call the "petites nouvelles galantes, qu'il faut savoir de nécessité," which youths of the type of Bélisandre flocked to the capital to learn. And perhaps Molière's heavy fathers may be pardoned when they cry, "Give me homely ignorance, if this is education!" Still, even the Madelons and the Polixènes represent a certain upward movement. Young Frenchwomen of their class were not yet sure what they wanted to become; but, at any rate, they were

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determined not to be the mere *Hausfrauen* their German sisters still remain. And Mlle de Scudéry, through all her follies, kept her eye fixed on their education—and indeed, on that of men, for Bélisandre's almond-oil and ribbons really spell respect for women in the dialect of haberdashery. And "Sappho's" romances bring some excellent criticism to bear on the existing way of training young ladies. How absurd it was, she said, to make them give twelve years to the dancing-master, in order that they might figure at balls for half that period, and no years at all to forming their judgement, although they would be expected to act sensibly all the days of their life! How could they be otherwise than coquettish and empty-headed, when their education fitted them for nothing but to sleep, to grow fat, to look pretty and say silly things? Nor were these criticisms fruitless. Their abiding outcome was Mme de Maintenon's great girls' school at Saint-Cyr. Here the wise foundress swept aside the follies of *préciosité*, while retaining its essential idea of woman as a missionary to man. Returned home, each "demoiselle de Saint-Cyr" was to become a centre of provincial enlightenment, and take her part in giving France the two things France most needed—"broth and education."

Remains one highly controversial side of Mlle de Scudéry's teaching. As became an age of conversationalists, the seventeenth century idolized reason—reason of an argumentative sort. In the learned world the ruling science was mathematics; and nearly every one was bitten by what Pascal calls the geometrical spirit. Learned writers set out to reduce religion, morality, taste, and even so elusive a quality as good manners, to quasi-scientific rules. And Mlle de Scudéry was only following the general current when she proposed to deal with love in the same way. It was, in fact, to be regarded as a purely intellectual passion; and therein lay a double advantage. Firstly, she could teach young *précieuses* who wanted to marry to trust to something better than their looks. "L'approbation des yeux," says Somaize, "est d'un ordre inférieur au mérite de ces belles; elles s'élèvent par la raison et par l'esprit, et tâchent de fon-

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der en droit les passions qu'elles peuvent faire naître." Secondly, these young ladies could be saved from the clutches of the Philistine rake. For if love was an intellectual passion, its course could be accurately determined—and, in fact, it was so mapped out in Mlle de Scudéry's own *Carte du Tendre*. This is a kind of typical Pilgrim's Progress to the City of Love: it reads rather like a nightmare hybrid of Bunyan and Don Quixote. With this chart in her hand, it was easy enough for Madelon to judge her lover's intentions. Unless his sentiments followed each other in the established order—friendship, interest, melancholy, hope, etc.—there was proof positive that he was drawn on by something other than admiration of her intelligence.

Incidentally the *Carte du Tendre* had the advantage of teaching Madelon to make her mind up for herself; but this was not its official purpose. In Mlle de Scudéry's opinion, the wish to marry was quite unworthy of a *précieuse*. Far above Madelon stood Armande, who sighed after spiritual union with philosophy, not carnal slavery to a man. Molière does not exaggerate, when he makes her tell her suitor:

Eh bien, monsieur, eh bien, puisque, sans m'écouter,
Vos sentiments brutaux veulent se contenter;
Puisque, pour vous réduire à des ardeurs fidèles,
Il faut des nœuds de chair, des chaînes corporelles,
Si ma mère le veut, je résous mon esprit
À consentir.

Such a principle needs no refutation. As Saint-Évremond—one of the sanest minds of the age—used to point out to his *précieuses* friends, too much intellectuality is just as fatal to love as too little. Yet he was much more just then Molière, and gave them due credit for "generous hatred of voluptuousness."

Couple vulgarity with voluptuousness, and *préciosité* is explained. Whatever its extravagances, in the main it was an honourable effort to bring order and decency into life, and especially to secure for women their rightful place in society. And in both articles it succeeded—some may think a little too much. For Mme de Rambouillet was somewhat

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tyrannous in her triumph; and the ghost of her "universal" commonplaces haunts the whole of French classical literature—not even always excepting the plays of Molière himself. On the social and moral side, however, the advantages of the movement more than balance its absurdities. Whatever else they did, the *précieuses* taught their young countrywomen to respect themselves as a first step towards exacting some measure of that respect from men. And that was no small service to France—and, indeed, to the world at large.

ST CYRES

DE VRIES & the THEORY of MUTATION

Species and Varieties: Their Origin by Mutation. By Hugo de Vries.
Chicago. 1905.

Evolution and Adaptation. By Thomas Hunt Morgan. New York.
1903.

Materials for the Study of Adaptation. By William Bateson. London :
Macmillan. 1894.

THAT Darwin invented the theory of transformation or the derivation of one species from another is an impression apparently indelibly engraved on the minds of the half-educated many who pride themselves on their acquaintance with science. Of course neither Darwin himself nor any of his scientific followers have ever made this claim on his behalf, for he and they were perfectly well aware that in one way or another a theory of transformation had been put forward from time to time from at least the days of St Augustine.

The title page of Darwin's epoch-making work generally known under the name of *The Origin of Species* is really *The Origin of Species by Natural Selection; or, The Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life*. It was the method not the fact of evolution which Darwin chiefly endeavoured to demonstrate; and around the question of natural selection controversy has always raged and still continues to rage. We shall hope to come to close quarters with that question in a future article, but before doing so there are one or two groups of observations which may conveniently be dealt with by themselves. And in this present article we propose to deal with the views of the distinguished Amsterdam botanist whose name we have placed in our title.

According to Darwin natural selection acted upon spontaneous slight variations constantly occurring in all species of plants and animals. "Natural selection," he says, "acts only by the preservation and accumulation of small inherited modifications." This view as to the accumulation of small modifications was acutely criticized on its first appearance before the world by Mivart, who stated that natural selection utterly fails

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to account for the conservation and development of the minute and rudimentary beginnings, the slight and insignificant commencements of structures, however useful these structures may afterwards become." * Moreover, he argued that such small peculiarities might, before they had sufficiently developed to be of real advantage to their possessor, be an actual injury as affording further and useless living material requiring nourishment. And in this connexion he enters into a long consideration of Darwin's theory as exemplified in the neck of the giraffe, a discussion which will be quite familiar to all students of the evolutionary theory. But further he argued (p. 109) that "there are difficulties in the way or accounting for such origination by the sole action of modifications which are insignificant and minute, whether fortuitous or not." And he proceeds: "Arguments may yet be advanced in favour of the view that new species have from time to time manifested themselves with . . . suddenness, by modifications appearing at once (as great in degree as are those which separate *Hipparion* from *Equus*), the species remaining stable in the intervals of such modifications: by 'stable' being meant that their variations only extend for a certain degree in various directions, like oscillations in a stable equilibrium. This is the conception of Mr Galton, † who compares the development of species with a many-faceted spheroid tumbling over from one facet, or stable equilibrium, to another."

Whether the change takes place rapidly or gradually from one facet to another, the result is the production of a form widely—comparatively speaking widely—differing from the original individual. Is this the production of a new species? In answering that question we are naturally confronted with the long-standing inquiry as to what after all is meant by a species. Of course in nature there are no such things as species, for species are only categories invented by men for the purpose of aiding classification. But looked at from that point of view it is by no means easy—is it even possible?—to say where a species ends and a variety begins. It is quite easy to

* *Genesis of Species*, p. 26.

† *Hereditary Genius: An Inquiry into its Laws, &c.*

De Vries and the

separate a flowering plant from a cryptogam; so also is it easy to distinguish a member of the rose family from one belonging to that of the willows. But when we get a stage or two further and try to separate the various members of the families *Rubus* or *Salix* from one another, we find ourselves in what seems to be inextricable confusion, unless perchance one is gifted with the peculiar kind of mind belonging to the person sometimes unkindly called a "species-monger." At any rate botanists, at least, seem to have arrived at the opinion that amongst the groups commonly called "varieties" there are groups which resemble in many ways the groups of species in other forms, since they breed true to their kind, even under changed conditions. They have been recognized as "smaller species" by a number of botanists.* "Elementary species" is the name given by de Vries, and he points out that "we must recognize two sorts of species." The systematic species are the practical units of the systematists and florists, and all friends of wild nature should do their utmost to preserve them as Linnæus has proposed them. These units, however, are not really existing entities; they have as little claim to be regarded as such as the genera and families have. The real units are the elementary species" (p. 12). And again: "Linnæus himself knew that in some cases all subdivisions of a species are of equal rank, together constituting the group called species. No one of them outranks the others; it is not a species with varieties, but a group consisting only of varieties. A closer inquiry into the cases treated in this manner by the great master of systematic science shows that here his varieties were exactly what we now call elementary species" (p. 13). Those desirous of examples of what is here described may be referred to de Vries' account of the different varieties of elementary species of *viola*.† It is possible, so it has been argued, that these "smaller species," or "elementary species," or "constant varieties" are "incipient Linnæan species, which, by further variations of the same, or of other sorts, may end by giving rise to true species. A genus composed of several species might be formed in this way, and then, if each species were again broken up into a number of new

* Morgan, p. 33.

† pp. 38 et seq.

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groups, each such group would now be recognized as a genus, and the group of genera would form a family, etc. The process continuing, a whole class or order, or even phylum, might be the result of this process that began in a single species."*

At any rate we can see for ourselves that, as Bateson puts it, "the forms of living things are various and, on the whole, are discontinuous or specific" (p. 3); and what we have now to discuss is how, assuming transformism to be the explanation of the state of nature as we see it, this discontinuity came about. Was slight change added to slight change until at last a new "elementary species" stood revealed? or did each "elementary species" suddenly make its appearance as a definite and complete entity? How, in other words, was differentiation introduced into the series of which the species we are now considering may be regarded as, for the moment, the last term? All that we know, as Bateson points out, is this last term. "By the postulate of common descent," he continues, "we take it that the first term differed widely from the last, which nevertheless is its lineal descendant; how then was the transition from the first term to the last term effected? If the whole series were before us, should we find that this transition had been brought about by very minute and insensible differences between successive terms in the series? or should we find distinct and palpable gaps in the series? In proportion as the transition from term to term is minimal and imperceptible, we may speak of the series as being continuous; while in proportion as there appear in it lacunæ, filled by no transitional form, we may describe it as discontinuous" (p. 15). Continuous or discontinuous? That is the question around which the present article turns.

We have already seen how Darwin answered the question, and that Mivart doubted the correctness of his conclusion. De Vries' work, with which we are here concerned, is devoted to the maintenance of the thesis of discontinuity. For, according to his view, fluctuations, that is to say the smaller variations which are constantly going on within a species, the minute differences between parents and children,

*Morgan, p. 85.

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the characters which distinguish one child from another—these things never do and never can produce a new species, even a new elementary species. "Fluctuations are linear, amplifying or lessening the existing qualities, but not really changing their nature. They are not observed to produce anything quite new, and evolution, of course, is not restricted to the increase of the already existing peculiarities, but depends chiefly on the continuous addition of new characters to the stock. Fluctuations always oscillate around an average, and, if removed from this for some time, they show a tendency to return to it. This tendency, called retrogression, has never been observed to fail, as it should in order to free the new strain from the links with the average, while new species and new varieties are seen to be quite free from their ancestors, and are not linked to them by intermediates." Again, it must be insisted how important this question of fluctuations is to present-day ideas of evolution, since the theory of the accumulation of small changes underlies the ideas of both the two chief opposing camps of biologists, the Neo-Lamarckians, who assume a modifying agency on the part of the environment, and the Neo-Darwinians who refuse to accept this view. De Vries, Bateson and those who agree with them are consequently in opposition to both these groups, and deny a doctrine fundamental to both their creeds. De Vries argues that the variations on which both these schools of thought have relied are wholly different from what he calls mutations, and believes to be alone capable of producing new elementary species. Mutations are characterized, according to his view, by the "production of something new, by the acquirement of a character hitherto unnoticed in the line of their ancestors. On the contrary, varieties, in most cases, evidently owe their origin to the loss of an already existing character, or, in other less frequent cases, to the re-assumption of a quality formerly lost. Some may originate in a negative way, others in a positive manner, but in both cases nothing really new is acquired" (p. 247).

We have now to examine the evidence on which this far-reaching theory is built up, for far-reaching it certainly is.

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If it be established that by mutations alone is the development of a new species possible, then Darwin's doctrine, or a large part of it, absolutely falls to the ground. Darwin, as we have seen, insisted that natural selection worked only through the preservation and accumulation of small inherited modifications. Some of his followers have even contended that these modifications were so small that they could not be appreciated until natural selection had taken hold of them and made them obvious by a process of adding change to change. "It is only natural selection which accumulates those alterations, so that they become appreciable to us and constitute a variation which is evident to our senses."* But beyond this Darwin also asserted that his theory would "banish the belief of the continued creation of new organic beings or of any great and sudden modifications of their structure." But apart from this purely negative effect, certain positive results follow. Species regain something of the dignity which they formerly possessed, and the fact that mutations produce new species is a demonstration that the cause of the variation lies deep in the nature of life; that it is not fortuitous, as it would be on the Darwinian theory, but that, as Dwight points out,† "it implies the existence of a type and of a law which under certain conditions becomes operative."

We shall have to refer further to this matter at the end of this article, and will therefore pass to two other points of great importance which come into direct bearing with the question of mutations.

In the first place one of the great difficulties which has always stood in the way of the acceptance of the transformist doctrine has been the inadequacy of the time which seems to have been at the disposal of the world for the process. On this point physicists and evolutionists have always been at issue since Lord Kelvin made public his views as to the age of the earth, the biologists demanding, for the operations which they supposed to have taken place, a length of time which the physicists were quite unwilling to concede. Now it is obvious that if the process of trans-

* Claus, *Textbook of Zoology*.

† *Science*, N.S. xxi, 529.

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formation can be shown to have taken place by great and sudden changes, the difficulty here alluded to very largely disappears. A comparatively short time might suffice for the accomplishment of changes through mutations, which would require untold æons if they were to take place through the slow accumulation of small variations.

In the next place the question of the geological record is very much simplified. When the Darwinian hypothesis was first made public, the common argument urged against it was the fact that, as a matter of experience, the links which were postulated had not been found to exist. And the equally common rejoinder was that our imperfection of knowledge as to the geological record was the complete and sufficing explanation of this apparent discrepancy between theory and fact. A number of years have now passed by, years during which unremitting labour has been carried on in the geological field, with, one must admit, surprisingly little effect from the point of view now under consideration. The pedigree of the horse, which, as has been already pointed out in this REVIEW, is far less clearly demonstrative of the facts which it has been brought forward to prove than it was originally supposed to be, still remains the commonplace of popular books and essays on evolution. It would certainly not occupy its proud position if any more striking examples of the same kind had come to light during the time that has elapsed since this history was first brought forward as proof positive of the truth of evolution. It still remains true—indeed, the truth becomes more obvious the more the crust of the earth is examined—that the geological record of life is as discontinuous as the discontinuous picture of living nature presented to our eyes to-day. Now this is just what one would not have expected under the Darwinian hypothesis, whilst, on the other hand, it is just what one would have expected had the course of development proceeded by sudden leaps and not by minute accretions of changes.

Such then are some of the important bearings which de Vries' views have upon the Darwinian controversy. We must now devote a short space to explaining, in as simple lan-

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guage as possible, the facts upon which his theory is based.

In the first place it seems to be quite clear that, amongst plants at least, new elementary species are produced, and that the history of some of these is quite well known and quite unmistakable. De Vries gives several instances, one of which will suffice. It is the case of the cut-leaved variety of the greater celandine, a plant which will be familiar to everybody with any knowledge of wild flowers. This species, *Chelidonium laciniatum*, was first seen in 1590 in the garden of one Sprenger, an apothecary of Heidelberg, who had for years cultivated the ordinary *Chelidonium majus*, or greater celandine. Sprenger recognized that something new to him had appeared in his garden, and sent specimens of it to the leading botanists of the day, including the celebrated Caspar Bauhin. All agreed that it was a new plant. Much interest was felt in it, and it was introduced into most of the botanical gardens of Europe. At the same time botanists—and whatever may have been the state of other sciences, field-botany then was in a more flourishing state than it now is—made search for this new plant in a wild state, but without any success. It seems to be quite clear that it actually did arise for the first time in the year and at the place mentioned. From the botanical gardens it spread to ordinary gardens, and from them it escaped and became a wild plant, and is now almost as common in many places as the older great celandine from which it originated.

De Vries has, moreover, made his own observations on a plant in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam which is, or was recently, in the condition of sending off new lateral species. This plant is the well-known large-flowered evening primrose or *Oenothera Lamarckiana*, which is supposed to have come from America, though this point is doubtful, and to have been introduced into the gardens of the Musée d'Histoire Naturelle, at Paris, by no less a person than Lamarck himself, after whom it is named. It is one of those plants which freely "escapes," to use the botanical phrase, and is often to be found, therefore, in a wild condition. It was in such a state, at Hilversum, near Amsterdam, that de

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Vries came across a number of these plants. But the remarkable thing was that in addition to the well-known and unmistakable *Œ. Lamarckiana* there were a number of other varieties or species growing with it. These species are not only new but appear to be perfectly constant, so that here again we seem to be able to record the birth into the world for the first time of a new species. For the exact description of these new species the botanical inquirer must be referred to the pages of de Vries' work. There too he will find an account of the experiments of that botanical observer on a peculiar variety or species of toadflax, the peloric variety.

From these and other observations described at great length in his book he deduces the conclusions that new elementary species appear suddenly and without any intermediate steps leading up to them; that the new forms spring laterally, so to speak, from the main stem, and are not necessarily advances or regressions; that they attain their full constancy at once, and that they exhibit just the same fluctuations and variations as the older species, or rather, to put it more correctly, that they have the same habit of fluctuating and varying as the older species have. "But," he says (p. 569), "such oscillating changes have nothing in common with the mutations. Their essential character is the heaping up of slight deviations round a mean, and the occurrence of continuous lines of increasing deviations, linking the extremes with this group. Nothing of the kind is observed in the case of mutations. There is no mean for them to be grouped around, and the extreme only is to be seen, and it is wholly unconnected with the original type. It might be supposed that on closer inspection each mutation might be brought into some connexion with some feature of the fluctuating variability. But this is not the case."

Take, for example, the dwarf form of *Œnothera*. This is a distinct species. But there are larger and smaller forms of the ordinary *Œnothera*. No doubt, but the small forms never approach the size of the dwarf species. There is always a gap; and, what is more, the small examples of the ordinary species are weaklings whilst the dwarf species itself is remarkably robust.

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It will be remarked that the observations on which de Vries' theory is founded are entirely drawn from the plant world; and so far no one, we believe, has pointed out any similar occurrences in the animal kingdom. On the transformist hypothesis, however, the two are continuous, and what one finds in the one should be discoverable in the other. If it turns out that this is not the case, then another great difficulty will have been raised. But so far as botanical examples are concerned there seems to be good evidence that mutations attended by the production of new species are not of very uncommon occurrence. De Vries thinks that a species has periods at which it exhibits a remarkable tendency towards the production of new species. Such must have been the condition of the Hilversum *Oenothera*. At other times he thinks that long periods may elapse during which no mutations occur and no species are, therefore, given to the world. If this be true, and there seems to be a good deal of evidence for it, it points with the utmost clearness to one conclusion, which, indeed, is indicated by this whole matter of mutations, as by many other arguments which need not here be particularized. It is quite clear that the plant must have within itself a tendency to vary and to vary in certain directions, a force which enables it to make those sudden and complete mutations which have been described in this paper. It is not the environment which provides them or even calls them forth, so far as we can at present see. It is an inherent function of living matter, a function which we can appreciate without in any way understanding it, a function whose laws we can only guess at. That natural selection may come into operation after this function has been exercised is possible—we hope to discuss that point in a later article—that it has anything in the world to say to the causation of the function, as some have seemed to imagine, is obviously and entirely absurd.

B. C. A. WINDLE

THE STORY OF A PARIS CONVENT

Histoire du Clergé Français pendant la Révolution Française. Par l'Abbé Barruel. 2me édition. Londres. 1794.

Le Couvent des Carmes et le Séminaire de Saint-Sulpice pendant la Terreur. Par Alexandre Sorel. Paris. 1814.

La Maison des Carmes. Par l'Abbé Pisani. Paris. 1891.

Paris Révolutionnaire. Par G. Lenotre. Paris. 1902-3.

In addition to these sources, the writer has had free access to the information lately collected on the subject by Mgr de Teil and as yet unpublished.

IT is a matter of regret to lovers of ancient Paris that so many buildings, hallowed by tragic or sacred memories, have been swept away within the last few years. Many of these venerable landmarks played no unimportant part in the history of the city, and their disappearance has widened the gulf that separates ancient and modern France. These transformations are specially noticeable on the left bank of the Seine, which, fifty years ago, presented a picturesque medley of narrow thoroughfares, old houses, convents, colleges and churches. Many of these have totally disappeared; but in the Rue de Vaugirard there still stands a building which, strange to say, has remained almost untouched since it was the scene of one of the most heart-stirring episodes of the French Revolution. The Convent "des Carmes," now the head-quarters of the Catholic University, is a hallowed spot; and within the last few years the memories that are closely linked to its old grey walls have been more prominently brought before the public.

In 1792 over 200 priests, one Archbishop and two Bishops were murdered in the Paris prisons, because they refused to take a schismatical oath that the Holy See had condemned. An inquiry has lately been set on foot with a view to examining their claims to rank among the Martyrs of the Church.

Although it would be premature to speak with any certainty of what is still a remote contingency, yet the attention bestowed by ecclesiastical authorities on the devoted con-

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fessors of 1792 has contributed to revive popular interest in the spot where their last battle was fought, and the difficulties of the Church in France at the present day invest their history with special meaning.

It must be noticed that from the outset the policy of the *Assemblée Nationale*, in whose hands was vested the executive power in 1792, was distinctly anti-religious, and that, even before the King and Queen, the clergy became a prey to the infuriated people, whose ignorance and prejudices were ably played upon by its leaders.

Of the different buildings where on September 2, 1792, numbers of priests were massacred in Paris—La Force, L'Abbaye, St-Firmin—only "Les Carmes" now remains. The aspect of the grey building, with its church and garden, is much the same as it was on that fatal September Sunday a hundred and fifteen years ago.

As its name indicates, the house was originally a monastery of Carmelite friars. Its foundation is comparatively modern; it was bought by some French religious of the Order who had adopted the reformed rule established in Spain by St Teresa. There already existed in Paris a community of Carmelite friars, Place Maubert, but these had not embraced the reform. Nevertheless, be it said to their credit, they cordially welcomed their discalced brethren.

The Rue de Vaugirard was a country road, surrounded on all sides by fields and gardens, when on Pentecost Sunday, 1611, the friars took possession of their house. It was small and inconvenient and, two years later, they rebuilt it as it now stands. Queen Marie de Médicis, who was then Regent for her son Louis XIII, laid the first stone of the new church, the first which in France was dedicated to Saint Joseph. It was blessed on March 19, 1620, and consecrated five years later. Its architecture seems to be a reminiscence of Italian churches, and its cupola was the first of its kind erected in Paris. The convent is large, plain and severe in appearance, with no pretensions to splendour. It is now much as it was in the middle of the seventeenth century, at least as regards its external aspect.

The community of the Rue de Vaugirard was, says a

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historian who wrote in 1725, "one of the most austere and regular in Paris." The friars possessed considerable property, but their lives were devout and mortified; and throughout the eighteenth century they did good work for the Church. One of them, Father Bernard of St Teresa, was instrumental in founding the "Séminaire des Missions Étrangères," that admirable training school for martyrs, which is still flourishing in Paris. When the Revolution broke out, the community numbered 61 religious, of whom 42 were priests; the Prior was Joseph Gilet de Bassonville, called by his brethren Ambrose of St Joseph.

Like many others the Carmelites were unconscious of the perils ahead. Men of higher culture and wider experience than these simple friars were, at the outset, led away by the high-flown theories of the revolutionary party. The Carmelites willingly allowed public meetings to take place in their convent, and, when the National Guard was instituted, they made a free gift of a large piece of ground on which to build barracks. By degrees only they realized, in common with other over-sanguine spirits, that the golden age, whose advent they had believed in, was yet far distant.

In February, 1790, the Government passed a law abolishing monastic vows, although, for the time being, the religious who wished to do so were allowed to remain in their convents. The following year, however, another law ordered the confiscation of the property belonging to the Communities, who were allowed a trifling pension to compensate for what was taken from them, and a decree, issued in August, 1792, condemned the religious men and women throughout the kingdom to leave their monasteries before the following October. This was the final blow dealt by the Government at the Congregations.

The persecution waged by the revolutionary authorities against monks and nuns was carried on with no less hatred, though on different lines, against the secular clergy. The object of the Government was to bring about a schism between the Church of France and the Holy See, and for this purpose the "Constitution civile du Clergé" was drawn up in 1790. This scheme, to which the King weakly lent his

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signature, was distinctly schismatical in its spirit; it denied the Pope's right to confer spiritual jurisdiction on the Bishops, who were henceforth to be elected by the people; they were forbidden to seek the Pope's consent to their election and permitted only to apprise him of the event after it had taken place. The *curés* were to be elected in the same manner; any priest filling a post where he was paid by the Government was required to take an oath of fidelity to "the nation, the law and the King," and also to the Constitution drawn up by the Assemblée and sanctioned by the Sovereign.

The question of the lawfulness of this oath was referred to Pope Pius VI, who, in a Brief dated March 10, 1791, declared that after examining the context of the "Constitution civile du Clergé" he condemned it as "sacrilegious and schismatical," and ordered all the priests who had taken the oath to retract it immediately, under pain of incurring the censure of the Church. This determined attitude, far from arresting the Government in its evil course, seemed to stimulate its persecuting spirit and the position of the priests who declined to take the oath became from day to day more critical.

However, only a very small minority yielded to the pressure of circumstances; the majority of the Bishops and priests faced poverty, exile, imprisonment and death with courage and dignity. In August, 1792, after the final overthrow of the King, the Government decided that these faithful confessors, "*les prêtres insermentés*," as they were called, should be, not only as hitherto deprived of their posts, but immediately arrested. In consequence about fifty ecclesiastics were, on August 11, brought to the "Carmes" and imprisoned in the church. No preparations had been made to receive them, only a few chairs had been left in the building, and on these they spent the first nights after their arrival. Soon, however, their miserable condition became known outside: charitable persons brought them beds, mattresses and coverings. Others undertook to send them food, for the authorities declined to feed their prisoners. Those of the priests who possessed private means made

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arrangements with a neighbouring "traiteur," the others trusted to the charity of their friends. Barruel tells us that one lady alone provided sufficient food daily for twenty priests. Among this first batch of prisoners was one Archbishop and two Bishops.

Jean Marie du Lau, Archbishop of Arles,* was, in spite of his broken health, a man of calm and undaunted courage. He had refused to leave France, saying, "Nous devons mourir sur la brèche," and when urged by his friends to plead his infirmities as a pretext for being removed from the "Carmes," he smilingly replied, "No, indeed, I am in very good company and have no wish to leave." He declined to accept a bed for his own use until every priest in the church was served, and presided at meals with a cheerfulness that amazed his rough jailers. Only one of these wretched men seemed to take pleasure in heaping every kind of insult on the Archbishop. He used to blow the smoke of his pipe into the prelate's face and tell him that he would cut a good figure on the guillotine. One night the prisoners were awakened by an unusual noise outside the church: "Monseigneur, surely our murderers are coming," exclaimed a priest. "Well," was the quiet answer, "is not our sacrifice made?" and the Archbishop went off to sleep.

No less exemplary were the Bishops of Saintes and Beauvais, two brothers belonging to the illustrious house of La Rochefoucauld. They were arrested in the apartment where they lived together, their duties as deputies at the États-Généraux compelling them to remain in Paris. The elder of the two, the Bishop of Beauvais,† was much beloved in his diocese, where contrary to the evil custom of many eighteenth-century Bishops he always resided except when his political duties brought him to Paris. Although of a remarkably sweet and gentle disposition, he was uncompromising in his opposition to the Constitution civile du Clergé.

* Born at Périgueux in 1738; became Archbishop of Arles in 1775.

† François Joseph de La Rochefoucauld Maumont, born in 1735, became Bishop of Beauvais in 1772, and took his seat at the États-Généraux as representing the clergy of Clermont.

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The Bishop of Saintes,* nine years younger, seems to have been no less attractive. The priests who survived the massacre enlarge on his winning courtesy and on the kindness with which he welcomed the new arrivals at the "Carmes." His devotion to his elder brother was intense; when both were arrested, the soldiers, by some strange caprice, offered to let the Bishop of Saintes go free: "I have always been closely united to my brother," he said. "We serve the same cause; his only crime is his love for religion, and in this I am as guilty as he is; I cannot let him go to prison without me, and therefore beg you to let me accompany him." His request was granted, and we shall see how to the very last the younger Bishop's one earthly thought was for his brother.

It was late at night when the two Bishops arrived at the "Carmes." One of the surviving priests tells us how, on account both of their ecclesiastical dignity and of their illustrious birth, their arrival produced a certain sensation in the crowded church; but, he adds, the brothers refused to allow their companions to deprive themselves of any comfort for their sakes. Every day the number of prisoners increased; after the La Rochefoucaulds came a pathetic group of aged and infirm priests, who, on August 15, entered the church with faltering steps. They had been arrested at a "Home of Rest," "la Maison St-François de Sales."

From the outset the prisoners agreed to adopt a rule of life. Many of them had been deprived of their Breviaries; they therefore divided into different groups and the Office books passed from one to another. Before and after meals the Archbishop of Arles said the usual prayers; the rest of the day was spent in meditation or in talks, such as the Martyrs of the early Church may have indulged in while they waited for death. "Our conversations," says the Abbé Fronteau, "turned chiefly on the lives of the Martyrs, whose history we were reading." He adds that he does not remember a single instance of regret or discontent among his companions. "They all owned that they experienced an

* Pierre Louis de La Rochefoucauld-Bayers, born in 1744, was deputy at the États-Généraux for the city of Saintes.

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inward joy they had not thought possible." Their cheerfulness astonished their jailers. All their food was carefully inspected, and the very loaves of bread were cut open lest they should contain dangerous weapons. We are told that the priests made merry over these ridiculous precautions; their good humour was the outcome of their complete resignation to a higher will, for the news that reached them from the outside was calculated only to remove any illusions as to their ultimate fate and to stimulate them to a more fervent oblation of their lives. At first they were kept day and night in the crowded church, where beds and mattresses were so closely packed together that there was barely room to move; and, during the sultry August days, the air soon became completely vitiated. At last, the doctors having pointed out that under these conditions the church must become a hotbed of infection, orders were given that the prisoners should be turned out twice a day into the garden. During their absence aromatic herbs were burnt inside the church, and this, says one of the survivors, made the atmosphere less pernicious but scarcely less unpleasant.

Within these narrow walls were gathered representatives of almost every diocese in France and of many religious Orders. Besides the three Bishops, there were eleven Vicars-general, twelve *curés*, eleven ex-Jesuits, eight religious of other Orders and thirteen Sulpicians. The others were professors, chaplains, young seminarists newly ordained, or aged priests from the House of Rest we have already mentioned. The Abbé de Lubersac, chaplain to the King's aunts, was on the list, and curiously enough in this purely ecclesiastical company we find one officer. His name was Comte Charles Régis de Valfonds; he had done good service in the regiment of Champagne and had not only a soldier's but a martyr's soul. His intimate friend, Abbé Guilleminet, Vicaire of Saint-Roch, having been arrested, Valfonds, as a matter of course, accompanied him to the "Carmes." He seems to have taken as much pains to secure this post of danger as others might have done to avoid it. When the massacre of the priests was secretly decided upon by Danton and his party, Valfonds was privately informed that he

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would be allowed to leave the prison. He refused to do so; and, when asked to give his name and profession, he kept from stating the latter lest it might prove a means of escape. "I am a Roman and Apostolic Catholic," was his only reply.

Historical documents lately brought to light prove beyond doubt that the murder of the priests who were detained in the Paris prisons was deliberately planned and prepared. The services of the paid assassins were secured, the price for their bloody work—six francs for the day—was settled, and in the latter days of August a huge pit was dug in the cemetery of Vaugirard to receive the bodies. Danton, the chief promoter of the crime, was biding his opportunity, and he ably took advantage of the seizure of Longwy by the Prussians to serve his purpose. The news terrified the people and, playing upon the panic created by the prospect of a foreign invasion, Danton, in a fiery appeal to the citizens, declared that the whole country was about to rise against the common foe but that it was urgent to begin by destroying the enemies of the Government *within*, the royalists and the priests. He followed up this sensational proclamation by measures calculated to terrify the credulous and ignorant. The gates of the city were closed, a vast conspiracy was hinted at, and, public opinion being thus excited by a danger that seemed all the more formidable because it was undefined, secret measures were taken to ensure the rapid execution of the doomed victims.

In the quarter of the Luxembourg the organization of the massacres was entrusted to a man called Maillard, one of those fanatics, of whom there were many during the French Revolution, for whom human blood seemed to have an irresistible fascination. The secret orders that he received on September 1 were terribly significant. He was told to give his men "cudgels to stifle the shrieks of the wounded, to provide vinegar to wash the blood-stained ground, also brooms to sweep away the traces of blood, and carts to carry away the bodies." The assassins, or, as they called themselves, "*travailleurs*," were provided with the necessary weapons, and in some cases—official documents prove it—were paid beforehand.

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Next day, September 2, a Sunday, the prisoners at the "Carmes" noticed that they were more closely watched than usual, and that every article that might serve as a means of defence was taken from them. Moreover, the friends who came to visit them brought alarming reports of the condition of Paris; the beating of drums and ringing of alarm bells gave ample evidence that a crisis of some kind was at hand. The three Bishops seem to have had no doubt as to their impending fate, for on Saturday, September 1, when their servants came as usual to take their orders, they bade them pay all their outstanding debts and bring the receipts next day. This was done, but the Archbishop of Arles' valet reported that his master's tailor refused to take any payment and was moved to tears at his employer's condition.

The surviving priests tell us in their reminiscences that the shadow of death cast no gloom over the company. "Each one of us recollected himself more earnestly, begged for God's grace, renewed the sacrifice of his life and continued his accustomed practices of devotion in peace."

"The midday meal was even more cheerful than usual," adds the Abbé Fronteau. It was while the prisoners were sitting at this—their last—meal that the men whom Maillard had enlisted were secretly admitted into the convent, where, for the time being, they were kept out of sight.

At four the priests were turned into the garden for their usual recreation. The three Bishops and a few others bent their steps towards a tiny oratory that stood at the extremity of the enclosure, and began to recite Vespers; the remainder either said their Office or their Rosary walking to and fro. From beyond the wall came the sound of men hurrying down the street; the alarm bells continued to ring, and the "Marseillais," the worst type of blood-thirsty fanatics, whom Maillard was marshalling towards St Germain-des-Prés, passed under the convent windows singing revolutionary songs. At the same moment the hired ruffians who had been for the last few hours in waiting at the "Carmes" appeared at the lower windows like "famished tigers." The prisoners saw them and understood; kneeling

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down under the trees they gave one another a last absolution.

The Archbishop of Arles was standing near the oratory, and close to him was his Vicar-General, M. de la Pannonie, who lived to give an account of the scene. "Monseigneur," he exclaimed, "I believe that they are coming to kill us." "Well, mon cher," was the calm reply, "if the hour of our sacrifice has come, let us submit and thank God for allowing us to shed our blood for so good a cause." He had barely finished speaking when about a dozen armed men burst into the garden. The first priest they met, Abbé Girault, was saying his Office close to a pond that still exists. He was stabbed repeatedly and fell. A cry then arose, "Where is the Archbishop?" and the ruffians, pausing before two priests who were standing side by side, addressed one of them, "Are you the Archbishop of Arles?" M. de la Pannonie, for it was he, remained silent; they turned to his companion, "Then you are the Archbishop?" "Yes, I am the Archbishop of Arles." "Wretch, it is owing to you that the blood of patriots was shed at Arles." "I do not think I ever harmed anyone." "Well, I intend to harm you," and the speaker dealt his victim a terrific blow on the head. Mgr du Lau remained standing and silent. A second sword-thrust cut open his head and face; even then he neither moved nor spoke, only his hand was raised to his bleeding forehead. A third stroke cut his hand and felled him to the ground. One of the murderers put his foot on the prostrate body and struck him with such violence that his iron pike remained embedded in the flesh. Bending down he took the dead prelate's watch and waved it above his head as a glorious trophy.

The priests who were kneeling in the little chapel to which we have alluded were now fired upon, and their quivering forms fell upon one another. Those who remained outside were either shot or stabbed indiscriminately, until the voice of Maillard, the organizer of the drama, was heard recalling his men to a more systematic method of proceeding. "This is not the right way to work," he exclaimed.

The surviving priests were to be put to death with at

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least an appearance of judicial forms. They were ordered to return to the church, and obeyed without demur, probably paying no heed to the treacherous words in which Maillard promised to spare their lives if they obeyed orders. The Bishop of Saintes, who was so far unharmed, had lost sight of his brother, who was lying close to the chapel grievously wounded. "My God! where is my brother? do not part us," he was heard to say as he returned to the church, where he took up his stand with the rest within the sanctuary. A few minutes later the Bishop of Beauvais, whose thigh was fractured by a gun wound, was carried in and laid on the floor among his companions. We know from the testimony of eyewitnesses that not a word of impatience or fear came from the men who, closely packed together in that narrow space, stood waiting for death in silence.

Close to the sanctuary, where they were standing, a small door leads into a narrow passage that communicates with the garden by a double stone staircase with an iron banister. The door, the passage and the staircase are exactly in the same state now as they were in 1792. Within the corridor Maillard hastily instituted a kind of mock tribunal—a table upon which lay a list of the prisoners and at which was seated either Violet, Maillard's representative, or, according to some authorities, Maillard himself. The different entrances of the church were strictly guarded, and in the garden, at the foot of the stone staircase, were stationed the paid assassins, armed with cudgels, daggers, swords and pikes.

When the preparations were complete, the last act of the tragedy began. The names of the priests who stood in the sanctuary were called out, and they were told to come out two together. In the passage Maillard or his deputy offered them life and liberty if they would take the schismatical oath, but without exception they one and all refused. They were then made to go down the narrow flight of stairs, one to the right, the other to the left. There death in a most cruel shape awaited them; they were literally hacked to pieces by cruel but inexperienced hands.

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As their ranks grew thinner, the survivors' prayers became more intense. The subdued sounds of the liturgical prayers for departing souls echoed through the church; outside savage cries hailed the arrival of each new victim. When the Bishop of Saintes was summoned, he promptly obeyed, after embracing his brother who lay helpless on the ground. The survivors report that he was heard to murmur as he went forth to meet his doom: "My God, I submit to Thy decrees, I commend my soul to Thee, I implore Thy divine mercy for these miserable men who would not commit murder had they not forgotten Thy fear and Thy love."

The same eyewitness describes how, when Comte Régis de Valfonds and the Abbé Guilleminet were called, these two went forth side by side. The soldier held a volume of the Holy Scriptures which he was reading, and the priest continued to recite his Office. Another confessor, the Abbé Galais, gave an example of striking presence of mind. He had been asked by his fellow prisoners to keep an account of the provisions that were brought to them by a neighbouring "traiteur." When his turn came, he quietly explained to Violet that he had not had the opportunity of settling accounts with the "traiteur." "Will you," he continued, "give him these 325 francs that are owing to him for the provisions sent to us? I will also give you my purse and my watch and request you to bestow the money on the poor and sell the watch for their benefit." Having thus satisfied the claims of justice and charity, he passed on to meet death.

The Bishop of Beauvais, François Joseph de la Rochefoucauld, was called among the last. Half raising himself from the ground, "I do not refuse to die," he said, "but you see that I cannot walk. Have, therefore, the charity, Messieurs, to carry me where you wish me to go."

The speech, with its *ancien régime* courtesy, reads strangely in this scene of horror. Stranger still it was to see the soldiers raise the wounded prelate in their arms with genuine respect and compassion, say the bystanders, and carry him outside. Like his companions he refused to

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take the oath, and like them he was handed over to the assassins.

In less than two hours over one hundred victims had gained a martyr's crown.

Adding insult to injury, the murderers stripped the bodies of their clothes. A youth named Martin Froment even boasted that he had cut off the ears of the two Bishops. Until the next morning, September 3, the dead priests lay where they had fallen under the trees of the garden. Early that day two carts, upon which the naked corpses were heaped, conveyed them to the cemetery of Vaugirard, where a large pit had been dug some days before. Into this the bodies were thrown and covered with quicklime. It was impossible, however, to pack over a hundred corpses into two carts, so a certain number of bodies, chiefly those of the priests who perished during the first scene of the drama, were cast into a well that happened to be at hand.

Whereas official documents still exist to prove the transfer of the corpses to Vaugirard, even the number of carts used and the price paid for their hire being accurately recorded, nothing but a vague tradition pointed to the fact that some of the martyrs lay beneath the very ground where their last battle had been fought. However, in 1867, the Rue de Rennes being prolonged through the "Carmes" enclosure, it became necessary to destroy the little chapel in the garden. The blood-stained marble slabs were reverently removed and placed in the crypt of the church, together with a statue of our Lady that, curiously enough, had escaped destruction. An old well that existed close to the chapel was then carefully searched out of respect for the tradition, but no human bones were found, and the workmen had just come to an end of their fruitless task, when a very old man, who declined to give his name, was allowed into the enclosure. Taking one of the workmen by the arm, he led him to a spot in the middle of the garden. "They are here," he said, and hastily retreated.

The old plans of the convent were then carefully studied, and it was found that, although no trace of its presence was visible, a well had existed in former days on the spot

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pointed out by the unknown visitor. The searchers resumed their task with renewed energy, and ere long they came upon a well which had been intentionally closed up with stones and earth. Its contents were minutely examined. They were of a miscellaneous character, for together with forks, spoons, spades, keys, shoe buckles, cups and plates bearing the distinctive mark of the community, "Carm. déch." was a quantity of human bones. These were put into the hands of a medical commission, and the report of Dr Drouillard, who conducted the inquiry, is conclusive as regards twenty-four skulls, upon which he discovered indentures caused by violent blows sufficient to cause death. Many of the jaw bones were either split or fractured.

The relics were collected and removed from their unblest grave to the crypt, where they may still be seen. Every year, on September 2, the "Couvent des Carmes," which now belongs to the Catholic University of Paris, is thrown open to visitors. Mass is said in the crypt, against the walls of which are placed, in glass cases, the skulls and bones taken from the well, and also the blood-stained slabs that once paved the garden oratory.

Here, too, are black marble slabs with the names of the confessors, and the statue of our Lady which witnessed the massacre.

Except that it has been considerably diminished by the prolongation of the Rue de Rennes, the garden is much as it was 115 years ago. It is reached by the narrow passage that leads from the church where Maillard and his men were stationed. A stone staircase leads down to the spot where stood the paid assassins, and the inscription, "Hic ceciderunt," records that here confessors died for God and His Church. Near the pond stands a marble column marking the spot where Abbé Girault, the first victim, was stabbed to death.

Tall houses rise on every side and overlook the garden. In 1793 it was not so; the "quartier du Luxembourg" was still a suburb of Paris, and round the convent were large enclosures belonging to religious orders of women or to private individuals.

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It was, in some cases, owing to this that a few priests made their escape. All had accepted death with resignation and composure, but when the man-hunt began in the garden a natural instinct awoke among the youngest and most active of them, and they scaled the garden wall and were saved. Others—very few, it must be owned—were protected by the Revolutionists themselves, who, from caprice or from a sudden pitiful impulse, became the good angels of certain prisoners. Thus, the Abbé de la Pannonie, who was close to Mgr du Lau when the latter was killed, relates that he had just knelt down to prepare for death, when a voice whispered, "Run, my friend, run!" The bewildered priest was hurried through a passage; and, although he received many sword thrusts as he fled, he reached the street alive and made his way to the house of a friend, whence he escaped to England. When he landed, he was still wearing a waistcoat upon which the swords had left their mark, and a rich Englishman persuaded him to exchange it for a new suit of clothes.

It was from M. de la Pannonie that the Abbé Barruel gathered many valuable details respecting the demeanour and dispositions of the confessors both before and on the memorable September 2.*

The Abbés Berthelot de Bartot, Barbet, Fronteau, Saurin were saved either by the soldiers or by the lookers-on. The Abbé Saurin owed his life to his Provençal accent, which aroused the sympathy of a murderous "Marseillais." The Abbés de Montfleury, de Rest and Villar scaled the wall and fled through the neighbouring gardens to a place of safety. The Abbés Martin and de Keravenant concealed themselves on the roof of the church. The latter made good use of his life thus unexpectedly preserved, and was one of

* Barruel's *Histoire du Clergé pendant la Révolution Française* was published in London in 1794. It is dedicated to the English people; and in his preface the author enlarges upon the benefits conferred on the exiled French clergy by the British nation. He tells us, in the somewhat inflated style of the period but with genuine gratitude, that the priests felt removed from a "region of tears and terror" to an "island of serenity and confidence," and he names among their benefactors Lord Arundell of Wardour, Mr Meynel, Mrs Silburn, etc.

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those heroic priests who, during the Reign of Terror, risked their heads to give absolution to the unfortunates who were daily conveyed to the scaffold.*

During the whole of the following winter, 1792-1793, the convent and the church remained empty; but in March, 1793, a gardener became the tenant of the enclosure and instituted open-air dances. Then, when owing to the increasing violence of the Reign of Terror it became necessary to provide new prisons, the convent was used for this purpose. Between December, 1793, and October, 1794, 707 persons, of whom 110 were beheaded, were detained within its walls.

Whereas in some Paris prisons the innate brightness and frivolity of the French character asserted itself, "Les Carmes" seems to have presented a dismal appearance. One of the captives writes that the rooms were damp, the food bad, the women "sad and thoughtful, the men unkempt and unshaven." The mere perusal of the list of prisoners affords a fresh proof that the Revolution attacked the poor and weak even more cruelly than the nobles and religious. Together with Général de Beauharnais and his wife, the Duc de Béthune Charost, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, the Prince de Montbazou Rohan, we find in far greater numbers dentists, servants, peasants, barbers, apprentices, washerwomen, gamekeepers, saddlers, shoemakers, wine growers, etc. Many of these were executed, among others an old couple to whom belonged the "Marionettes" theatre of the Champs Elysées, and whose crime was that one of their dolls, dressed like Charlotte Corday, was supposed to call out, "À bas Marat!"

The future Empress, Joséphine de Beauharnais, would probably have shared the fate of her husband had not the fall of Robespierre, Thermidor 9, put an end to the Reign of Terror. It is reported that the graceful Créole, who,

* M. Bechet, Vicar-general of the Paris diocese, provided, as far as was possible, for the spiritual needs of the condemned victims. A certain number of priests divided the week, each one taking a day, on which, closely disguised, he followed the tumbrils to the place of execution. It was sometimes possible to inform the prisoners when and where they might look out for a "non-assermenté" priest.

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whatever may have been her failings, had a kind heart and winning manners, was beloved by her fellow sufferers.

When it ceased to be a prison, the convent was used for different purposes. Again a public ball, "le bal des zéphyr," was established in the garden. In winter, dancing took place within the church, and refreshments were served on the high altar.

Finally, in 1797, the whole block of buildings was bought on speculation by a carpenter named Foreson; but, failing to dispose of it advantageously, he declared his intention of pulling down the house and selling the materials. This news came as a blow to many devout Catholics, who looked with veneration upon a spot so hallowed, and among those who felt it most keenly was M. Emery, the Superior of Saint-Sulpice.

The life of this eminent priest, one of the leading ecclesiastics of his day, was full of hairbreadth escapes during the Reign of Terror. At the Conciergerie, the "ante-room" of the guillotine, he absolved hundreds of victims, among others Queen Marie-Antoinette; and it is said that on account of his pacifying influence over his fellow prisoners, his own trial was indefinitely postponed. He was now endeavouring to gather together, after the tempest, his scattered Sulpicians; and many souls sought his advice and guidance, among others a woman of noble birth, an ex-nun, Mlle de Soyecourt, who at his suggestion undertook to save the "Carmes" from destruction.

She belonged to the best French nobility, which in spite of its faults still produced at the end of the eighteenth century many noble types of womanhood. Not only in the remote provinces, where the country gentry retained its simplicity of mind and manners, but even among the Court circles there were women whose purity of life, whose devotion to duty, high-mindedness and somewhat austere piety were a constant protest against the lax morality and free-thinking spirit of the day. Of this stamp were the wife and daughters of Charles Joachim de Seglières de Belleforières, Comte de Soyecourt et du Tuppigny. Of his three daughters two married, the third, Camille, became

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a Carmelite at the Convent of the Rue de Grenelle in 1784.

Eight years later were issued the iniquitous laws against the religious orders, and the Carmelites were sent adrift. They kept together, however, and continued to practise, as far as lay in their power, the rule of life that, in happier times, they had willingly embraced. Camille de Soyecourt and five other sisters took a quiet house in the Rue Mouffertard, where every day two priests in disguise came to say Mass for them. In the spring of 1793, however, their house was suddenly broken into, their furniture ransacked and they themselves sent to the prison of Ste-Pélagie. But at the end of some weeks Camille was released; and, being homeless and penniless, she returned to live with her parents. Contrary to custom they had not emigrated and were living in their family "hôtel" in the Rue de l'Université.

Here, in February, 1794, M. de Soyecourt was arrested and conveyed to the "Carmes." His wife and married daughters were taken to Ste-Pélagie: only the ex-nun was left in the deserted mansion. That same night, however, she retired to a garret in the neighbourhood, whence she came out only to hear Mass, which was secretly said in many houses in Paris. She did her utmost to reach her father. Once or twice, by bribing the jailer, she was able to correspond with him and even to see him from a distance, but any closer communication was impossible. In March, 1794, her mother died in prison, and in July her father and eldest sister, the Countess d'Hinnisdal, perished on the scaffold. Camille was, at that time, a farm servant at "les Moulineaux" just outside Paris, her utter destitution having driven her to earn her living as best she could. But she continued to keep her Carmelite rule as far as fasting and abstinence were concerned, never missed saying her Office, and every Saturday walked into Paris to go to confession, taking care to wear a conspicuous republican rosette in her cap.

When the fall of Robespierre put an end to the Reign of Terror, Mlle de Soyecourt took charge of her dead sister's

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son, a poor child who had followed the tumbril that bore his mother to the fatal Conciergerie; and in October, 1794, she took a small house close to the Panthéon. Another ex-Carmelite joined her and, although miserably poor, the two contrived to fit up a deserted chapel where Mass was said.

With indomitable energy and much practical good sense Camille now proceeded to claim for herself and her sister's heirs the splendid inheritance that her parents had left. She succeeded, by dint of perseverance, in obtaining her due, and with her own share of their fortune she bought, at M. Emery's suggestion, the convent and garden of the "Carmes." A certain number of Carmelite nuns joined her, and once more religious life was established in the desecrated monastery. The memory of her murdered father made the place doubly sacred in her eyes; and when, in 1797, she took possession of her new home, she chose as her cell the miserable room where M. de Soyecourt spent the five last months of his life.

Mlle de Soyecourt, or, as she was called when she resumed her religious habit, "Mère Camille de l'Enfant Jésus," lived for forty-eight years in the convent that her generosity had saved from ruin. The memory of the martyred priests was no less dear to her than that of her own father, and she reverently preserved all the memorials of their glorious passion and death. In 1845 Mère Camille decided to remove her community to a house that would be less expensive to keep up and more convenient to live in. She sold "Les Carmes" to the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr Affre, who decided to use it as a house for ecclesiastical studies. The Carmelites settled in a house in the same street, where three years later, in 1849, Mère Camille breathed her last at the age of 92.

In her youth she had appeared so frail and delicate that it was thought impossible that she should stand the austerities of a convent life. The Reign of Terror brought her trials far more severe, but through the vicissitudes of an unusually long life she kept her cheerful temper, and although half blind and wholly paralysed, she was to the end the merriest member of the community. As was right and fit-

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ting, her body was taken back to the "Carmes" and buried near the relics of the confessors whose memory she had faithfully cherished.

Monseigneur Affre's foundation had an honourable and even brilliant existence. Cardinal Foulon, Archbishop of Lyons; Abbé Cruice, who became Bishop of Marseilles; M. Hugonin, Bishop of Bayeux; M. Isoard, Bishop of Annecy, are among the learned churchmen whose names are closely connected with the institution.

In 1851 a portion of the building was let to the Dominicans, who undertook to serve the church. Père Lacordaire, then at the zenith of his fame, used to pass long hours in the crypt. On a certain Good Friday, says his biographer, he spent three hours there tied to a wooden cross in honour of the Passion of our Lord.

When, in 1875, a law was passed authorizing the foundation of Catholic Universities, the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr Guibert, decided that "les Carmes" should become the head-quarters of the new Catholic University of Paris, and this last transformation of the venerable building holds good to-day. After being a monastery and a prison, the old house, sanctified by the faithfulness and courage of the confessors of 1792, has become a centre of learning where the rising generations of French priests fit themselves for their apostolic work.

THE TASK BEFORE THE ANTI-VIVISECTIONISTS

MUCH money, much time and some rhetoric have been expended on the anti-vivisection campaign for many years, and the results until recently can scarcely be said to have justified the outlay. But at last importunity has reaped its reward, and a Royal Commission has been appointed to inquire into the practice of vivisection. Yet, strange to say, this Commission has been received with anything but acclamation by the opponents of the practice. Owing to the fact that the public were not to be admitted to the sittings of the Commission, many of the anti-vivisection societies declined to bring before it any evidence. Subsequently one of the leading societies has accomplished a complete *volte-face*, with no more grace than is usually associated with such a movement, and has decided, whether from motives rational, sentimental or financial, to make a present of such evidence as it possesses to the Commissioners. The Commission will thus have the advantage of receiving, not only the evidence of scientific experts, but also of expert anti-vivisectionists, of whose existence the Home Secretary has expressed a doubt, a doubt certainly shared by the present writer.

Such being the present condition of affairs, it might not be inopportune to attempt to elucidate some of the main points in the vivisection controversy. Perhaps it may appear to those who are personally acquainted with the methods pursued in our laboratories that there is no room for doubt save in the minds of the young or the ignorant. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that we live in a day when protests against imaginary evil find more adherents than movements in favour of real good. And this is not difficult to understand, for no knowledge is required in destruction, whilst much is required in construction. Hence it is always possible that the popular cry may be in favour of retrogression rather than progress. It appears, then, to be no waste of time to inquire whether legitimate grounds for

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a campaign for the abolition of vivisection exist or not; in other words, whether it is possible from an ethical standpoint to advocate the total prohibition of all experiments on animals. That this is the real object of all anti-vivisection societies is not open to doubt, although in the case of the National Anti-Vivisection Society a more cautious policy holds the field, the net being spread widely in the hope of a larger haul of subscribers. The object of this Society appears to be to kill vivisection by inches rather than by one fell blow, to put one obstacle after another in the path of research. Yet it must be confessed that diplomacy and sentiment are an ill-assorted pair. The other societies, so far as the writer is aware, are as violently opposed to any form of compromise as they are to each other, which implies an incalculable virulence of opposition. We shall not, therefore, be doing anti-vivisectionists any injustice by judging them on the merits or demerits of the policy of total abolition.

It seems clear from the ethical standpoint that the total abolition of any given practice can be legitimately demanded on any one of these grounds, namely:

1. The practice is evil in itself.
2. The practice produces more evil than good.
3. The good obtained can be brought about by some other means apart from the evil.

The arguments of anti-vivisectionists can all be classified under one or other of these heads. Anyone who has attempted to argue with an anti-vivisectionist will not need to be told that the dispute degenerates into a chase of one's opponent from one of these positions to another. Temper and breath may both be lost in the mere pursuit of one's adversary, for there is no holding him anywhere. It is fortunate that when placing ideas on this subject on paper it is not necessary to indulge in such forms of mental gymnastics, and that it is as possible as it is advisable to confine the attention to one thing at a time. With this ideal before him, the present writer intends to apply these three tests to the policy of total abolition of vivisection.

Firstly, then, arises the question whether vivisection be

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evil in itself. If it be so, its total and immediate abolition becomes a moral necessity, and we need not be troubled by any discussion as to the good or evil it may produce, since nothing can justify that which is evil in itself.

Now vivisection might be evil in itself for one of two reasons. It might be inherently cruel, or it might be an immoral use of the power we possess over animals. That vivisection is not inherently cruel should scarcely need argument. The anti-vivisectionists themselves are fain to admit so obvious a fact. Mr Stephen Coleridge, perhaps to-day the most conspicuous opponent of vivisection, states that to perform an operation on a completely anæsthetized animal and to kill it before it can regain consciousness cannot be regarded as cruelty. This opinion is quoted not because it gives further evidence of an incontrovertible truth, but merely to show that there is no mental obscurity on this point in a quarter where illumination is not always efficient.

When we come to consider whether vivisection is an immoral use of the power we possess over animals, we are concerned with a question the debate of which does not imply imbecility. It is generally agreed that to kill an animal painlessly for food is in no sense an immoral act. The butcher's occupation may leave something to be desired from the æsthetic standpoint, yet it is certainly not regarded as wicked or immoral. If, then, it be legitimate to take the lives of animals for the sake of obtaining a particular form of food, it follows that it is also legitimate to do so with the object of alleviating suffering, that is unless one is prepared to support the thesis that the obtaining of flesh food is a higher end than the prevention of pain. Such a suggestion is quite unworthy of discussion. We cannot then regard it as immoral painlessly to kill an animal with the object of the relief of suffering. There are some, however, who hold that the mere increase of knowledge not directly leading to alleviation of pain does not afford justification for the taking of animal life. There is no issue on which the writer would more gladly meet the anti-vivisectionists than this. We can declare without hesitation that scientific knowledge is a higher and more worthy object than the procu-

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ring of flesh meat. Yet it is no uncommon thing to hear this quest for knowledge spoken of as an "idle curiosity." It seems that there are certain persons whose mental growth is so stunted that they are actually incapable of possessing any desire to unravel the mysteries that envelop mankind on every side. Sufficient for them are the petty joys and troubles of their tiny world; the great world beyond is a closed book, which it is "idle curiosity" to open. To such as these the search for knowledge appears the most futile of employments, in that it is a search for a worthless commodity. Yet man's hunger for knowledge is the most insatiable of all his attributes and perhaps in one respect the most divine. Love and hate have satiety hard on their heels, whilst knowledge only brings the wish for more. Constantly is the word "why" on the lips of children, and the mind of man is splendidly interrogative; it is only in our second childhood that we no longer wish to know. Can we not say that man is hungry for knowledge because he is ravenous for God? Just because the quest for knowledge is impossible to God, it is a God-like attribute. What are we but children in an immense darkness crying for the light, and that light has only one source, for it proceeds from the Omniscient. If, then, the meat that perishes affords a justification for the painful taking of the lives of animals, ten thousand times more does the increase of knowledge justify us. We conclude that vivisection is *not evil in itself*, since it is neither inherently cruel nor is it an immoral use of our power over animals.

We must now turn to the second possible justification for the abolition of vivisection, and inquire whether it produces more evil than good. To deal with this question adequately it is necessary to have a sound knowledge of the amount of pain vivisection produces and also of the results that have followed from its practice. This is sufficiently clear, but it is unfortunately not so clear how such knowledge is to be obtained. There is, of course, at every man's command an enormous mass of literature published by anti-vivisection societies. Now much can be learnt from a perusal of this literature, although a knowledge such as is desired will

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not be gained. The informed reader will observe that garbling can become a science and misquotation an art, whilst sentiment can be so prostituted and degraded as to become a thing of ridicule and shame. He will also become aware that the various societies are so overcome with admiration for cats and dogs that they imitate their methods when dealing with each other. He will make the somewhat amusing discovery that the stock-in-trade of anti-vivisection societies consists of accusations of brutality against vivisectionists and of accusations of inaccuracy and "not playing the game" against each other. He will find himself in a house divided against itself to an alarming and unprecedented degree. Mr Stephen Coleridge, of the National Anti-Vivisection Society, will be brought before him chastising the other societies for not accepting his heaven-sent leadership, which chastisement the said societies are receiving in anything but a chastened spirit. These and many other indications of the "strength of a righteous cause" will attract his attention, but of a knowledge of the good or evil produced by vivisection he will obtain little or none. Nevertheless in discussing this question it is desirable to deal with some of the statements and arguments utilized by anti-vivisectionists. Doubtless with the well-informed they carry no weight, yet the majority of the population has but slight opportunities of gaining really reliable information as to what actually occurs in our laboratories. It is well, then, to deal *seriatim* with some of the more common anti-vivisection propositions.

A great deal is sometimes made of the horrors of anticipation which an animal is supposed to suffer before an experiment. Yet these horrors can be shown by a moment's thought to be non-existent. How frequently we are told that a condemned criminal ate a hearty breakfast on the morning of execution. Such a course of action would be an impossibility in a highly developed individual, and we can only explain it in a criminal by deducing that the lower type of man has a much smaller power of anticipation than the higher type. One would naturally suppose that animals would have a smaller power still. It must also be remembered that an animal does not possess the data on which to base

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anticipation. The anti-vivisectionist's reply to such a course of reasoning usually takes the form of a suggestion that animals possess a power of foreknowledge that is denied to man, that in some inconceivable way they are conscious that death is approaching. But until a thought-reading cat or a prophetic guinea-pig is forthcoming, the weight of argument must be said to be against the anti-vivisectionist. Meanwhile, experience teaches that animals do *not* exhibit signs of fear before an experiment.

Again we are told that animals have in some cases a much more acute sense of pain than man; even if this were so, anaesthetics would overcome the difficulty. The argument on which this opinion is based appears to be this. Dogs possess a more acute sense of hearing and smell than man; therefore they must also possess a more acute sense of pain. This is a sufficiently glaring *non sequitur*. The nervous system is not developed in such a way that the high differentiation of one function carries with it the high differentiation of all others. The specialization of any function is dependent on a need for that function, and in no way implies a specialization of other functions. The savage who has a remarkably acute sense of hearing has also a low sensitiveness to pain. The senses may broadly be regarded as protectors of the organism against injury, and if anything can be deduced from the high development of one or more of them in regard to the others, it would be that these others would not be highly developed, there being less need for them.* It is curious to observe in this connexion the tendency of anti-vivisection writers to place animals above mankind, and this not only in regard to their powers of sensation but also in regard to their so-called "moral" attributes. The tendency is unfortunate in that it comes into conflict with the obvious scheme of creation, and gives countenance to a system of ethics which, if practised by human beings, could only be termed deplorable.

* "There are different breeds of dogs for hearing and seeing, like the greyhound, and for smelling, like the bloodhound. I rather think that when one quality is highly developed it is at the expense of other qualities."—*Evidence of Sir J. Russell, Assistant Inspector under the Vivisection Act, before the present Royal Commission on Vivisection.*

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The use of anæsthetics in our laboratories is frequently made a theme of clumsy jocularly by anti-vivisectionists. We are told that "just a whiff of chloroform" is administered, and that the real use of anæsthetics is not to anæsthetize the animals but to "anæsthetize the public conscience." No anti-vivisection meeting can be considered satisfactory until this absurdity has been uttered at least once. It is a never failing stimulus to the merriment and applause of the audience, and serves also to stifle for the moment that coughing and shuffling of feet which is apt to disturb the eloquence of the speakers. It is useless for the vivisector to declare that anæsthetics are properly administered, for according to the anti-vivisector he is in no way worthy of credence. An impasse is thus reached. The vivisector knows what he is talking about but cannot be believed; the animal, although doubtless strictly truthful, cannot speak. It seems on the face of it that no means remain for arriving at the truth. But this fortunately is not so, for the anti-vivisector, profound though his ignorance be, is convinced that he is possessed of intuitive knowledge, and declares without hesitation that anæsthetics are a sham and a delusion.* He does not stop here; indeed the gathered momentum of his prejudice and ignorance permit of no halt. Not only does he declare that anæsthetics are merely played with, but also that it is impossible to anæsthetize one species of animal, namely the dog. Now in regard to the first of these statements we may remark that the declaration of those who have a personal knowledge of the matter is of infinitely more value than the declaration of those who have none; one necessarily cannot treat with any seriousness the suggestion that vivisectors are not to be believed. But in regard to the second statement as to the impossibility of anæsthetizing dogs, it can be answered that the idea is not founded on fact, and further that nothing can be easier than

* "I do not think that the licensees would dare to do in a hospital what they do in laboratories in the way of giving anæsthesia. I have frequently seen animals they have killed before beginning the operation owing to pushing the anæsthesia too far."—*Evidence of Sir J. Russell before Royal Commission*, ut supra.

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to demonstrate how simple a matter it is to anæsthetize a dog. Any anti-vivisector who could find time in some lucid interval between his platform pleasures (one can scarcely say *duties*) to come to a laboratory could discover this for himself.* It may here be remarked that from one cause or another it is extremely difficult to find an anti-vivisectionist who will avail himself of an invitation to a laboratory. It is much more pleasant to harangue a meeting of ladies on a subject of mutual ignorance than to make an effort to acquire knowledge which is only too likely to take the sting from one's eloquence.

As a matter of actual fact, so far from anæsthetics being given in mere whiffs in our laboratories, it frequently happens that the anæsthesia produced is deeper than that of patients undergoing an operation. This is the case owing to the scrupulous care with which anæsthetists avoid giving a dangerously large dose of anæsthetic to their patients. As every surgeon is aware, most operations are performed without that deep anæsthesia which is characterized by the continuous abolition of the corneal reflex.

The anti-vivisectionist delights to describe cutting operations on animals, with this comment added, "No mention of anæsthetics." He is too wise to state, however, that the periodicals from which his descriptions are taken are not the Government returns in which the question of anæsthesia is dealt with, but technical periodicals whose purpose is to describe the results of experiments, and not the methods employed, except in so far as they have a definite bearing on the results. These periodicals, again, are written for the perusal of fellow-workers, and such as these do not require to be told on every page that cutting operations are always performed under anæsthesia. Nevertheless, it might be of value to issue a monthly publication couched in the simplest language, somewhat on the model of a child's guide to science,

* "The result of my personal observation of experiments on dogs has been that they were fully under; and I do not think they are so easily killed. I have no reason to believe that they are more easily killed than, say, rabbits by over-dosing with anæsthetics."—*Evidence of Sir J. Russell*, ut supra.

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which would give a description of the anæsthetics employed in the operations which have recently been performed on animals. Such a publication would serve the twofold purpose of sparing the anti-vivisectionist the necessity of reading what he cannot understand, and from incurring the charge of propagating baseless insinuations against his fellow-men. Both his mind and his conscience would thus find relief.

Another comment is sometimes added by anti-vivisectionists to descriptions of cutting operations, namely, that there is "no mention of killing the animals." Again the descriptions have been taken from the above-mentioned periodicals and not from Government returns. The present writer recently protested against such a comment being made on certain experiments performed by himself. He was met by the rejoinder that the words of which complaint was made were true. Yet it was as clear as noonday that the words were intended to convey the impression that the animals were not killed before consciousness returned, but were allowed to linger on in pain. The description given undoubtedly achieved its object, and some ignorant readers were made miserable by picturing suffering that had no existence. Perhaps even an additional subscription was gained by "the Cause." And it may be added that anti-vivisection societies are just as anxious to keep the wolf from the door as other people who are not so overmastered by adoration for the whole animal creation.

Statements made by physiologists twenty or thirty years ago are quoted by anti-vivisectionists as if such statements represented the opinions of physiologists to-day. Authorities are brought forward from an even remoter past, without, of course, mentioning the fact that they have been dead and buried for so long that they might well be allowed to rest. It is seemingly believed that although mankind in general has made enormous strides in recent years in the direction of humanitarianism, nevertheless scientific men have stood completely still during the period. Such an assumption is certainly quite essential before one can believe the pictures drawn by anti-vivisectionists of our laboratories. These are described as "scientific hells"; and we are told

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that "pity never enters a laboratory." It would be truer, as already suggested, to state that an *anti-vivisectionist* never does, which may account for his grotesque ideas of their interior.

There is one drug that has proved a veritable gold mine to the anti-vivisectionist. Whilst chloroform is his *bête noire*, curara is everything in the world to him. But curiously enough the word *curara* seldom appears in his writings. It is as "hellish oorali" that the drug finds its honoured place in his pamphlets. The phrase though lacking in grace carries great argumentative power, especially when it is stated that "hellish oorali" renders an animal motionless while still capable of undergoing the most atrocious sufferings. But sad to relate curara is fast losing its power to help him. Firstly, because it is exceedingly doubtful whether it is a fact that it does not destroy sensibility, and, secondly, because it is becoming at last general knowledge that it is not allowed to be used as a substitute for anæsthetics in our laboratories.* One almost pities the anti-vivisectionist in this bubble being burst, for "hellish oorali" was a phrase to conjure with, a phrase calculated to make even the very rich subscribe to the anti-vivisection movement.

The anti-vivisectionist delights in declaring that he is supported by all that is best in the land. It is confidently affirmed that actors, authors, journalists, clergy of all denominations, poets, major and minor, bishops of all sorts, Dr Torrey, Mr Bernard Shaw and Mark Twain are all opponents of vivisection. It is desired that we should believe that the great mass of thinking opinion is ranged against the practice, and it is hoped that we may forget that the opinion in its favour is the opinion of just those who are qualified to judge. The views of the late Mr Lawson

* "But anyone who did not give an anæsthetic, but used curara, would clearly be doing wrong?"—"Yes; he would be contravening the Act, for one thing."

"And might possibly be inflicting great pain on the animal?"—"He might be, and therefore it would not be approved of in our laboratories at all while there is a shadow of doubt that it is an anæsthetic."

—*Evidence of Mr E. H. Starling, M.D., F.R.S., ut supra.*

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Tait are constantly quoted as an argument against vivisection, but the views of other great surgeons who hold an opposite opinion are studiously omitted from mention. The few members of the medical profession who oppose vivisection are paraded before us, whilst the forty thousand who support it, either receive no mention, or are scornfully dismissed as being mere sheep who can only follow the opinion of vivisectors, and on this matter have no views of their own.

All modern methods of treatment which depend on experimental research are turned into ridicule by some who are unworthy to be mentioned in the same breath as the pioneers of medicine, men who are giving of their best without stint whilst their traducers are attending drawing-room meetings. Thus, serumtherapy is spoken of as "injecting filth into healthy blood," whilst the speaker will be entirely unaware that it is the very ingredients which in healthy blood fight against disease which are contained in the serum injected. It is far less troublesome to talk plausible rubbish about healthy blood than to attempt to discover what are the constituents of blood that militate against infection. Yet the discovery of these constituents is of more value to the human race than rhetoric borrowed from patent medicine advertisements. Those who aver that the inoculation treatment of disease is still in its infancy must at least confess that the results so far obtained have been extraordinarily successful. The serum treatment of diphtheria has been followed by a remarkable fall in the death-rate of those attacked. One must mention too the extremely encouraging results that have followed the practical application of the recent illuminating researches of Sir Almroth Wright, in which he has demonstrated the existence in the blood of certain bodies, which he terms *opsonins*, whose function is to render disease organisms appetizing to the phagocytes of the blood. The problem of cure thus resolves itself into the application of methods which will increase the amount of opsonins in the blood; and much has been done to render these methods reliable and exact. The anti-vivisectionist tells us that healthy blood is

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the best remedy against disease, but he is entirely unable to tell us why this is so, or to give us any hint as to how we may render assistance to nature when in disease the blood, as is so frequently the case, is not as "healthy" as it might be. He imagines that by uttering a platitude he has solved a problem. He has only demonstrated his inability to grasp it.

An analysis of the methods employed by anti-vivisectionists in dealing with statistics would serve to fill a large volume. One error which is constantly being made by these gentlemen is the confusion of the number of deaths from a given disease with the case-mortality from the same disease. This fallacy is always being utilized as an argument against the anti-toxin treatment of diphtheria. It is argued that because the number of persons who die from diphtheria every year has been on the up grade therefore the anti-toxin treatment is useless. But, unfortunately for the argument, the percentage of deaths amongst those who have been attacked (that is the case-mortality) has shewn a very remarkable decrease since the introduction of anti-toxin. We are asked then to believe that because a disease has become more common, therefore the curative measures which are employed are useless. When the absurdity of such reasoning is pointed out to the anti-vivisectionist, he does not find it beneath him to retort that the increased number of cases is merely a "fake" of the medical profession, whose object is to produce an apparent lowering of the case-mortality, which they effect by including all forms of sore throat in the statistics. This suggestion partakes of the nature of abuse and not argument, and is merely a rather ungracious way of owning to complete defeat. It is surely needless to say that case-mortality alone can be used as a criterion of the value of a remedial method of treatment. But when we are concerned with preventive inoculations the total death-rate is the foundation of arguments *pro* or *con*. It is amusing to note in this connexion the attempts made by the anti-vaccination group of the anti-vivisectionists to throw discredit on vaccination. It is notorious that the number of deaths from smallpox has undergone an enormous re-

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duction since the introduction of vaccination. These statistics must be explained away, but how? One might take a leaf from the diphtheritic controversy and roundly state that the medical profession are in the habit of disguising cases of smallpox under some other name. But this might prove too gigantic a pill for even a faddist to swallow. Again one might state that the decline in smallpox is due to modern methods of sanitation. It is the latter of these attempts to surmount the insurmountable, as being perhaps the least ridiculous of two inanities, that is selected by the anti-vivisectionist in straits. But he does not tell us why sanitation has not produced a similar decrease in such complaints as scarlet fever or measles, for which there is no preventive vaccination.

We are told that one of the evils of vivisection is that it will assuredly lead to the vivisection of the human race. This is plainly the exact opposite of the truth. The fact that we possess animals on which we can experiment renders the vivisection of our fellows, in addition to being horrible and revolting, entirely devoid of any motive. The total abolition of experiments on animals could have but one of two results: either medicine would become a stationary science, or else new remedies and new methods would be tried on patients without the safeguard of a preliminary trial on animals. It is only by experiment that progress can be made; the only question is whether man or the lower animals shall be used as the material.

One hears much of the supposed evil effects on the minds of vivisectors and medical students produced by the practice of vivisection. These evil effects exist only in the minds of those who have no personal acquaintance with the matter. To watch an experiment on an animal where all precautions are taken to secure complete anæsthesia is in itself a valuable lesson in mercy. The student will learn that science does not scorn to exert the utmost efforts to prevent pain in even the meanest of God's creatures. He will learn that wits can be sharpened without sympathy being dulled. He will appreciate at its true value the statement of Mr Bernard Shaw that the laceration of living

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flesh quickens the blood of the vivisector, as the blood of the hunter, the debauchee or the beast of prey is undoubtedly quickened in such ways! Such a travesty of actuality is what might reasonably be expected from the ingenious author of *The Doctor's Dilemma*.

When the anti-vivisectionist is compelled to own that cutting operations are not performed in our laboratories without anæsthetics, he will cover his retreat by dilating on the "tortures" of animals that are allowed to recover consciousness after an operation or have been subjects of inoculation with diseased organisms. If it were safe to prophesy, the writer would venture an opinion that it is to these points alone that future controversy will be confined. Any one who has been inside the surgical wards of a hospital would certainly not describe the condition of patients who have recently undergone an operation as one of torture. And it is certainly true that patients who have undergone an operation owing to some morbid condition will suffer more pain than animals which before operation were sound and healthy. Thus it would be more reasonable to describe a surgical ward as a torture-chamber than to depict such animals as in a state of torture. As to the inoculation of animals with pathogenic organisms, a certain amount of discomfort must be produced, and in some cases, if precautions are not taken, pain in addition. It is then the obvious duty of those engaged in such lines of research to spare no trouble in rendering the animals' condition painless and as free from discomfort as may be. Were anti-vivisectionists to confine their efforts to accentuating these points, little fault could be found with them, although it must be confessed that their ignorance of medical science would render them incapable of offering any practical assistance. It is just because anti-vivisectionists direct their efforts to the abolition of experiments on animals and not to rendering such experiments devoid of all pain that they are met by the uncompromising opposition of the medical profession.

That vivisection is bankrupt of results is a favourite phrase amongst anti-vivisectionists. It is in attempts to

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bolster up this notion that statistics are manipulated in the manner already exemplified. Many pages could be filled with descriptions of the gains that have resulted from experiments on animals. To take only one instance, namely the results of the investigations of the last few years on the administration of chloroform. These results, be it noted, were obtained from cutting operations performed on animals, needless to say under anæsthesia. As a consequence of these experiments the administration of chloroform has been rendered far safer not only in the case of human beings but also in the case of the lower animals. Anyone who is acquainted with veterinary surgery will not need to be told how great a gain this represents to the animal kingdom. Many surgical operations on animals have in the past been performed *without* anæsthetics owing to a just dread of the dangers associated with the older methods of administration. Vivisection has thus put into our hands the power to relieve a vast amount of previously unavoidable animal suffering. If the anti-vivisectionist regards this as no answer to his statement that vivisection is bankrupt of results, one can only say that the vivisector does not share his opinion.

We have discussed with some detail a few of the commoner propositions brought forward by those who attack vivisection, in the hope of throwing light on the question whether the practice procures more evil than good. Our investigations will at least have shown how grossly the evil (that is, the pain produced) has been exaggerated, and how every device of sophistry has been called into play in attempts to under-estimate the good. When we come in addition to consider that it is the almost unanimous opinion of those most qualified to judge that the good resulting from vivisection far outweighs the evil, the conclusion is practically forced on us that such is indeed the case.

We have finally to consider the third possible justification for the abolition of vivisection, and must enquire whether the good obtained could be brought about by some other means apart from the evil. On abstract grounds it is not easy to answer this question. It is always open to the opponents of vivisection to declare that the good *might*

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be produced in some other manner. But the *onus probandi* lies with the anti-vivisectionist. It is for him to show how the good can be produced apart from vivisection, and he is face to face with the uncomfortable fact that the good has not been so produced. No one can deny that the anti-vivisectionist is an excellent talker, but when it comes to the origination of practical methods for the relief of suffering, it is to the vivisector and not to his opponent that we owe the debt. Bankrupt, indeed, are the enemies of research of any new weapon in the fight against disease. It is certainly true to-day that no means have ever been suggested which hold out the smallest prospect of obtaining the good resulting from vivisection, without experiments on animals.

An examination of the three possible grounds on which the abolition of vivisection could be advocated forces us, then, to the conclusion that none of these possible grounds have an actual existence. Vivisection is not an evil in itself. In the opinion of those qualified to judge it does not produce more evil than good. Nothing practical has been done to show that the good can be produced in some other way apart from the evil.

It is for these reasons that the writer regards the movement for the abolition of vivisection as a house built upon the sand. He entirely declines to allow that it is in any way a moral movement, since it cannot be supported by ethical considerations. Furthermore, the hold it has on the public is dependent upon the gross inaccuracies of its promoters. Such strength as it possesses depends not on sentiment but on sentimentality; not on facts, but on fancies. Its supporters forget that to do any real service in the cause of humanitarianism it is not sufficient to be humane, it is also necessary to be abreast of the thought of the age. Those who desire to be pioneers in the humanitarian movement must go through many years of drudgery before they can hope to approach their ideal by even the shortest of steps. Power of invective or platform eloquence will never diminish the sufferings of the sentient creation; it is only by ceaseless toil that this can be accomplished. If

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the writer were bold enough to offer advice to the anti-vivisection societies, he would suggest, firstly, that they eliminated from their writings and utterances all that is unfair, unscientific or inaccurate; and, secondly, that they would make the attempt to understand the theories of modern science before attacking them. Again, if they find themselves unable to accept the veracity of the statements of vivisectors in regard to the methods employed in our laboratories, let them come and investigate for themselves. At the present moment these laboratories are to all intents open to duly qualified medical men, and if it would tend to set uneasiness at rest, it might be enacted that all such should have a legal right of entry. The vivisector does not fear the light, for, indeed, he has no reason to do so.*

A consideration of the energy thrown into the anti-vivisection movement makes the onlooker deeply regret that there should be such a waste of effort. It is a piteous sight to see men and women who are enthusiastic in the cause of humanitarianism fighting the air, when all the while this sorry world contains such boundless fields for the prosecution of the great crusade of mercy. The harvest is plenteous, but, alas! the reapers are ploughing the sands, and the harvest stands ungarnered.

Mercy without wisdom is mercy powerless.

* "I should be only too pleased to see any Member of Parliament or any layman who had any doubt about it, if he presented his card; But I should have to be satisfied of his *bona fides*. I do not want people coming to make sensational copy. We might have newspaper correspondents and people like that wanting to come; but I should be only too pleased to see any man who really wanted to know the rights of the matter and was keen on the question."—*Evidence of Mr E. H. Starling, ut supra.*

BERTRAM COLLINGWOOD, M.D.

ANTI-CLERICALISM IN FRANCE*

IN 1904 the leakage of a confidential circular addressed by the Pope to the Catholic Powers with which he was on close and intimate terms, relative to M. Loubet's visit to the King of Italy in Rome, supplied M. Combes with his long-desired pretext for recalling M. Nisard, the French ambassador to the Vatican. In 1905 the mere frown of the German Kaiser, who was dissatisfied with France's policy in Morocco, sufficed to oust M. Delcassé, who had earned golden opinions during his lengthy tenure of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, from office, his post being taken by the then President of the Council, M. Rouvier. The striking contrast thus presented conveys a very instructive lesson, as it gives the keynote to all that has been passing during the last quarter of a century and more under the régime of the Third Republic. In the one case the French Government was dealing with an old man without a regiment or a battleship at his back. In the other case it was confronted by a powerful monarch, the master of big battalions and an efficient fleet. The fact that the one commanded a moral influence spreading to every nook and corner of the world to which the other could not possibly lay claim was entirely ignored. Only material force was supposed to stand for anything, so strong measures were promptly adopted in the one instance, while the other was marked by an undignified retreat.

In forming an estimate of the policy and acts of the Third Republic people are far too apt to lose sight of their purely materialistic character. Many are deluded by the humanitarian doctrines which are so systematically proclaimed, and imagine that the words "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," which are flaunted everywhere, are consistently put into practice and that every one is virtually

*The Editor gladly publishes this communication from an English Protestant, a keen observer, who has resided in Paris upwards of a quarter of a century.

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free to follow his own sweet will provided that he does not commit any serious offence which gets him into trouble with the law of the land. Englishmen, who are allowed to air their grievances, real or imaginary, without restraint, and who regard the tricolour flag and the *Marseillaise* as symbols of uncontrolled liberty, would soon discover their mistake if they tried to hold a monster open-air indignation meeting in Paris or to march in a long procession through its streets. Cavalry, infantry and police would soon disperse their assembly or check their onward course with dire consequences to their persons. A very strong hold is kept on everything and everybody, and the Minister of the Interior from his quarters at the Place Beauveau daily issues orders to the Prefects of the different Departments, which are promptly transmitted to the mayors of the parishes concerned, so that his slightest wish or command is obeyed at every point of the country as if he were himself on the spot. The system of a centralized government was never more practised than it is at the present date, and all this helps to explain the arbitrary measures which are so often decided on and executed. The significance of this is rarely realized, as the French are so accustomed to the régime that they take it all for granted, and foreigners are deceived by all the humanitarian cant. As the years roll on, more and more is said about liberalism, "social reform" and the future of democracy, but amid all this fine talk the curb is applied with increasing rigour, so that France is as far as she ever was from the liberty enjoyed in England and in the United States of America.

When the Third Republic was founded, it was intended to be a practical imitation of a Constitutional Monarchy, with a President at its head. Amid the conflicting claims of Legitimists, Orleanists and Bonapartists, not to mention Republicans themselves, it was adopted as a compromise as the one régime which would divide Frenchmen the least. "La république sera conservatrice, ou elle ne sera pas," said Thiers, however. Yet his prediction has not been fulfilled, as the Republic has certainly not been conservative since 1879, when Marshal MacMahon retired from

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the Presidency and Jules Grévy took his place there, and it is now as firmly established as ever.

How is this to be explained? At the outset Moderate Republicans and Opportunists, as they were termed, governed the country. Then came alternations of more or less Moderate and of Radical Cabinets. Now Radicals, Socialist Radicals and Socialists are the dominant elements. The downward tendency is evident, and it is not likely to be checked. It used to be said that Socialism could never flourish in a country of so many small landed proprietors. M. Jaurès and his allies have triumphantly refuted this argument. The simple fact is that the materialist spirit to which we have alluded has been steadily progressing until it has taken a firm hold of the nation. How has it been fostered?

Since religion and monarchy were regarded as going hand-in-hand, the "Ni Dieu ni Maître" cry was raised by fanatical Radicals. It was often argued that the Republic could not survive unless religion were stamped out. At the beginning there was some idea of creating a sort of "Athenian" republic, which should be polished and pagan. Dilettantes coquetted with paganism, and enlarged on the arts of Greece and the old Roman virtues. Suicide was extolled as a sign of stoic heroism. A deliberate attempt was made to discourage marriage in churches and religious rites for the dead. Christianity was denounced as teaching resignation to a hard lot. It was said to take all the energy and ambition out of men who ought in reality to make the most of their chances in this life, as there was no future world for them. "I am for liberty even in crime," an enthusiastic Radical exclaimed. Just so, and the result of all these theories is only too apparent nowadays in the vast number of murders and of brutal assaults. There was and still is a good deal of appeal to the "conscience," but this simply implied that every man could regulate his moral conduct without any religious training. His conscience would tell him what to do, and that was enough. When Gambetta was entertained by publicans at a big banquet, he described the public-house as the "salon du peuple." The publicans

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sent their customers off to vote solid for the Republican candidates, so they were petted. Now there are half a million houses in France where strong liquors are dispensed, and the ravages of alcoholism are notorious.

It may not be quite fair to the Moderate Republicans to lay the blame for much of this at their door. They are now out in the cold and are not likely ever to be a power again. But while they acted, as it were, as sponsors for the respectability of the régime on its institution, they allowed the thin edge of the wedge to be introduced. Royalists and Bonapartists were to be kept down at all costs, and thus too much was sacrificed to Republican concentration.

Yet the line of demarcation between the Moderate Republicans and the Orleanists had originally been very slight. They had during the Second Empire combined in contending for the inauguration of a more liberal system. Members of both parties had been close allies in the National Assembly after the disastrous war of 1870, and five years later the proposition of M. Wallon, since called "the father of the Constitution," designed to place the Republican régime on a solid basis, was carried by the significantly infinitesimal majority of a single vote, room being also left for eventual revision. The trouble came when, the conservative factors having been diminished, the Radicals were in a position to assert themselves.

Liberal neutrality was to have been the rule, but advanced politicians of an aggressive type changed all that. In a country of universal suffrage, where the people is sovereign, a fine field is offered to the energetic and perhaps unscrupulous candidate for a parliamentary career. The people, as has often been remarked, are simple-minded, they do not go to the bottom of things; so rabid denunciation of the policy of a competitor, followed by the presentation of a glowing programme and by specious promises, has all the odds in its favour. Consequently the descent was easy. One has only to compare the social position of legislators in successive Parliaments to understand what this means. Years ago, when a Socialist member of the Chamber of Deputies was addressing an inattentive house

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on some so-called reform scheme, he, stung to the quick, rebuked his colleagues by telling them candidly that their indifference was inexcusable, as fully half of them were sons of workmen; and no one contradicted him. The downward course has been more pronounced since that day. The simple explanation is that Parliament is mainly recruited from the failures of all the professions who have turned to politics as a last chance of success in life. They have no training and no solid education, and they only come to the fore by outbidding each other. This is freely admitted in moments of frankness, together with the unfortunate fact that the nation is by no means ripe for parliamentary government. Many French statesmen have owed their success to their position in journalism, whence they have carried on hot warfare against similar champions of other parties in florid articles. Their pens and their parliamentary salaries have kept them going when they were not in office, but they have been mainly dependent on politics all the time for a livelihood. What could be more instructive than the fact that the *bloc* recently raised parliamentary salaries from 9,000 francs to 15,000 francs, although the financial prospect was the reverse of brilliant and the need for national economy was being proclaimed all round?

The licence to which I have alluded is conspicuous in the way in which the private life and affairs of individuals are brought forward in newspapers of a certain class, the damages awarded by the Courts being so trifling that legal proceedings are rarely initiated through the fear of making bad worse. A veritable semblance of a Reign of Terror has thus been instituted, and what with Parliament and the Press the opinion is often expressed by indignant onlookers that one autocrat is to be preferred to a thousand tyrants. The Republican régime was to have been a model of purity if it was to be worth anything, but on the contrary nepotism and favouritism are rampant. As active supporters at elections have to be propitiated, any number of official posts have been created, and now upwards of 600,000 functionaries, large and small, are on the list. France now has fif-

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teen officials for every thousand inhabitants. Posts have been given to or created for legislators who have failed to obtain re-election, for the sons and relatives of every degree of kinship with ministers and influential members of Parliament, for electioneering agents, and for a host of partisans. Mere youths have been put into places bringing in from 10,000 to 20,000 francs per annum, and this often over the heads of a regular staff earning from 3,000 to 4,000 francs a year. In such circumstances is it any wonder that so many men who have really no aptitude for legislation should enter the lists and should be ready to strain almost any point to retain their footing? Senators and deputies are besieged with applications from importunate constituents, and they in their turn render the lives of ministers a burden by their solicitations.

When the immense number of the officials in the receipt of public money is considered side by side with the fact that there are half a million dispensers of strong liquors whose interests coincide with those of the existing régime, it is hardly a subject for marvel that it should have held its own. As the Government gives or rejects favours, the masses naturally look to it for them. Material advantages count for everything, principles being consigned to the second place in this race for posts and positions. Nor should the influence which the Government wields through the distribution of thousands of decorations yearly be overlooked. The examination of the countless applications for them gives steady employment to a strong contingent of secretaries, and the receipt of the coveted honour secures a zealous supporter to the Minister who has conferred it, not to speak of his connexions and friends.

Now for the other side of the picture. If support of the Government is handsomely rewarded, opposition to it is bitterly resented. This fact Departments and districts, not to mention individuals as well, learnt to their cost long ago. If a branch railway line was needed in a district that returned a "Reactionary" Deputy, no attention was paid to the request, and so it was with regard to other local ad-

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vantages. Such boycotting had its natural result in process of time, and all this explains the steady dwindling down of Conservative representation in the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. The French are a practical people, and, as I have already pointed out, they have been systematically taught to place their material interests in the front rank. The rights of minorities are not considered by the party in power, as it wants to make the most of its chances and to take all the plums for itself. The late M. Goblet, a Radical who had been President of the Council, after careful calculation, estimated the difference between the members of the *bloc* and their opponents returned at the second ballots at the General Election of 1902 at not more than 200,000 votes. Everybody knows what account M. Combes took of this. He treated the opposition as if it had been defeated by an overwhelming majority which had spoken with no uncertain voice in favour of the dissolution of all the Religious Orders and of the Separation of Church and State. How little he was justified even in assuming that any such pronouncement had been made is amply demonstrated by the fact that foremost among those who most clearly expressed disapproval of his drastic measures were M. Waldeck-Rousseau and those of his colleagues who had retired with him.

What class of electors was it that had returned the candidates who constituted the *bloc*? Not the better half of the electorate by any means. When M. Waldeck-Rousseau formed his Cabinet, two Socialists, M. Millerand and M. Pierre Baudin, were introduced for the first time into office. One consequence of this was that never had so many strikes broken out throughout the country. In the General Election of 1902 the toilers had mainly an eye to material advantages, to reduction of the hours of labour, to higher wages, to old age pensions, to legislation which would favour them against their natural enemies, as they considered them, the employer and the capitalist. This was what they had in their minds when they went to the polls. When it is remembered that the Ministry which, as the significant term has it, "presides" over a General Election,

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has many points in its favour—what with the pressure applied by Prefects and Sub-Prefects, whose careers are often wrecked by defeat, and the lavish dispensation of funds in support of its candidates, while the better classes hold aloof in sheer disgust—it will be perceived that if the relative positions had been reversed the Opposition might easily have won. The fact that the present writer has not met a single Frenchman in private life who has done anything but condemn M. Combes' policy in emphatic terms is worth noting.

Then, when the Chamber of Deputies has been elected, how is it composed for working purposes? Like the Senate it consists of a confusing variety of groups, each of which is virtually a club. There are not two great opposing parties as in England. Each house is a mosaic, so that when a ministerial crisis breaks out nobody can predict the character of the future Cabinet. One statesman after another is invited by the President of the Republic to try his hand at the constitution of a ministry, and often when he seems to be on the point of completing his task the whole combination breaks down because some group considers that its claims have been overlooked. In all this competition place and profit are the chief considerations.

Under such conditions how can it be argued with any sincerity that the General Election of 1902 turned entirely on the clerical question, and that it was the same with the General Election of 1906?

During all these years it is notorious that the Radical group has been the one group which has traded on anti-clericalism, and that when the Church question is finally settled its occupation will be considered as gone. When on a memorable occasion M. Millerand bitterly reproached M. Combes in the Chamber of Deputies with neglecting reforms for the benefit of the working classes in his campaign against the Church, he merely uttered a truism. And it is the Radical group which has the closest connexion with Freemasonry.

Allusions to Freemasonry and its work often provoke a sceptical smile from people who have not probed below

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the surface. For Englishmen acquainted with the purely social and benevolent character of the lodges in their own country it is particularly hard to realize the wide difference between them and the great bulk of the French lodges. Yet it is a fact that years and years ago the Grand Lodge of England severed all connexion with the Grand Orient of France, and solemnly forbade its members from setting foot in one of its *ateliers*. Grand Orient had officially repudiated "the Great Architect of the Universe," thus making a bold profession of atheism, and this was the reason.

Masonry as practised by the Grand Orient of France is anti-religious and subversive. It is believed by many experts in history to have played a very active part in the organization and execution of the great Revolution of 1789, and since that period it has asserted itself again and again. More than a quarter of a century ago its influence in the Republic was no secret to those who were behind the scenes. It is indeed no exaggeration to say that France has been, and still is, largely governed by an occult and irresponsible power. A few examples can hardly fail to be of interest. At the General Assembly of Grand Orient in 1901 M. Buisson exclaimed, "Our federation is a political organism." At the banquet which took place at the close of the General Assembly of Grand Orient in 1902 M. Blatin in the course of a lengthy address said:

Brethren, I must also propose a very enthusiastic toast to the Ministry which governs us and more particularly to the President of the Council, who is and has always been a very good and faithful Mason, a very courageous Mason, Brethren, extremely resolved to carry out the ideas of our Order and to cause all our aspirations to prevail. . . . Above all, Brethren, the Government must remember that Masonry is certainly the firmest and most solid of all its supports. If our Order had not defended the ideas which this Government represents, if our Order had never existed, neither this Government nor even the Republic would have existed, and M. and Madame Loubet instead of being under the roof of the Élysée would probably still be remaining mere petits bourgeois in the little town of Montélimar. But it must also remember that if it is to continue

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its advance with profit along the path which it has entered it must go on to the end, it must consider the events which we are witnessing as the simple opening of hostilities. Until we have completely done with the Congregations, whether authorized or not, so long as we have not broken with Rome, denounced the Concordat, and established lay teaching definitely throughout this country, nothing will have been accomplished.

And M. Blatin added, "In drinking to French Masonry, to all the French Masonries, I drink in reality to the Republic, because the Republic is Freemasonry emerged from its temples, just as Freemasonry is the Republic masked under the ægis of our traditions and symbols."

This shows the immense influence wielded and claimed by Grand Orient. Now for an illustration of its anti-religious spirit. It is to be found in the address delivered at this same banquet by M. Delpech, member of the Senate and President of the Council of the Order:

The triumph of the Galilean has lasted twenty centuries. He is dying in his turn. The mysterious voice which in the olden days on the mountains of Epirus announced the death of Pan to-day announces the end of the deceitful God who had promised an era of justice and peace to those who believed in him. The illusion has endured a very long time. The deceitful God disappears in his turn. He is going away to rejoin in the dust of the ages the other divinities of India, Egypt, Greece and Rome, who saw so many deluded creatures prostrating themselves at the foot of their altars. Brethren, we are pleased to note that we are not foreign to this ruin of the false prophets. From the political point of view Freemasons have often varied. But Freemasonry has always been firm on this principle, "War to all the superstitions! War to all the fanatisms!"

In the following year, 1903, on the opening of the General Assembly of Grand Orient, a congratulatory address was sent to M. Combes, who replied with the following dispatch, which was communicated to the brethren at their sitting of September 24:

I am happy to receive the news of the vote given by the Convent. What particularly touches me in the address of felicitation which you have transmitted to me is the expression

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of absolute confidence that it shows to me. I need this confidence to triumph over the attacks of all kinds and also over the intrigues directed against me. Have the goodness to assure the tried and convinced Republicans who compose the Convent that I shall do my duty to the end, all my duty as Republican President of the Council. Thank them in my name, I beg you, for trusting my loyalty. I have taken office without fear, I shall leave it without reproach.

At the sitting held two days previously resolutions relative to the separation of Church and State, to the denunciation of the Concordat and the abolition of the Embassy to the Vatican had been adopted. At the banquet which brought the proceedings of the General Assembly of Grand Orient in 1903 to a close M. Rabier, who had presided over it, said that he had great affection for "the simple, affable and good citizen that our Brother Combes is"; for he had "only accepted office to fulfil his task as a good Republican and a good Mason."

M. Lafferre, the President of the Council of the Order, exclaimed in the course of his address:

It is certainly very sweet to look around one and to applaud the results obtained with the co-operation of Masonry, to applaud the triumphant Republic, to send Orders of the Day to the Ministry, and to receive from it telegrams which show the large place that we occupy to-day in the Republic.

He went on to say that Freemasons must combine and prepare "by the masked Republic the open Republic, as it appears to us in the formation of the Masonic *bloc* and of the Republican *bloc* which at this moment supports the Ministry of Republican action." This is absolutely clear, and it is no vain boast. Many other instructive sidelights on the views and aims of Grand Orient are to be found in utterances at these General Assemblies. At one it was decided that duty towards God should be suppressed in the programme of primary instruction, while a *Commentaire de la Déclaration des Droits de l'Homme et du Citoyen*, "a work recommended by M. Ferdinand Buisson, who has been the director of primary teaching and who is indeed the initiator of the movement of laicization of the primary

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schools in France," was approved. Then among other instructive features may be mentioned the following. A proposal having been made for the withdrawal of their rights as electors from priests and members of Religious Orders a Brother asked, "Will you extend this to the Protestant pasteurs, as in that case you will deprive active Freemasons of the right to vote. And will you deprive the rabbis?" "If so, it is from us that the right of voting will be taken," another Brother remarked.

When the question of the abolition of naval and other chaplaincies was discussed, Grand Orient decided that the traditional Good Friday salute in the Fleet must be suppressed. A Brother said that Brother Lockroy when Minister of Marine had already given orders to that effect, but "had allowed himself to be circumvented. Brother de Lanessan had been more docile." On another occasion a Brother observed that "the mummeries of the Friday styled Holy have been suppressed by order of the Minister Brother de Lanessan." But "a good many things of this sort had still to be done in the Navy," and it was to be hoped that Brother Pelletan would take the initiative. It was resolved that a member of this particular Assembly (1902), who had a seat in Parliament, should approach "the present Minister of Marine, our Brother Pelletan," in order that he should forbid the Mass of the Return (of the Cadets) on board the Borda and "the grotesque ceremony of the blessing of the State ships." Brother Buisson had denounced the naval officer as "the prey of clericalism," and another member had spoken of the Fleet as a floating diplomacy, which instead of carrying abroad "the lay spirit, drags about the coffin of the ancient régime and the flag of Papacy," and this because "the Congregations are not satisfied with land diplomacy. The diplomacy of the Noailles and Montebellos, the diplomacy of marquises and of Counts' coronets will no doubt still be long governed by the Clericals," but there was another diplomacy, that of the squadrons, the object of which was "the propagation of the Clerical idea abroad."

But even M. Delcassé himself was severely criticized at

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the next General Assembly (1903). A member exclaimed that when convocations were addressed to his lodge, *La Fraternité Latine*, "Brother Delcassé freely declares that he is not a Mason." Another member proposed, "by way of teaching a lesson to Brother Delcassé, whom we have vainly tried to evict from our midst," that "Masons who are members of Parliament, even if they should be Ministers, shall be declared to have been guilty of an offence against the honour of Freemasonry in voting against the separation of the Churches and the State."

An interesting sidelight too is thrown by a discussion of the position in the Far East. A Brother exclaimed that "the mission" was the adversary of Freemasonry there. It would be said: "But you have had Masons over there; you have had Brother Lanessan, member of the Council of the Order; you have had Brother Doumer; you have had Brother Beau [all Governors-General of Indo-China]; you have had Brother Deloncle, who was recently elected Deputy." But they were "sometimes slaves of their bureaux, like certain Ministers in France." All this led to the expression of a desire for the "absolute supremacy of the civil authority in the Colonies." Turning to matters nearer home, the Assembly devoted attention to "means for assuring the working of monopolies by toilers themselves," due note being taken of measures by Brothers Millerand and Pelletan, "men of whom Masonry can be proud."

It is curious to see how the many measures advocated by Grand Orient have been carried out or are now proposed by the Government. Besides the suppression and spoliation of the great bulk of the Religious Orders, the denunciation of the Concordat, the rupture with the Vatican and the separation of Church and State, there are the abolition of chaplaincies, the doing away with court-martial in time of peace, the income tax, the suppression of the Masses, called "Messes rouges" or "Messes du Saint-Esprit," celebrated on the reassembling of the Law Courts after the summer recess, the continuation of the laicization of the hospitals, the removal of the crucifix from the Law

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Courts, and many more. No one who has followed this movement even in a superficial manner can fail to be struck by the really extraordinary way in which cause in the lodges and effect in the Government and the Parliament have succeeded each other with mathematical regularity. A speaker at the Convent of 1898 cried: "These men are for us Freemasons irreconcilable enemies, whatever the shape of their costume may be, whether they wear a robe or a cassock, or even carry a sword." In 1899 another declaimed against "the idols of flesh and bone, of whom the people makes gods, whom it covers with gold, lace and crosses," and saluted "the friends who have replied from the other side of the frontier." Yes, "the last vestige of military idolatry must be effaced from men's minds."

Reference has already been made to the materialist side of these questions, and it is particularly noteworthy that at the meeting of the Council of the Order in the spring of 1901, when the expediency of "inviting the lodges to exercise influence upon their members, Deputies or Senators, for the voting of the suppression of the Religious Orders, whether authorized or not, and the devotion of their property to a pension fund" was discussed, the Brother who had drawn up the report considered that the proposal deserved favourable notice and that "to render easier a reform which wounded the feelings of a portion of the population, it is well to connect it with the interests of a great number of men." Precisely so. The working classes, who constituted the bulk of the electors of the *bloc*, were to support its policy on the strength of the material advantages that they might derive. The General Elections of 1902 and of 1906 never hung on the questions between Church and State, as has been unfairly argued thousands of times. And the fact is perfectly clear that ever since its establishment on a solid basis the Third Republic has been dominated by a sect which has dictated its behests to Governments and Parliaments. At the International Masonic Congress held in 1902 the Grand Orient of France reported itself as containing 330 Lodges, 50 Chapters, 20 Philosophic Coun-

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cils and a total of 20,000 active members. This shows what a very small but extremely energetic body can accomplish.

Within the scope of this article it is impossible to do more than glance at a few features of the anti-religious policy which attained its climax when M. Combes took office. The "March decrees," the *laicisation* of the schools, the restoration of the divorce laws, the advice given by the late Pope Leo XIII to Royalists and Imperialists to "rally" to the Republic, all belong to the domain of ancient history. But there is one special point on which stress may be laid. It has become the fashion with foes of the Church and indeed of Christianity generally to abuse the Vatican. But it should be remembered that the last campaign against the Religious Orders began during the lifetime of Leo XIII, and that when he died Republican newspapers of every hue paid warm tributes to his memory, M. Clemenceau himself writing most eulogistically in the *Aurore*. During an interpellation at the Chamber of Deputies in March, 1894, the late M. Spuller, then Minister of Public Instruction, had spoken of the "esprit nouveau" by which the Government was animated, had expressed the opinion that the anti-clerical policy had become a danger, as it excited passions which had disappeared, and had argued that as the Church had adhered to the Republic the time had arrived for the Republic to refrain from any step which might allow the Church to say that she was being ill-treated. He gained his point with a vote of confidence.

The trouble began afresh during the tremendous agitation created throughout France by the Dreyfus case, which had been suffered to encroach from the purely judicial ground, which it should never have left, on to the political field. Never were passions more excited. The country seemed to have gone mad over the *Affaire*.

After the General Election of 1898 incoherence prevailed in the more moderate Republican groups. When M. Loubet, himself a Progressive Republican, was elected to the Presidency on February 18, 1899, after the sudden death of M. Félix Faure, he turned to statesmen of that

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party, several of whom declined to attempt the construction of a Cabinet, and then he applied to M. Waldeck-Rousseau, who had the confidence of the Progressives and undertook the task. Soon, however, and most unaccountably, the new President of the Council was falling under the influence of the Socialists. He had given portfolios to two Socialists, MM. Millerand and Baudin, and great had been the sensation, as no Socialist had ever been in office before. The trial by the High Court followed, and when Parliament assembled for the autumn session a Bill on the right of association was presented to it by the Government. It soon became evident that many of the Progressives were deserting their party through fidelity to their former chief, though he had taken up with Radicals and Socialists. It was on January 15, 1901, that the debate on the Associations Bill began at the Chamber of Deputies, not to conclude before the end of March, so strong was the opposition which it encountered; but the Bill was so hurried through the Senate that it was adopted after only fourteen sittings on June 22, M. Combes, already a very influential member of the Upper House, having particularly distinguished himself by his activity and intolerance. M. Waldeck-Rousseau had set the stone rolling, but he had certainly never foreseen the abuse that would be made of his Associations Bill by his successor.

As some misapprehension still exists on the subject, it may be explained that the "unauthorized" Religious Orders were not in a position of revolt against the law. The "authorized" Orders were really privileged Orders. The rest, asking no favour, merely did what was required by all the laws relative to teaching, property and living in community. The fact is also too often lost sight of that when M. Waldeck-Rousseau retired after the General Election of 1902 M. Loubet applied to M. Bourgeois and M. Henri Brisson before he sent for M. Combes. The new President of the Council soon showed his hand by the arbitrary closing of a great number of *écoles libres* in Paris and the provinces, and by expelling *congréganistes*.

Meanwhile he was preparing the Bill which was to

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break up the Religious Orders altogether. The report on the applications for authorization was the work of an active Freemason. The Orders were outlawed. They were dealt with in three categories, the teaching, the preaching and the trading orders—three “charrettes,” to cite the apt expression revived from the Reign of Terror; and in a short time more than 100,000 French people were condemned to exile or starvation. Among the reasons which had led to the original Law on Associations had been the official estimate of the property of the Religious Orders at £43,000,000, a figure far above the mark, and also their successful competition with the National Schools, as in 1900 they had upwards of 440,766 boys and 1,177,142 girls in their primary schools, and 32,764 young people in their secondary schools.

M. Combes' tenure of office was not only marked by his rupture with the Vatican, by his arbitrary treatment of the Religious Orders, but also by a host of scandals, foremost among which was the disclosure of the Masonic information about military officers. Nothing could have demonstrated more conclusively the influence and interference of Freemasonry in private matters. Even Protestant officers were denounced as religious, and promotions were effected, not on the strength of the professional qualifications of candidates but in consequence of reports that they never went near any place of worship. And these reports were often absolutely fantastic. The Rouvier Cabinet, which succeeded the Combes Ministry, disappointed many moderate politicians by getting the Separation Bill through Parliament. Its text, modified by the Rouvier Cabinet, was submitted to the Chamber of Deputies on February 9, 1905, and the Law was promulgated on December 11 of the same year. It was much less sectarian and drastic than the one contemplated by M. Combes, but all the same it proved unacceptable to the Church, and ever since efforts have been made to arrive at some *modus vivendi*.

Such are a few of the more noteworthy events which have led up to a deplorable situation. That there has all

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along been a determined attempt to deal a death-blow at religion has been manifest to clear-sighted and impartial observers. How far is it likely to be successful in the end?

Several patent facts have to be taken into account in order to reply to this question. One is the tremendous power wielded by the Government, which is against religion in any shape or form. So clear is this that since the time of Marshal MacMahon no President of the Republic has attended Mass at any parish church in Paris on a Sunday morning. An outcry would be raised if he did. Then the absolute deference to any sort of authority, which is a prominent feature of the French character, has to be remembered. If the Government is against the Church, there must be something wrong with it, the average citizen argues; so he holds aloof or supports the Government. The repetition for years of Gambetta's cry, "*Le cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi!*" has borne fruit. The equality theory flatters the masses, who now consider themselves as good as their masters, and are agitating against them and capital more and more. Conscription too has unsettled the youth of the country, who after several years of barrack life do not care to return to rustic occupations, as they take them away from the music-hall, and it is a fact that out of every five young villagers only two go back to their homes when their service is over. As University students in Paris and other cities mostly dwell in single rooms at small hotels and lodging-houses without any supervision, the consequences at such an age need scarcely be enlarged on; and when it is considered that youthful shop-people and servants of both sexes also enjoy the fullest freedom after their duties are over, it is hardly a subject for wonder that a certain amount of demoralization follows. Then while in political matters, where the interests, real or supposed, of the State are concerned, the tendency is all towards the tighter hand, the leaning, on the contrary, in social affairs is all in favour of concession to Socialist clamour and of strange indulgence to crime, as is witnessed by the question of the abolition of capital punishment. It has been noticed that most of the worst offenders

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are now recruited from the ranks of mere youths, and nothing could be more significant, as this shows most clearly one result of the campaign which has been carried on against religious ideas during the past quarter of a century. Country districts are being more and more deserted for the towns, where the working classes are left to their own devices, and so materialism is fast extending together with discontent, strikes and agitation against employers. Poisonous literature too, with the extraordinary licence of plays which rarely quit the threadbare theme of breaches of the commandment against impurity, complete the demoralization. The prospect is very gloomy.

It has been argued *ad nauseam* that these Church questions only concern France. But history has proved over and over again that events in France react on her neighbours, as was demonstrated by the Revolution of 1848, to cite one example, and now that Gallomania is so fashionable in England there is more danger of this than ever. People in England have been led astray by the plausible cry that this is simply a struggle between the French Government with a loyal majority of the nation at its back and Pope Pius X, who, a holy ecclesiastic no doubt, but totally ignorant of the ways of the world, is merely a tool in the hands of Cardinal Merry del Val, a sombre and fanatical Spaniard. M. Combes, who might have been expected to know better, actually described His Eminence in an article contributed to the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna early in January as "his descendant of the Inquisitors," who "is scarcely less haughty and less harsh towards Spain, although she is his mother-country, than towards France." He appeared to be totally ignorant of the fact that Cardinal Merry del Val had been born and brought up in free England.

As has already been pointed out, the persistent hostility towards the Church was fast approaching its climax during the lifetime of Pope Leo XIII, who was so conciliatory to the Republic that he actually broke up and shattered the Conservative elements, thus leaving the Catholics at the mercy of their foes when the storm burst. The enemies of

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religion never deemed it worth while to gird against the Protestants, 600,000 in number, and against the 100,000 Jews dispersed throughout France. They paid the Church the compliment of realizing that she alone was the bulwark against atheism. The Church in France is fighting the battle of religion at large, and as its champion she deserves the sympathy of all who have the future of religion sincerely at heart.

[NOTE.—The writer wishes to acknowledge his obligations in his references to French Freemasonry to an excellent book by M. Paul Nourrisson, entitled *Les Jacobins au Pouvoir*. M. Nourrisson is the author of another very instructive work, *Le Club des Jacobins sous la Troisième République*. In both books he reveals the designs and influence of Grand Orient with copious quotations from addresses; and another thoughtful work by M. Maurice Talmeyr, *La Franc-Maçonnerie et la Révolution Française*, supplies material for much profitable reflection.]

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—An article from the pen of the Comte de Mun on the present situation in France is unavoidably postponed until July.]

THE VICTORY OF THE GERMAN CENTRE PARTY

“**D**AS Zentrum ist Trumpf,” “The Centre Party is trumps,” was the cry that arose from one end of Catholic Germany to the other on the publication of the figures showing the result of the second ballots. Prince von Bülow had gone into the fight with the determination to wrest from the Centre Party its supremacy in Parliament. As he expressed himself in his manifesto to General von Liebert on December 31:

From this pressure the German nation must liberate itself. The Liberal inhabitant of town and country is no less interested in achieving this emancipation than the Conservative. However greatly circumstances in the various constituencies differ, the parties which stood by the Government on December 13 will have primarily to keep before them what on that occasion united them—the fight for the honour and the welfare of the nation against Social Democrats, Poles, Guelfs and Centre.

Lest there should be any doubt of the object of his campaign, Prince von Bülow in his speech of January 20 at the Palast Hotel denounced the Centre for its attempt to dictate to the Government the rate and the extent of the reduction of troops in South-West Africa.

It is not the Government that has challenged a trial of strength, it is the Centre in the Reichstag, with the help of the Social Democracy.

Recent revelations have shown the extent to which the Government was prepared to go in its campaign against the Centre. The action of the Navy League in prosecuting the *Bayerischer Kurier* as an accomplice in the burglary on its offices in Berlin may be taken as evidence of the genuineness of the correspondence published in its columns. It would appear that Prince von Bülow subscribed £1,500 towards the circulation of the publications of the Navy League, and that the reply issued by the League to

The Victory of the

Herr Erzberger's pamphlet, under the title of *Herr Erzberger's Lies*, was written under the direction of Geheimrath von der Gröben, the chief of the Press Bureau of the Colonial department. There is evidence that this was also done with the sanction of Herr von Lobell, the chief of Prince von Bülow's Chancellery, with whose approval this pamphlet was also circulated by the Navy League. General Keim, the President of the League, did not hesitate to appeal to what he called in his dog Latin the "furor Protestanticus," which "has done so much to wake up the Philistines," and in carrying out this policy was ready to co-operate with the Social Democrats. In fact the General had himself written to Judge Knaudt at Hoyerswarda in Silesia that "the Centre were more dangerous than the Social Democrats," and had boasted that in the Rhineland the League had succeeded in rousing opposition to the Centre in no less than eight constituencies. We have not got to the end of these disclosures, which, so far as they have gone, show the determination of the Government to create a Conservative-Liberal and Radical bloc, which was at all costs to overwhelm the Centre in the first place, and then the Social Democrats.

In one respect they have been successful. Although the Social Democrats have increased their total poll by 248,687 votes, their representatives in Parliament have fallen from 79 to 42; but the Centre Party has returned to the Reichstag with increased numbers as the most powerful and the most united party of all, for if we add to them the Poles and the Alsace-Lorrainers, they number no less than 134 out of a total of 397; and they have achieved this result notwithstanding the loss of three seats by those Welfs who always supported the Centre Party.

There can be no doubt of the victory, for it is acknowledged by their most extreme and uncompromising opponents. During the whole of the campaign the *Cologne Gazette* has been particularly bitter in its attacks upon the Centre Party; but even this organ of the National Liberal Party has been forced to admit the extent of the Catholic triumph.

German Centre Party

It must be publicly acknowledged—now that no question of tactics prevents us from doing so—that the campaign of the Government, in so far as it was directed against the Centre Party, has failed. The Ultramontane party returns to the Parliamentary struggle not weakened, but strengthened.

The *Berliner Tageblatt* speaks for Herr Dernburg, the father of the director of the Colonial Office, and yet it, too, has to bow to the stern logic of facts:

The campaign against the Centre has thoroughly failed. . . . We have no desire to follow the Government and the Centre in their game of hide-and-seek. Let us recognize facts as they are. The Centre has knocked Prince Bülow's Government on the head.

In the face of all these and many other admissions made by Ministerial, Liberal and Radical organs, the most salient result of the General Election is the triumph of the Centre Party all along the line. The membership of the Conservative, National Liberal, German Liberal and Anti-Semite parties has increased, and they have polled far more votes this time than they did in 1903; but the whole force of what is called in Germany the goodwill of the Government was exercised in their favour, and against the Centre, whose triumph is for that reason all the greater. They have added 308,000 votes to their poll in 1903, the number of those Deputies upon whom they can count absolutely has increased by five, and they have disproved once more that there is anything behind the alleged National Catholic opposition to the policy of the party.

Many are the slanders that have been uttered against the Centre Party. They have been accused of being the abject followers of the Ministry, but recent events have shown the hollowness of this accusation, for they are at the present moment in opposition to the Government. They have refused to barter a single principle for any personal advantage. They have, whenever they have supported the Government, done so as free and independent members of Parliament. No member of the Centre Party has occupied

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the position of Minister or of Under-Secretary. They have, it is true, secured posts for their friends, but then that is the privilege of the independent supporters of every Government. They have also passed many practical and useful reforms for the benefit of the working classes, but then in these cases they were compelled to rely upon the co-operation of other parties, who for this purpose helped to constitute the majority of the Reichstag. Then again we have been told that they are Clericals and Ultramontanes. This statement is absolutely false, in the invidious sense in which it is interpreted. True, the original *raison d'être* of the party was their opposition to religious persecution, to political tyranny and to exceptional legislation directed either against Catholics or Socialists; but they have always preserved their political independence of the ecclesiastical hierarchy. Even at the very start there were Protestants amongst them, such as Herr von Gerlach, Dr Bruel and Herr Schulz-Baden. In the last Parliament four Protestant members of the Welf group were "Hospitalanten" or guests of the Centre Party, attending their party meetings without the right of voting at them, and supporting them in the Reichstag. Their independence of clericalism has been recognized by Herr von Kardorff, the late leader of the Free Conservatives, who said on April 13, 1904:

We cannot say that the gentlemen of the Centre have pursued an Ultramontane policy with us to any extent. No, Gentlemen, they have been German and National in helping us to restore the German National Defence, they have been German and National in restoring the German fleet, they have been German and National in the Colonial policy which they have inaugurated in unison with us, and finally they have carried out a German and a National policy in supporting the Customs Tariff, which restored to agriculture those rights of which she was robbed in the days of Caprivi, whose loss has been answerable for the distress which prevails even in our own time

If further corroboration were necessary, we need only quote Prince von Bülow's own words on the following day: "I thoroughly endorse all Herr von Kardorff has said

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about the praiseworthy co-operation of the Centre in great national questions."

In the face of these statements they are even now accused of being anti-National and of thwarting the interests of Prussia when she determined on Germanizing Poland. They have, it is true, stood up for Polish Catholics whenever they thought they were unduly oppressed, and have over and over again protested against the action of the Government in forcing Polish children to answer their Catechism in German, and in adopting violent measures against those who went out on strike, believing in the pursuit of milder methods; but they have always been Germans before everything, and have in consequence lost the support and confidence of the Poles, who ran candidates against the Centre wherever they could, and succeeded at the last General Election in wresting three seats from them in Upper Silesia. The Poles have gone further still, for in some constituencies they have through their action handed over to the Socialists and others seats which might otherwise have been won by the Centre.

Their enemies have also accused the Centre of supporting the Social Democrat, the national enemy, against the National and German Liberal. It must be remembered that the Liberals have been particularly bitter in their hostility to Catholics, both in the press and on the platform, and have talked of fighting denominational education if returned to Parliament, and that this has induced Catholics to vote for Social Democrats and even to assert their political independence of the Archbishops of Munich and of Bamberg by recalling the unsuccessful intervention of the Pope in the September election of 1887, and defining their present attitude: "Now, as in 1887, the most reverent submission in ecclesiastical matters, but in political affairs unrestricted freedom of decision." If, however, they have made a mistake in voting for Socialists on the second ballots, they are not the only sinners. Their abstention or co-operation may possibly have helped the Socialists to win such seats as Bochum, Duisburg-Mülheim, Dortmund, Bielefeld, Hanau-Offenbach, Karlsruhe, Pforzheim,

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Strassburg and Speyer, but there have been many seats in which the Centre might, with National Liberal support, have beaten the Socialists. As a matter of fact the National Liberals might have secured the Centre vote in six constituencies if they had only pledged themselves that they would as a party give their undivided support to the Centre on the second ballots. The negotiations which were carried on until the last moment fell through over Cologne, where a large proportion of the National Liberals were determined to support the Social Democrat against the Centre. It is true that an appeal made by Dr Becker, the National Liberal Bürgermeister, who declared that "neither a believing Christian nor a patriot can vote for a Socialist," saved the seat; but even a superficial examination of the votes polled by the Socialist proves conclusively that at least 5,000 National Liberals supported the Socialist candidate on the second ballot.

A good deal has been said of the acute differences which, it is alleged, exist within the ranks of the Centre Party itself, and of the small sympathy between the Conservative and democratic wings. This has been much exaggerated, for although differences of opinion do undoubtedly exist, the two sections are thoroughly united against all comers. The miserable show made by the National Catholic candidates in the Rhineland and in Westphalia show the smallness of the leakage on the Conservative side. It is, however, true that a good many Catholics have voted for the Socialists, especially in the industrial districts, and it is only necessary to go to Cologne, a town overwhelmingly Catholic, where the Socialists polled over 15,000 votes at the first ballot, as against 17,000 Centre and 10,000 National Liberal votes, to realize this. The same may be said of many of the industrial towns of the Rhineland and Westphalia which would have fallen into the hands of the Social Democrats had it not been for the restraining influence exercised by the Catholic clergy and the leaders of the Centre Party. Socialism promises them a great deal when once it is able to command the majority of the constituencies; but in the interval its aloofness from the Radical and Centre parties,

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and its refusal to accept useful reforms because they do not go far enough, have diminished its practical efficacy. In the meanwhile the Centre Party has worked hard, and even in the last Parliament made itself responsible for the introduction and the passage of a certain number of practical measures which have materially improved the condition of the working classes. Beyond this they have shown dogged obstinacy in the cause of social reforms which, though they have not yet become law, have still been brought nearer realization. Thus in 1904 the Centre Party appealed to the Federated Governments to introduce a Bill to strengthen the position of Trade Unions by giving them a legal status in the Law Courts and establishing Chambers of Labour, where the representatives of the men could ventilate their wants and grievances without restraint. The Federated Governments replied that they were in no way opposed to the recognition of the legal status of Trade Unions, or to their endowment with all the rights and duties belonging, as a rule, to such bodies, but that they must exclude Civil Servants and those who were employed in functions which brought them into direct relations with the public, so as to secure perfect unanimity in the Bundesrat. They were also prepared to assist the representation of Labour through the creation of Chambers of Labour in so far as this was consistent with section 75, subsection 2, of the Law relating to Trade Tribunals of 1901. This was not, however, sufficient for the Centre Party, who have steadily pressed the matter forward since then, until, on November 13, a Bill was at last introduced which, though accepted by them as the groundwork of a good measure, was denounced by Herr Trimborn, the Catholic deputy of Cologne, and by Herr Giesberts, the Catholic Labour representative for Essen, as decidedly inadequate. The further consideration of the matter was postponed until after the General Election, when the return of 105 Centre Deputies to Parliament must increase the pressure which they have already brought to bear upon the Federated Governments, and induce them to enlarge the scope of their Bill.

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The Centre Party has been more successful in carrying through Parliament Dr Bachem's Bill for the creation of Commercial Courts of Arbitration, which was passed into law on June 16, 1904, in the teeth of the opposition of the Radicals and Socialists, who did not consider the measure went far enough. The value of this measure has been recognized by the *Sociale Praxis*, a leading social reform organ, which sees in these new Courts a rapid, cheap and practical method of dealing with commercial disputes on the basis upon which Courts of Arbitration have been able to settle many disputes between employers and employed. Its merits have also been thoroughly appreciated by Herr von Vollmar, "the uncrowned King of Bavaria," and the leader of the South German Socialists, who has not hesitated to find fault with the uncompromising attitude of his own party in his work, *Ueber die nächsten Aufgaben der Sozial-Demokratie*, a policy which says, "To throw up the game because I cannot get all I want, is not worthy of serious men but of children."

Other valuable measures advocated by Herr Nacken, the member of the Centre Party for Eupen and the country district round Aix-la-Chapelle, have been passed to protect leadworkers against the dangers to which they are exposed, and there can be no doubt that coopers, house-painters and varnishers, as well as white-lead workers, owe the Centre Party a substantial debt of gratitude. All these reforms, however, sink into comparative insignificance beside that great scheme of National Insurance which owes its passage through Parliament to the consistent pressure of the Centre. The fund received, during the ten years that followed its creation from 1881 to 1891, £229,000,000, of which the employers contributed £106,000,000, the men £102,300,000, and the State £10,700,000. According to the latest returns the annual contributions of employers have fallen from 47 to 45 per cent, whilst those of the men have diminished from 46 to 37 per cent, owing to the increased interest on the capital invested. Some idea of the vastness of the scheme may be gathered from the annual expenditure throughout Germany on compensation

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in the case of accidents, sickness and incapacity, of £22,500,000.

Government officials have also good reason to be grateful to the Centre for the interest which it has shown on their behalf. Thus the humbler civil servant has had his lodging allowance increased by 50 per cent since April 1, 1906, and has been promised a reconsideration of the whole question of lodging allowance by April 1, 1908, instead of having to wait until 1913, as proposed by the Government. The subject of military pensions of officers as well as of making adequate provision for the case of their widows and orphans has been brought by the Centre Party before the Bundesrat, and steps have also been taken to shorten the hours of work of postal employees on Sundays and holidays. The Sunday parcel post has been abolished, and the Sunday delivery of letters will shortly be stopped.

These reforms have not been popular with all classes. Vested interests have protested against many of them and have denounced the Centre Party for their democratic tendencies. Some of the members of the party have thought things were pushed too far, and have complained that the party was falling more and more into the hands of the Democratic wing; but it must be clear that apart from the good they have done by remedying abuses and improving the lot of the workers and toilers of Germany they could not retain their hold over the artisans unless they showed themselves a reforming and progressive party. This has not, however, had anything to do with their quarrel with the Government. Prince von Bülow has denounced them for their refusal to co-operate in the work of Colonial expansion, and especially for their rejection on December 13 of the small additional vote of £445,000 which was said to be required for the complete suppression of the native rising in South-West Africa. The sum was a small one, but a matter of principle was involved. The Centre thought that the time had come to protest against the abuses prevalent in the German colonies. It had been clearly established by the official paper issued on Novem-

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ber 23, 1906 (no. 572, page 13) that "the average cost of each man employed in carrying on the war had come to £500 for the year." The war had already cost Germany £20,000,000, a sum wholly out of proportion to the established value of the Colony. If they had in the past supported the Colonial policy of the Government, they had done so in the interests of Christianity and civilization, but their object was to protect not to persecute the natives. We cannot make ourselves responsible for the truth of all the allegations advanced against the Government officials, as they must shortly be tested in the German Courts. Grave charges have been made against one administrator in particular, who has hitherto taken no steps to vindicate his character beyond making a violent attack upon Herr Rören. The Deputy for Merzburg-Saarlouis has seized the opportunity of this attack to bring the official in question into Court.

In the meanwhile the following allegations have been made. It is said that the levying of the hut tax and the compulsory labour of the natives in the cotton fields at a wage varying from half a pfennig to one pfennig a day, equivalent to from a halfpenny to a penny a week, have been responsible for the rebellion. It has also been alleged that subordinate officials have had natives bound hand and foot to asblock or tub and flogged by the strongest Hausa they could find, with a rope three fingers thick, and that this flogging has either killed the native or so disabled him as to make him a helpless cripple for the rest of his life. These misdeeds, further aggravated by the abuse of a Christian native girl, were brought before the local Courts by the Catholic missionaries at Atakpane, with the result that on the following morning the Mission House was raided by a District judge, accompanied by three assistants and nineteen black soldiers, their house and the chapel were ransacked, their deed-box rummaged, their papers including prescriptions and the wills of individual missionaries abstracted, and they themselves torn from their beds and imprisoned without a warrant for twenty-one days.

During the term of their imprisonment the missionaries

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were accompanied by black soldiers, armed with loaded rifles, wherever they went, and could only say Mass in the presence of one of these soldiers. If they wished to go to Confession, they could only do so if they spoke loud enough to be heard by the inspector. Another priest, who did not belong to the mission, asked leave to hear the Confessions of the natives who had been left behind, as it was Whitsuntide, and in the absence of the missionaries there were no other priests to be had. He was told that leave would be given if the Confessions were first written out and handed to the Governor, or the words spoken in the presence of an inspector who could hear them. After three weeks the missionaries were tried and condemned to fourteen days' imprisonment; but this sentence was regarded as satisfied by the twenty-one days they had already spent in gaol. On appeal to the Superior Court they were acquitted, after the official whom they had accused had admitted the truth of many of the charges that had been brought against him, though he alleged he had never had the girl flogged to induce her to consent, nor otherwise done anything to her until she had reached the age of fourteen, when she herself consented.

These accusations have aroused the greatest indignation in Germany, and both Herr Erzberger, who has published them, and Herr Rören, who had brought them before the Reichstag, have been denounced for their lack of patriotism in making incidents public property which, for the honour of Germany, ought to have been treated with greater discretion. Herr Rören has, however, stated that he was thanked by the Chancellor for drawing his attention to these proceedings last May, but that nothing had been done to punish the guilty parties or to compensate the missionaries for the wrongs they had suffered. We cannot ourselves decide one way or the other until the evidence has been heard on both sides and the matter thrashed out in a Court of Law.

The great question now must be, how long will all this last? As long as the 80 Conservatives, the 50 National, the 41 German, and the seven South German Liberals, together

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with the 20 Anti-Semites and the eight members of the Agricultural Union hold together, the Government can command a majority of twenty-seven; but will this be for any time? Dr Barth, the leader of the *Freisinnige Vereinigung*, a group of the German Liberal Party, has lately been interviewed by a correspondent of the *Paris Temps*. This interview has been also published, with variations, in the *Vorwärts*. According to him the Centre has never occupied a finer position. Whether the parties of the Left wish to persevere in their policy of Social Reform, or the parties of the Right wish to pass reactionary measures, in either case they must seek for the help of the Centre. He points out that, in twenty divisions taken in the Session that came to an end last June, whilst the Centre voted with the National Liberals sixteen times, the German Liberals joined with the Social Democrats in sixteen cases, and were only to be found in the same lobby with the National Liberals on seven and with the Conservatives on three occasions. Therefore, concludes Dr Barth, we must return to the old system, and the Centre will enjoy the additional benefit of having been in opposition for a period of time. These views are supported by the speeches of Dr Wiemer and other members of the German Liberal Party who refuse to follow the Government in any reactionary policy.

So much for the future. In conclusion, when we contemplate the actual political situation, it is useless to argue whether the Centre has been wise in all that it has done, whether it ought to have been satisfied with the strong position which it enjoyed, and not imperilled its influence with the Government by taking up the cause of the oppressed natives. We must face facts as they are—the Centre has chosen to barter the privileges of Ministerial good will for the satisfaction of doing what it considered right and just. It has come back to Parliament with increased numbers after an arduous struggle against all the forces the Government was able to use against it. There may have been occasions on which some of its democratic leaders have shown want of taste and of judgment; there may have been others where they might have

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exhibited more consistency and strength of character in asserting to the fullest extent their rights and privileges as members of the Reichstag. These are but small and passing issues in the history of a great controversy. One salient fact must survive all these transient incidents. At a time when the Catholics in other lands have shown indifference and even acquiescence in the tyranny and persecution of hostile Governments, the Catholics of Germany have stood side by side united into one powerful organization, exerting their full influence upon their Imperial Parliament. They have neither strayed to the right nor to the left, but have brought together the most discordant elements under one common banner. Radicals and Conservatives have alike sacrificed their party prejudices for the common good, and they are now at the dawn of the twentieth century able to show to the world a noble example of Catholic unity and of Catholic strength.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

- ¶ Under the above heading are noticed a limited number of books to which the Editor desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.
- ¶ The Editor will apply to Publishers for a copy of any book he proposes to have noticed.

THE process of tearing the Homeric poems to pieces has proceeded of late years with peculiar ferocity. The Germans, who revel in this form of destruction, would appear to have left us nothing of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* save the merest shreds. All the rest consists of patches sewn, we are assured, on to the venerable garment in the course of several centuries. Yet Wolf, the arch-render himself, protests that the poems, as we have them, are marked by a single harmony of colour, *unus color*. They present, say our men of letters, no appearance of patchwork. The plot of the *Odyssey* is good enough for the poets, and schoolboys will pronounce it "not bad." It may be objected that such a verdict is uncritical. But at all events it takes account of certain aspects of Homer (commonly overlooked by the critics) which are no less deserving of consideration than the alleged discrepancies.

Nor do the critics agree. Mr Andrew Lang in his fascinating book *Homer and His Age* (Longmans, 12s. 6d.), finds exquisite sport in luring them to mutual destruction. He has no difficulty in showing us the tortuous ingenuity with which they rend one another, and the no less elaborate pains with which they contrive to contradict themselves. One had no idea that the literature of the subject was so rich in booby-traps.

It would be something if we could bury all the existing German "renderings" and enjoy our Homer in peace for a few years, even though apprehensive of a new generation of critics, bent on rending the texture in fresh places. For they in turn might be dealt with by another champion from among the men of letters, and the dragons might be at least kept down by periodic St Georges. But Mr Lang is concerned to protect us in the future as well as to defend

Homer and His Age

us at present. He not only routs his foe, he takes away his defensive armour and reduces him to the primitive condition of the warriors on the silver vase fragment. For were this not done the critic might say (as a critic did say in *The Classical Review* for February) that "the fact that it is impossible to decompose is what we should expect; it does not render a whit less probable the theory of evolution."

Now it is one of the purposes of Mr Lang's book to show not merely that the texture cannot be decomposed, but that there is no longer any reason for assuming an evolution at all. Some such reason Wolf had, for it did seem difficult in his day to imagine how a poem of such length could have been a practical poem. But that objection, says Mr Lang, has lost its force. Recent critics base their theory of evolution upon alleged differences of language and discrepancies of culture. Mr Lang maintains that neither of these need disturb us. With regard to the latter (the consideration of which occupies most of the volume before us) he protests that the Homeric poems "as wholes, and apart from passages gravely suspected in antiquity, present a perfectly harmonious picture of the entire life and civilization of one single age." And of that age we have plenty of archæological evidence.

One point he makes abundantly clear. Early poets do not consciously archaize. They do not sit down with classical dictionaries (or their equivalent) and laboriously reconstruct earlier ages in their correct setting. Yet we doubt if Mr Lang makes sufficient distinction between "conscious archaizing" of this sort, and an uncritical acceptance of poetic epithets and traditional settings. Early poets may come to stray without conscious effort among scenes which are remote from their own, not because they have "got them up" but because they have "taken them over." Some convention there must always be. Yet it must not be pressed too far. An early audience would not tolerate, even if an early poet could "take over," the details, let us say, of a complicated legal system of "bride-price" which had ceased to be in vogue.

Mr Lang's adversaries are many. He plunges into their

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midst and wields his rapier with such rapidity that we are somewhat bewildered in our attempt to follow him. He would do well to append a necrology to subsequent editions of the book, so that we may see the full extent of his execution. In some chapters his victims fall thick as the suitors under the arrows of Odysseus. He will pink three of them on a single page, and return to them in the next chapter, to make sure. And, as might be expected, he has other weapons—from old Finland, and Scotland, and the land of Algonquin and Iroquois—which he produces suddenly and disconcertingly. The whole performance is so light-hearted as to blind the reader to its deadly earnestness; so delicate and rapid as to obscure its effectiveness.

C.P.

THE composition of funeral orations in Athens seems, in Plato's day, to have been a dodge rather than an art. The master himself once tried his hand at them, and we find the result in the *Menexenus*, of which the Clarendon Press has recently issued a useful little edition by Mr J. A. Shawyer. The question arises, Was Plato doing his best, or was he writing a parody? Stallbaum says that the whole thing is satirical; Grote maintains that it is a "serious attempt to beat the rhetors on their own ground."

Against the former theory Mr Shawyer states the objection that the speech has much in common with the funeral oration of Pericles, and that it contains passages of genuine feeling. But how should this prevent it from being a parody? We do not expect broad caricature. A resemblance to Pericles is just what we might have anticipated; and it is hard on the parodist to require him to show his hand to microscopic scholars living centuries after his time. The sermon of Dr Jenkinson in *The New Republic* would pass muster in a volume of Dr Jowett's sermons, and future critics may debate whether Mr Mallock was in earnest. He will possibly be saddled with the responsibility of having made "a serious attempt to beat University preachers on their own ground"!

As to the "genuine feeling," it is not hard to imagine how Plato felt about it. "The thing is easy," he would

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have said to his young friends; "I could do it myself." And half seriously he did it. Grote misses the twinkle in the eye: that is all.

C. P.

FATHER MATURIN'S writings, although in some points strangely unlike his preaching, have the same extraordinary personal touch. The reader feels again and again that his own aspirations are being explained to him for the first time—more, that his own confession is being made for him, and much better than he has ever made it himself. For if there is one gift that Father Maturin has supremely, it is the knowledge of those few "trunk-motives" that lie nearest to the will—those primary desires from which all others spring, if they can but be traced down far enough.

It is peculiarly suitable therefore that he should write a book upon the Beatitudes, for these lie in the same region; they are the large virtues and modes of spirit upon which all else depends. They are, as he declares, the "fundamental laws," the "same for all."

If we could but analyse the characters of those who have attained to the most different forms of sanctity we should find notwithstanding their infinite variety that all were governed by the same principles. . . . We may trace to the operation of the same spiritual laws the sanctity and hiddenness of the cloistered contemplative, and the zeal of the missionary. . . . It was the same principle that drove St Anthony into the wilderness, that sent St Francis into the towns and villages of Italy.

Briefly then, in *Laws of the Spiritual Life* (Longmans, 5s.) he traces out what may be called the Constitution of the Interior Kingdom of Sanctity, and these laws, so far as they are obeyed, inevitably produce their result.

The spiritual life is not an exceptional department of life, dependent largely upon emotion and largely upon circumstances over which we have no control. . . . It is a life, possessed by us all, growing and developing under laws which are made known to us, to which, if we will conform, the result must be attained. . . . We know them with an absolute certainty, a cer-

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tainty if possible more assured than that of the physical world around us, inasmuch as they are revealed to us by God Himself.

So far his introduction; then, in the chapters that follow he discusses these laws. There must be mastery over externals, a balanced hold on interior strength, a grasp of suffering (for this initiates into a knowledge of God unattainable by other means), a spiritual appetite, a view of human life taken from the Divine standpoint, a keen and almost automatic hatred of sin. There follow upon these, first, a power of spiritual diplomacy impossible to the novice, which in its turn must be cultivated, and, finally that external condition of the world's enmity, which is crowned with a peculiar benediction.

It is impossible, of course, to give an idea of the wealth of human illustration with which the author works out the scheme; but fortunately he has, what many other writers have not, a gift of sudden and pregnant sentences capable of quotation. "It is better to be interested in frivolities than to be interested in nothing. Life is too strong merely to be held in check." There is many a heart that "can do without God and the hope of Heaven, but it cannot do without an easy chair or a good dinner." Our Lord "did not come to promulgate a law, but to reveal a character." Some people "like to think that they are hated of all men for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake, whereas, as a matter of fact, if they are hated at all, it is for their inhuman tactlessness, and the last thing imaginable that has to do with it is the Kingdom of Heaven." "There is no necessary connexion whatever between frequent Communion and success on the Stock Exchange." "Let us keep clearly before us the distinction between the sufferings that are a mystery and those that men bring upon themselves by their own incompetence."

Here then are half a dozen extracts taken almost at random from a very beautiful and searching book—extracts that will give some idea of the humour, the shrewd irony and the intense humanity of the whole. Yet it is impossible by extracts, or even careful analysis, to repre-

The Profit of Love

sent the reverent skill with which the author dissects the spiritual plant beneath his hands; the mysterious organism is a thing of life, not an arbitrary code written upon tables of stone; there is an inevitable unity of being, an adjusted correlation of parts, from the fibre underground to the flower of perfect sanctity which is its crown. The students present at such a demonstration thank, not the lecturer, but God. B.

A NEW book, published by Messrs Longmans and written by A. A. McGinley, deserves careful reading, and will give every reader, whoever he, or perhaps more especially she, may be, a great deal of matter to think about. It is called *The Profit of Love*, and its sub-title, "studies in altruism," serves very well to describe its general scope. Mr McGinley (we assume the *sexus dignior* in default of fuller information) is not afraid of sounding the depths. He asks himself the reasons for many things in human life and conduct which we are prone to take for granted, but on the whole the conclusions to which he leads are reassuring and conservative. Those who are perturbed by the spirit of utilitarianism which is abroad will, on the whole, be consoled in their instinctive clinging to the traditional teaching of the Church by the perusal of such chapters as those on "The Life of the Perfect," or on "The Singularity of the Saints"; or again, in another way, by the still more practical discussions of the educational problem to be found in Chapters XI, XII and XIII. The volume seems to have been compiled with an eye more especially to the needs of the intelligent womanhood of our day on both sides of the Atlantic. Dogmatic questions are not for the most part touched upon, and so far as we have had time to examine the author's speculations, we have no hesitation in commending them, original and daring as they often are, to the sober consideration of thinking Catholics. As Father Tyrrell says at the conclusion of the characteristically apt preface which he has contributed to the volume: "A helpful book is one that is full of ventures and suggestions; that wakes our opposition; that puts us on our

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guard; that makes us think and criticize; that forces us to examine our intellectual and moral consciences. Of such help the reader will find abundance in these pages. He will not be rocked to sleep to well-known ditties and lullabies, but will be jolted and kept wide awake. If he wants to slumber, he must lay this book down and try some other."

H. T.

THE writer who shall do for the lesser and later lights of the Oxford Movement what Dean Church has so admirably achieved for its leaders will find abundant material ready to his hand. One by one the men who carried out into practice the teaching of Newman and Pusey are brought before us in published records. Omitting any consideration of those who followed that teaching to its legitimate and logical conclusion, we have had biographies of Canons Liddon and Carter, George Rundell Prynne, Alexander Heriot Mackonochie, Charles Lowder, R. R. Dolling, and others of minor importance, such as Bryan King and James Skinner, all of whom, in greater or less degree, made their mark upon their epoch and carried the movement forward. Nor will the historian overlook the extravagant eulogy of "The Monk of Llanthony," which, three years or so back, amused those who were not touched by the pathetic aspect of that record of failure; or the criticism of the earlier attempts at the revival of the religious life among women, portrayed under a thin veil of fiction by Miss Whately in *Maude; or, The Anglican Sister of Mercy*. The list is still capable of extension. We are promised a life of William James Earley Bennett, who was associated with the foundation and early history of St Barnabas', Pimlico, the pioneer church of half-a-century back, and who subsequently made Frome, in Somersetshire, a centre of Anglicanism in the West; and we now have a *Memoir of John Mason Neale, D.D.* (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net), by Mrs Towle, author of one of the biographies already mentioned.

The position of Neale in the Oxford Movement was in some respects unique. Most of his more prominent contemporaries earned their reputation by strenuous and de-

John Mason Neale

voted work among the poor, and were undistinguished by literary or intellectual gifts: of these Lowder and Dolling may be taken as types. The influence of others, such as Carter, was more exclusively spiritual. Liddon stands out as a great preacher; Mackonochie combined the three qualifications in a remarkable degree: it is, however, in certain walks of literature that the permanent influence of Neale will be found. This is not to ignore the many other activities which crowded his life of less than fifty years. In 1839, when only twenty-one, he was one of the founders of the Cambridge Camden Society, to which was due in great measure the general awakening of liturgical decency in the Anglican Establishment. In 1855 he established the Sisterhood of St Margaret at East Grinstead, a community which has established numerous centres in the United Kingdom and has branches in Ceylon, Johannesburg and Boston, U.S.A. Appointed in 1846 to the unimportant post of Warden of Sackville College—a charity founded in 1608 “for the shelter and maintenance of thirty poor and aged householders”—he at once set to work to put the place, which had fallen into decay, in order, and to minister to the spiritual needs of the inmates, which had been seriously neglected. Here his zeal led to the persecution which never failed to attend the career of the Anglican pioneers. His bishop, as usual, sided with the attacking party, accusing him of “debasing the minds of his poor people with his spiritual haberdashery”; as usual, too, the attack was successfully repulsed: and he remained at the College through twenty years “of much labour, trouble and disappointment, but years of which the gains outweighed the losses,” until his death in 1866.

The absence of any substantial recognition, in the way of preferment, of Neale's learning and abilities left him free to pursue his literary labours, the bare enumeration of which, including as it does numerous posthumous publications, occupies six pages of the memoir. He was, however, no recluse. It comes as somewhat of a surprise to the reader that he was married and had two children, for neither wife nor family find more than the most casual mention. He

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travelled as opportunity offered in Holland, where he visited the Bollandists, in Denmark, Spain and Portugal, France and Dalmatia; before he went to Sackville College, he spent three successive winters in Madeira, where he did much literary work with the aid of the library of the Seminary at Funchal. During his travels he acquired much of the knowledge of local detail which he employed so effectively in his stories. He was not a great preacher, but his sermons were striking on account of their mystical interpretations; the writer of this notice still remembers one preached in the early 'sixties at St Barnabas', Pimlico, on the text: "And David took the stronghold of Sion; the same is called the city of David." His knowledge of the Fathers and of the medieval writers was extensive, and of the latter perhaps unique. To him as much as to any one were due the interest in and aspirations towards the Eastern Church which are still felt by a comparatively small section of Anglicans; and his *History* of that Church, although incomplete and unscientific, was of value at the period of its publication.

It was in two directions, each resulting from his knowledge of patristic and medieval lore, that Neale's individuality was most conspicuously manifest. The treasures of ancient hymnody, now so familiar, were almost unknown to the religious public fifty years ago, so far as any practical use of them was concerned. In the early days of the Oxford movement, hymn-singing was indeed deprecated, on the ground that it was not contemplated by the Book of Common Prayer. Neale, however, with an instinct which had in it something of the prophetic, saw the use that could be made both of liturgy and legend in promoting the movement. He had already published hymns for children, and in 1851 appeared the first part of *The Hymnal Noted*, a collection of hymns from the Breviary, nearly all translated by him—translations which combine in a remarkable degree an almost literal rendering with admirable and virile English, and are, of course, in the metres of the original, as they were "noted" to the plain-chant melodies with which the Latin words

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were associated. It is worth mention that in the scholarly *English Hymnal* recently published, Neale's translations, which had been mutilated and defaced by the compilers of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, are as a rule restored to their original form.

Of his other work in this direction space will not allow us to speak; it must suffice to remark that "Jerusalem the Golden" and other portions of his translation from Bernard de Morlaix are sung wherever the English language is spoken, and that his Christmas carol, "Good King Wenceslas," has passed from the choir and the school into the street, where it is sung or whistled as each December comes round. His numerous original hymns are characterized by simplicity of construction, unity of purpose, and virility of expression; although he had no real capacity, they are "well adapted for music, his sense of rhythm and poetical cadences naturally lending themselves to harmonious accompaniments."

Neale was not less happy in his short stories drawn from Church history. His longer efforts were less satisfactory, and had a tendency towards tediousness; but the series which began in 1845 with *The Triumphs of the Cross* is unequalled for graphic description, abundant incident and simple yet scholarly presentment of Catholic teaching—qualities not all of them realized at the time by the children who heard or read them, but becoming obvious later, especially when the tales are compared with other efforts in the same direction. Here again their recent reissue is evidence of their recognized value. The same qualities characterize his *History of the Church for Children*, of which only one part appeared—a model of what such a book ought to be.

Much more might be said about this interesting volume, which we put down with a feeling of regret that its subject was never visibly united with the Church whose treasures he did so much to make known. We may, however, accept, and so far as we can judge endorse, the verdict of the biographer—who has done her work admirably—that Neale's was "a life of disinterested service which, surmounting

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many disappointments and disillusion, was spent in patient research, in the vindication of Catholic beliefs, and in the humblest offices of the Christian ministry." J.B.

THERE can be no doubt that the building of Westminster Cathedral has given a new impetus to architectural studies and aroused a wide interest in all that appertains to ecclesiastical art. Messrs Gibbings and Co. have therefore chosen an opportune time for the reissue of *The Symbolism of the Churches*, which is the English title of the first book of the *Rationale Divinorum Officiorum* of Durandus, translated, with a long introductory essay (127 pp.), by the Revv. J. M. Neale and B. Webb. First published in 1843, when the Gothic Revival was still in its first fervour, and Pugin not yet at the zenith of his powers, this book was intended as a plea for sacramentality or intentional symbolism as the guiding principle in ecclesiastical architecture, and none could fail to acknowledge the force of the accumulated arguments the authors used to prove their thesis.

Their main position is sound and not likely to be seriously contested nowadays by intelligent architects. But, as they refuse to acknowledge as suitable for ecclesiastical purposes any style but Edwardian Gothic, and are very severe upon the manifold imperfections of all others, their outlook is a restricted one. Such, however, is the clearness of their artistic vision and the essential sanity of their views that, had they known and studied the late Mr Bentley's masterpiece, we may well believe that their ideas would have been enlarged. For this reason it is a pity that, instead of a new edition undertaken by a competent modern authority, the publishers should have given us a mere reprint.

If nothing is here said of the actual work of Durandus, it is because the latter is too well and favourably known to need any fresh introduction. The reprint should help many to a clearer understanding of the fundamental principles of the grandest of the arts.

B. M.

Dr Nielsen on the Papacy

AN elaborate *History of the Papacy in the XIXth Century* by the Danish Lutheran Bishop of Aarhus, Dr Fredrik Nielsen, formerly Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Copenhagen, has been rendered into English under the direction of the Master of Pembroke, Dr Mason (2 vols. Murray. 24s. net). The first 190 pages deal with the eighteenth century. The author has great sympathy with Gallicanism, Jansenism and Febronianism, with Ricci and the Synod of Pistoia, with Joseph II and even with the Civil Constitution of the Clergy. Naturally we find sneers at devotion to the Sacred Heart, at the veneration of St Joseph Benedict Labre, and at Probabilism—one wonders how much the writer knew about this last point. A sketch of St Alphonsus Liguori is particularly unkind. But from p. 191 to the end of the first volume everything is changed. The long history of Napoleon and Pius VII is told with much care and in such a way that no Catholic reader will be offended, though he may occasionally disagree on some points of small importance. On the whole this part is extremely well written and very interesting. It is above all remarkable that the nemesis upon Napoleon, after his excommunication and the violence done to the Pope stands out as clearly in the language of this Protestant writer as in any Catholic work. But the cloven hoof reappears in the description of the reaction at Rome after the return of Pius VII.

The second volume continues the history up to the death of Pius IX. The troubled reign of that Pontiff is related in its political aspect with as much fairness as could be expected from a writer who naturally has no sympathy for the gradual death of the Temporal Power. When theology enters upon the scene, we have more serious blame. The definition of the Immaculate Conception is ridiculed, and we find such an absurdity as the following statement (p. 191): "In 1847, Giovanni Perrone . . . published a dissertation, in which he endeavoured to prove that neither Bible nor tradition is necessary for the definition of a dogma"! The history of the Vatican Council is given from such *chroniques scandaleuses* as those of Friedrich, Pom-

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ponio Leto and Quirinus. The attitude and speeches attributed to Pius IX are amusingly absurd, though the author shows considerable respect for him in the preceding and subsequent portions of his work. Dr Nielsen thinks the submission of the inopportunist Bishops most disgraceful and sad; he cannot grasp the idea of humility. It seems that each Bishop ought to have considered himself infallible, and to have denied that attribute to the whole Church.

It is interesting to read the prophecies of schisms and of destruction to the Church, which were multiplied in 1870, and wonderful to see how so much violence and strife subsided in an incredibly short time into a peace and a unity unknown before. One is surprised that Dr Nielsen should not see the moral of his own history. His pet movements have disappeared without leaving a trace behind. The anti-infallibilists and the "Old Catholics" have disappeared as surely as the Jansenists and Febronianists of a past age. They were plants which the heavenly Father had not planted. The Church is more free and more flourishing in the twentieth century than she was at any period which Dr Nielsen has chronicled.

A word in conclusion must be added in praise of the excellence of the translation. The book reads as if it had been written in English. C.

AT a time when the economic question of the "Unemployed" is pressing so earnestly for consideration, the appearance of a work which goes beyond the mere question of employment down to the very basis of the subject is very welcome. In his useful and scholarly book, *A Living Wage: its Ethical and Economic Aspects* (New York: The Macmillan Co. 4s. 6d. net), Dr Ryan has made an attempt to go beyond merely vague generalities and to give clear principles for employer and employee. Labour at the present day is certainly in an unsatisfactory position; unlimited bargaining has degraded it and has frequently compelled the workman to accept, from dire necessity, what he feels is inadequate to satisfy his natural needs. Our standard of fixing wages has become debased; we treat our

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employees as though they were machines, and measure their worth by the amount of their output.

In this book we have brought before us the consideration of the character of the labourer; we are reminded of the dignity of the human person and shown that what is claimed for him is of the nature of a *right* resulting from his personality. Man's duty is to earn his bread with the sweat of his brow: he has a generic right as a consequence to obtain in a reasonable manner such of the fruits of the earth as will enable him to satisfy the reasonable cravings of his nature. The earth is a bounteous mother: to reduce the wage of the employee to the degree of mere subsistence is to deprive him of the means of the decent livelihood to which, as a man, he has claim. "A decent and reasonable life" implies the power to exercise one's primary faculties, supply one's essential needs and develop one's personality: it implies, too, that the labourer may, if he wish, enter the married state. His wage should then be such, in definite right, as to enable him to bring up a family in a suitable manner. Dr Ryan goes beyond many writers in insisting on this as an obligation of justice, but his arguments are not wanting in cogency. The book is well printed, has a good index, and, most useful of all, an excellent bibliography.

E.S.P.

DESPITE the troubled times through which the Church in France is passing, her clergy are in the forefront of the intellectual movement which is proceeding on orthodox lines towards the fuller development of the dogmas of the Catholic Faith.

Under the general heading, "Science et Religion," some hundreds of valuable brochures have been published dealing with the Biblical, philosophical and scientific criticisms that have of late been urged against the Church, both from within and from without her fold. Larger works, with the same scope but with more profound erudition, are also forthcoming. Such is *La Théologie Sacramentaire*, by P. Pourrat (Paris: Lecoffre. 3.50 frs.) Within the space of 370 pages the author has given an excellent exposition of

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the positive theology of the Sacraments in general. The evolution of the definition of a Sacrament with all the ambiguities arising from the symbolical illustrations of the Fathers is ably and fully treated. Sufficiently complete historical accounts are given of the composition of the sacramental rite, of the development of doctrine relating to the efficacy of the Sacraments, their number, and the sacramental character imparted by Baptism, Confirmation and Holy Order.

The author vindicates for the Church's tradition not only the right but the duty to make explicit what is vague in the New Testament with reference to the institution of the Sacraments. Scripture alone is insufficient to demonstrate the Divine Institution of them all. In confirmation and illustration of this view he quotes Newman's *Development of Christian Doctrine*. As (with reference to the prophecies) "the event which is the development of a prediction serves also to interpret that prediction," so the complete sacramental system of the Church to-day serves to interpret the words and acts of Christ which implicitly contained that system.

E. G.

ALTHOUGH the first edition of Dr Döllinger's *First Age of Christianity and the Church*, as translated by Mr Henry Oxenham, appeared in 1866, it cannot yet be declared out of date. (Fourth Edition. Gibbings and Co. 6s. net.) Of course the works of Harnack, of Père Fouard on SS. Peter, Paul and John, *L'Œuvre des Apôtres*, by Mgr le Camus, and *L'Histoire Ancienne de l'Église*, by Mgr Duchesne, give us the results of researches which in Döllinger's time were but beginning. Yet these works are not all accessible to the English reader, and there is much that has not, and is not likely to be, superseded in Döllinger's synthesis. In spite of the boasted objectivity of scientific inquiry it is obvious that a good deal of subjectivity creeps into the deductions even of the greatest thinkers, so that on issues which are vital we are compelled to mistrust even men whose names stand for scientific method. In these circumstances the shadow of a great name is not

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without its use, and Döllinger's testimony is all the more valuable, especially on the question of the Primacy of Saint Peter, because he was far from having any bias in favour of Papal claims.

In many respects Döllinger anticipated the difficulties of our own generation, as did a contemporary whose fame is greater. He has furnished solutions which are found adequate even in the fuller light of later research. Thus, on the difficulty of the Parousia, which threatens not only the dogma of the fullness of Christ's knowledge, but even the basis of Christian ethics, the explanation offered by Döllinger, if compared with that of Mgr le Camus for example, loses nothing in point of clearness, and carries stronger conviction. His identification of the "Man of Sin" with Nero provides a value that satisfies a very difficult equation, and the appendix giving the history of the interpretation of the passage (2 Thess. ii, 3) is a storehouse upon which we can still draw.

Harnack, in his *Expansion of Christianity* (p. 50), takes it as an established fact that James, "president of the Church at Jerusalem," did not belong to the twelve. Döllinger would hear of no third James, and he cannot allow that James of Alphaeus should be "a mere name in history." "The Apostolic constitutions" are chiefly responsible for the unwarrantable distinction between James of Alphaeus and James the brother of the Lord.

The whole of Book III, on the constitution, worship and life of the Apostolic Church, dealing as it does with matters that are at the present time engaging the attention of all students of theology, can be safely appealed to as containing the conclusions of a scholar who considered it

the work of a true theologian to dig deep, to examine with restless assiduity, and not to draw back in terror, should his investigation lead to conclusions that are unwelcome or inconsistent with preconceived notions or favourite views.

What has been said above applies, though in a less degree, to *The Gentile and the Jew*, translated by N. Darnell (2 volumes. 2nd edition. Gibbings & Co. 12s. net). This

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work was, in 1862, certainly the more important of the two, and must still be regarded as a work of immense research and scholarship. But so many discoveries have been made covering the entire period of Döllinger's inquiry that, if the work were to be brought up to date, it would have to be rewritten. It would be hard in these days to find a scholar able and willing to go through the labour of presenting with the same lucidity and breadth of view the results of the labours of specialists during the last fifty years.

F. R.

WHATEVER may be said to the contrary, the world must think for itself or take its thought ready made from others. To aid a man to think is the true function of education, and especially of philosophy, and as the inquiries of philosophy are the spontaneous questionings of human nature, they will inevitably recur in every stage of human thought. For answers there will be unsatisfying opinions, lifeless crystallizations or living adaptations of thought and existence. M. Léon Ollé-Laprune, for a quarter of a century the gifted and sympathetic lecturer at the École Normale at Paris, was a thinker, not a retailer of thoughts or a partisan. He was conscious of a high mission to the select group of young men who hung upon his words, and the posthumous work, *La Raison et le Rationalisme*, (Préface de M. Victor Delbos. Paris: Perrin. 3.50 frs.) left in all the freshness and vigour of its first creation, represents the lectures given by him in 1896-7.

The book is an excellent sample of his characteristic traits. His task was not merely to teach, but to win. He set himself to remedy what was defective in the intellectual atmosphere of his hearers by simple, familiar and connected thinking. The multitude of conflicting systems which encumbered the field of philosophy did not disturb him.

Être aristotélicien, thomiste, ou être cartésien, kantien: eh bien, en un sens très vrai, *cela ne change rien*. Malgré ces théories de derrière la tête, tous regardant le monde, le regardent de la même manière.

—p. 4.

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He had a buoyant confidence in the resources of intellect, if only they were used in a healthy manner.

Notre espoir est de *dégager* d'un ensemble confus *quelques données simples et naturelles*, qui seront mises en lumière et en relief. Et il faut que chacun fasse cela. *Ce n'est pas fait une fois pour toutes.*—p. 9.

Patiently he takes his hearers through the preliminary stages; but no time is lost over history, erudition, polemics or technicalities. The salient thought is picked out, analysed and exhibited in operation. He discusses separately judgement; the intellectual light and its independence of ourselves; implicit and explicit thought, reason and nature; first principles, their import and results; the principles of contradiction, of the sufficient reason, of action and fitness; the realities of substance, cause, end, law, being and God. Unconsciously and inevitably the reader is carried by easy stages to the very centre of the metaphysical world, where he finds himself a thorough-going realist almost before he has appreciated the necessity of giving himself a name at all.

The outward significance of thinking is subjected to special and separate examination in the two sections on Subjectivism and Phenomenism.

The full height and meaning of the series of lectures is reached in the last section, where with delightful freshness and penetrating insight he examines the meaning of rationalism in several chapters. Rationalism he finally conceives to be

une doctrine ou une tendance qui fait que dans l'homme on ne voit que la raison ou que dans la raison l'on ne voit que l'homme.
—p. 178.

M. Ollé-Laprune possessed in a high degree the sure instinct which isolates the main issues of a question, the epigrammatic clearness of his race, a supple and lucid expression, and a logic as irresistible as its inferences are unexpected. The train of thought emerges white-hot from his mind. There is nothing dry or technical in his method, nothing that savours of a preconceived system. Each element in the tissue of his work is shown as the natural off-

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spring of mind, is exhibited in all its bearings, and pursued to its inevitable issues. The gist of the whole is contained in one of the closing paragraphs:

Penser est un acte, un travail, un labeur: quelquechose de personnel. Et il faut faire effort de son mieux: être ferme, non fermé; souple, non point mou. À chacun de faire tout pour penser, pour juger de son mieux. Mais s'il faut en ce sens penser par soi-même, nul pourtant n'est à soi-même sa lumière, sa règle: nul ne pense en ce sens par soi, non plus que nul n'est par soi.—p. 268.

The value of the work is enhanced by the preface, which is contributed by M. Victor Delbos, a former pupil. He writes of his old master in a spirit of keen and intelligent appreciation, telling us about the audience for whom the lectures were intended, and revealing to us something of the inner secrets of the fascinating method of M. Ollé-Laprune. Helpful as the reader will find this introduction, the book will commend itself as a brilliant and thoroughly readable object lesson in the process of solving the problems of mind which the philosopher must encounter at the very outset of his inquiries.

H. P.

NOWHERE is clear thinking more important than in dealing with fundamental principles, the issues of which are vital and eternal. Dr Aveling sets a good example in *The God of Philosophy* (Sands. 3s. 6d.) His work is solid, sober, free from all superfluous adornment of rhetoric, and remarkable for its clear thinking. He makes no claim to originality, but is content with a simple restatement of the traditional arguments for the existence of a personal, intelligent God.

The optimism expressed in his introductory chapter on the tendencies of modern thought is inspiring: we should be glad to be able to believe it altogether justified. We fear that he over-estimates the number of those who are really capable, in their present circumstances of life, mental habits and training, of mastering an exposition of fundamental principles. The intrinsic capacity is there, but the training is deficient; while, however clear and simple their treatment may be, these questions must remain so essenti-

The God of Philosophy

ally profound and difficult in themselves that comparatively few will be found who are able to assimilate the strong food here provided. As the author points out, such assimilation is essential if the arguments are to bear fruit.

To those, however, who are not afraid of a little hard mental work we can heartily recommend Dr Aveling's book as likely fully to repay the labour expended in mastering its contents.

A similar recommendation may be extended to the second of this series of essays in Christian philosophy, *The Principles of Christianity*, by Father A. B. Sharpe (Sands. 3s. 6d.) This takes us a step farther than the book already noticed, advancing from the position there taken up, and carrying us on to a consideration of the soul, religion, revelation, faith, free will, evil and miracles. Thus it embraces from a purely natural and rational point of view all the principles forming the groundwork without which the supernatural religion of the educated man is usually weak and liable to successful assault.

The method of treatment is similar to that adopted by Dr Aveling, expository, uncontroversial, simple, clear. The subject-matter allows a greater degree of lightness, and consequently this volume makes a smaller demand than the other upon the energies and attention of the reader. It is likely to appeal to a wider circle, and actually, though not logically, would serve as an introduction to the profound speculations of Dr Aveling's volume.

Here and there, as for example in the chapters on Evil and on Miracles, as well as in the treatment of Faith, a detailed criticism would reveal several points of difference between our own view and that adopted by Dr Sharpe, but a discussion of such points would be profitless. We hope both volumes will meet with the success they deserve, and serve as an encouragement to the editor of the series, which promises to be highly valuable.

B. M.

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AMONG the early disciples of St Francis of Assisi none exhibits so distinct a personality as Brother Giles, whose *Golden Sayings* have been newly translated and edited, together with a sketch of his life, by Father Paschal Robinson, O.F.M. (Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press). According to the generally received opinion he was the third of the Saint's first companions, coming immediately after the "venerable" Bernard and the Canon Peter Catana, or Cattaneo. The story of his coming is one of the most characteristic incidents in the Franciscan legend. Having heard how Bernard and Peter had thrown aside wealth and position to join Francis in his new life of poverty, Giles made up his mind to follow them. The next morning he rose early, determined not to waste time, and went to seek St Francis.

It shows that the Saint had not yet a fixed abode, since Giles knew not where to find him. He only knew that Francis dwelt somewhere outside the city in the direction of the Porziuncola. Arriving at the cross roads and not knowing which way to take, he began to pray, and shortly saw Francis coming out of the wood. Giles ran forward to meet the Saint and threw himself at his feet, begging to be received into his company. "Dearest," replied St Francis, "God has bestowed on thee a great gift. If the Emperor came to Assisi and wished to choose one of the townsmen as his knight or chamberlain, many indeed would desire to be selected. How much the more oughtest thou to be glad, seeing that the Lord hath picked thee from among them all and called thee to His own Court." Then, raising Giles from the ground, St Francis led him by the hand to where he and the two brethren were dwelling, and calling Brother Bernard, said, "The Lord hath sent us a good brother," and full of joy they sat down together to eat. The whole spirit of the Franciscan legend breathes in this coming of Giles—its joyousness and seriousness, its chivalry and simplicity. In one respect Giles was nearer in character to the Seraphic Saint than any other of the first companions: the romanticism which tinged the Poverello's thoughts and motives at all times found a congenial soil in

Brother Giles

the soul of Giles. Like St Francis, Giles derived inspiration from the romances of chivalry: they were a mould into which he cast his spiritual aspiration. He would be a "minstrel of the Lord," God's "knight of the Round Table." The spirit of knight-errantry appealed to him as indicating the spirit in which a true Friar Minor should serve the Great King, Christ. And so it is that we find Giles going forth on long pilgrimages to St James of Compostella and to the Holy Land and undertaking a missionary journey to Tunis. So again, when learned theologians came to consult with him on abstruse questions, he produced a lute made of a corn-stalk, and replied to them "in words of music." In another way, too, he was very near to his Seraphic leader, and that was in the simplicity and directness of his thought. He scorned the subtleties of the schools, and regarded the introduction of scholastic learning amongst the Friars with sorrowful suspicion. "O Paris, Paris, thou art ruining the Order of St Francis!" he exclaimed in his later years.

The "golden sayings" of this typical Franciscan have therefore a more than common interest to the student of the Franciscan legend; they give us a revelation of the primitive Franciscan character, such as we get nowhere else outside the "sayings" and deeds of St Francis himself. More than this, they are one of the richest sources whence we gain our knowledge of early Franciscan teaching. As Father Paschal Robinson well points out, "they serve to disclose the trend of one aspect of the early Franciscan teaching which has . . . hitherto received, at least in some quarters, a rather inadequate share of attention," namely, "its spiritual side, of which Giles became alike the embodiment and the exponent" (p. xlvi).

But it is not only in their substance that these "golden sayings" are typical of the primitive Franciscan teaching; they are typical too in their form. To quote Father Paschal Robinson again:

Although saturated with supernaturalism, they are yet exquisitely human, instinct with common sense and free from all stiffness or pedantry. In a familiar way, by precept and pro-

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verb, by homely instances, by the lessons of experience, Giles treats vices and virtues, punishment and glory, with brevity of speech, with a view to converting all men, high and low, and fixing in their hearts the substance and solidity of religious duty. Terse, pithy and sententious, full of force and unction, his sayings combine a mixture of mystic gravity, pious ardour and sprightly good nature in which the apophthegmatic element prevails, and from which the paradoxical is not always absent.—p. 1.

Now it is just these characteristics which made the preaching of the Franciscan Friars so successful; they cast aside the fashions of the schools and spoke to the people in homely, simple language, which went straight to the heart of learned and unlearned alike.

It is good that these golden sayings of Brother Giles should have found a translator and editor so eminently fitted for the task as Father Paschal Robinson, who has already given us a classical English version of the writings, or *Words of St Francis*. He has an unusual gift for discerning critical values. "In the preparation of the present volume," he tells us, "I have tried to study everything, old and new, within reach, dealing with Blessed Giles." The result is a book for which English students of the Franciscan Legend may well be grateful. FR C.

IN her notes to a very charming but discursive book, entitled *Sons of Francis*, Miss Anne MacDonell wrote a few years ago that she had omitted from it "a study I had made of the strange disordered soul of Saint Margaret, so alluring, so repellent, so fruitful and fascinating a subject for the romantic psychologist." Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., has "rushed in" where Miss MacDonell "feared to tread." (*A Tuscan Penitent: The Life and Legend of Saint Margaret of Cortona*. Burns and Oates. 4s. 6d. net.) Perhaps the ground was less dangerous for a priest accustomed to deal with souls and to employ his pen—*calamus scribæ velociter scribentis*—in Franciscan story. Though the pen has moved here and there a little too rapidly, the scribe has accomplished his difficult task with remarkable, if not with complete, success.

St Margaret of Cortona

Margaret of Cortona was born in 1247 at Laviano in Tuscany. Of the mother of this sinner-saint, who died when her child was aged seven, nothing else is recorded except her prayer, "O Lord Jesus, I beseech Thee for the salvation of all whom Thou wouldst have me pray for." Two years after her death, in 1256, Margaret's father married a second wife. Father Cuthbert begins his description of Margaret's life with an attempt to "reconstruct the situation." The one word "stepmother," which had its significance for sociology long before Æschylus called a certain dangerous rock "the stepmother of ships," would perhaps have conveyed all that is knowable or probable. Whether it was the lack of a mother or the presence of a stepmother which caused Margaret to stray from her course, certain it is that she made shipwreck of her life. "She was betrayed, as the *Legend* expressly tells us, under promise of marriage, by a man whom she seems to have sincerely loved." If this statement be accepted, apologies such as Father Cuthbert puts forward become unnecessary. Yet it may well be that Margaret was of those

who lack a certain vital warmth which they seek outside themselves and for which their souls clamour with passionate appeal. . . . For them to be loved is as the breath of life; . . . in the love which others give them they may be said to find themselves.

Under cover of night Margaret fled with her lover (who was probably son to Guglielmo di Pecora, Lord of lands round Montepulciano) to his house in the hill-country.* There she lived nine years. Two words in the *Legend* hint

* Father Cuthbert, riding his pen on the snaffle, suggests in a note (p. 6) that the story related by Barbieri of their flight across the flooded marshes of Chiano and their narrow escape from drowning may explain a passage in the first chapter of the *Legend*, which later on he translates. But this passage makes our Lord say to Margaret:

"Remember, *poverella*, the journey thou didst make *alone* at night across the water, when the enemy of old would have drowned thee at the very moment when thou didst set forth to renew the sufferings of My Passion."—p. 79.

It is evident that this refers to some other incident in Margaret's life of which no further record remains.

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at her sufferings during this time: "post obitum deceptoris tui, qui novem annis *te nolente* tuæ puritati et honestati paravit insidias incessanter." A son was born to them. But the promise of marriage had not yet been fulfilled when, nine years after their flight together, Margaret was led by a favourite hound to the wood in which lay her deceiver's mangled body, murdered by assassins.

It is evidence of her inherent loyalty of soul, a loyalty which had kept her faithful to him during those nine years of broken promises, that . . . she now accused herself of being the cause of his sin. . . . The energy of her pride now passed into her repentance.

She set forth on foot for her father's house, taking her little son with her. But the stepmother not unnaturally refused to take back the penitent, "if penitent indeed she were." It was a severe test; and the *Legend* records that, when she had been cast out, it came into her mind that "she might excusably go on in sin and that, wheresoever she might come or go, she would not lack lovers amongst the great ones of the world, because of her exceeding beauty." It is probable that she had heard of the Friars Minor as religious men well-known for their gentleness with sinners. Anyhow it occurred to her, and assuredly *non sine numine*, to put herself under care of the Franciscan Friars at Cortona. Two ladies of the town divined her trouble and befriended her the day she arrived there, taking her and her boy into their home. This was in the year 1274, when Margaret was twenty-seven. Fra Giunta Bevegnati became her ordinary confessor, and it is his life of her which is now offered in a condensed form to English readers.

Margaret began to earn her bread as a nurse to the ladies of Cortona. After a while she left the house of her two friends, Marinaria and Raneria, to live in a small secluded cottage.

Thus the two tendencies which appeared already in her life at Montepulciano now became the absorbing elements in her life: her love of solitude and her compassion for the wretched and the suffering.—p. 19.

St Margaret of Cortona

It was at this point that began for her the specifically Franciscan life; and Father Cuthbert, who has written well on this matter elsewhere, and notably in his "Spiritual Significance of Evangelical Poverty," explains in words few but fit what is meant by "holy poverty."

In the first place, it was an heroic dependence upon the providence of God for bodily sustenance, even so far as to the renouncing of all fixed revenues or sources of income. . . . In the second place, poverty meant . . . whole-hearted fraternizing with the poor and suffering. . . . Behind St Francis's conception of medicancy was the Catholic conception of society as a spiritual brotherhood in which there are no strangers, but all are members of one family in Christ, sharing with each other their life and goods.—pp. 20-21.

He might have added, what Thomas of Celano implies in his *Legend* of Saint Clare, that Franciscan poverty involves also that "poverty of the spirit which is *true humility* as well as the lack of all possessions."

One of those features in her life which Miss MacDonell seems to have found "repellent" emerges during those early years of Saint Margaret's converted life. Her son, to say the least of it,

did not share in the tenderness she showed to others. She seems to have treated him with something of the harshness with which she treated herself. Of the alms which she received, the first share always went to her neighbours, and only when they were satisfied did her son get his share. She told him . . . that in serving the poor she knew she was serving Christ, . . . whereas in serving him she was not sure but that she was obeying the impulse of the flesh.

In this statement of hers Father Cuthbert finds the explanation of her want of tenderness. Perhaps, however, the harshness may have been due to too much looking back upon the past at this early period rather than to recoil from the temptation to do so. Her son embodied her sin and perhaps also the love she had felt for his father. Repellent it certainly is, this treatment of her child; but in the lives of the Saints nothing is so edifying (for the poor rest of us) as their imperfections, when hagiology will allow us a glimpse of them.

Almost the whole of the *Legend*, which is here rendered

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into fairly readable English—though its monotony would have been relieved if our Lord had been made to address the Saint in the second person plural—consists of dialogue. That there is of necessity a very large subjective element in these colloquies between Saint Margaret and her Divine Lord is obvious, though it diminishes neither their beauty nor their value as the history of a chosen soul. The translator hints as much:

Revelation is not the less true because it comes to us in the only fashion in which it can be intelligible to us. It only becomes the less true when we imagine that we have plumbed the whole depth of the divine life: . . . in all revelation we see the starlight, but the star itself is in the mystery of space. . . . With the Saints the revelation in its external form will correspond to the character of the Saint. . . . Returning then to the life of St Margaret, we expect to find all her essential characteristics after as before her conversion. The dominant note of her character will still be the love of affection; . . . religion will not take away her natural dependence upon external sympathy and affection.—pp. 32, 33.

Father Cuthbert's analysis of her communings with our Lord is an excellent piece of work, and further isolated quotation would give no fair impression of it. But it must just be noticed, as lending colour to the view that Margaret's soul had its "repellent" side, that "her love of Christ had in it something of an earthly quality, more especially at first." She sought in Christ's presence a certain sensible delight; and there was "something of the spoilt child in her longing for spiritual favours." In later years she was led by a higher way, where, if there was less sensible sweetness, there was more intimate communion.

Too little is said in the *Legend* concerning Saint Margaret's practical work. She founded a hospital, the "Spedale di S. Maria della Misericordia," and a congregation of nursing sisters who were of the Third Order of Saint Francis, but for whom she drew up special statutes. They were called by the Cortonese *le poverelle*, and existed at Cortona until the spacious times of Napoleon. Besides the hospital and the nursing sisters, Saint Margaret also instituted a confraternity of our Lady of Mercy, which anticipated on

St Margaret of Cortona

a small scale by some centuries the work of the Society of St Vincent de Paul and the Ladies of Charity, even as *le poverelle* anticipated the Little Sisters of the Poor and the Servantes des Pauvres. The associates of our Lady of Mercy had, besides, one obligation which may be called specially Franciscan. Tertiaries were chiefly distinguished from other men in the early years of the Franciscan family by their refusal to carry arms except in defence of country, King or Pope; and the associates of Saint Margaret's Guild bound themselves, in case of civil war, to make every effort to bring about peace. The Saint herself did much useful peacemaking for her own city and diocese.

Another Franciscan *trait* was the indignation Saint Margaret felt at the sight of a ruined church. In 1290 she had completed the work of restoring the Church of Saint Basil, next to which was her own cottage and in which her body still rests. Saint Margaret died at the age of fifty, on February 22, 1297.

If her treatment of her son was cold and cruel, if her repentance was at times sensational in its expression, and if at times she seems in the *Legend* (pp. 142, 183) to have trembled on the verge of insanity, she was nevertheless one of the great Saints. It is good to have her life well written and her *Legend* skilfully adapted for English readers. But it is a pity that the book was not better named. Mr Montgomery Carmichael has finely called Mount La Verna "the Tuscan Cavalry"; Father Cuthbert might well have called Saint Margaret "the Tuscan Magdalene." For, as he says,

Margaret gives to the Franciscan legend a certain completion of human and divine experience, even as Magdalene may be said to complete the history of our Lord's mission in Galilee. And just as the Franciscan legend is but a reproduction on another and nearer historical canvas of the picture of the Galilean ministry, so is Margaret but a reproduction . . . of the Galilean Magdalene.

It is precisely in this nearness to us in point of time and in the comparative fullness of the records that lies the peculiar religious value of Franciscan studies in these times. Catholics were not the first to recognize their value. But it

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is a pleasant thought that this life of the Tuscan Magdalene has been written by an English Friar. R. B.

THOSE who can carry their recollections back to the period of the 'seventies will not require to be reminded that a hot discussion was then going on between Dr Bastian as the advocate of "spontaneous generation," and Pasteur, Tyndall, Huxley and others, the champions of biogenesis. Nor will they fail to remember that the scientific world decided in favour of the phrase "omne vivum ex vivo." In *The Evolution of Life* (Methuen) Dr Bastian once more returns to the fray with a courage and a persistence which cannot be too much admired. For the most part, the book is rather ancient history, since it retails the controversy of the period to which we have alluded, and reveals to us Dr Bastian's opinion of his adversaries and the way in which they treated him. Pasteur gained his victory by "illogical methods" (p. 124), which nevertheless seem to have imposed upon all other workers of all nations in the field once adorned by that great man of science. Huxley and Tyndall took up and adhered to a preconceived idea, and the Royal Society (here perhaps Dr Bastian, as a senior Fellow, has really some reason to complain) refused to publish his papers on the spontaneous origin of life in what he considered to be fully sterilized fluids. The plain man confronted by such a state of affairs will probably reason that though Athanasius may be right against the world, a good deal of proof will require to be forthcoming before such sweeping assertions as Dr Bastian makes can be accepted in face of the absolute unanimity of the rest of the scientific world.

Dr Bastian says that "we know" (which, by the way, we do not, whatever we may surmise) "that in the far-remote past . . . a new kind of synthesis must have taken place—a synthesis resulting in the formation of what we call 'living matter.'" According to his opinion a similar synthesis is still taking place all around us, and new living matter is constantly being formed from non-living materials. To establish this proposition he chiefly relies on his old experiments,

The Evolution of Life

which, as we have seen, failed to satisfy his scientific compeers at the time they were made, and also on some new observations which he calls conclusive, but which will hardly be regarded in that light by others. He faces the question which must arise in the mind of every man considering this matter, "What becomes of all the work of all the bacteriologists, if Dr Bastian's view is correct?" and he faces it, one must confess, with very little success.

It would appear almost incredible that bacteriologists should have been constantly labouring for so many years at this very subject, should have made so many millions of pure cultures, and yet that none of them should have stumbled upon a single atom of evidence supporting the views that Dr Bastian puts forward. Moreover, it is not merely the bacteriologist who is involved but every person who cans meat or puts up organic substances in air-tight receptacles. It is quite impossible within the limits of this note to enter into any criticism of the experiments detailed in the book. But this may be said—Dr Bastian complains (p. 312) that the repeated heating of their media, and often at high temperatures, by bacteriologists not only kills all pre-existent micro-organisms, but also destroys "any potential germinality of the media themselves." The whole kernel of the question seems to lie in this matter. If the heating is high enough and frequent enough, it does not deprive the medium heated of the power of sustaining bacterial life, but admittedly no bacterial life originates therein *de novo*. Readers will no doubt wait to consider the bearing of Dr Bastian's views upon current philosophy until he has succeeded in converting some few of his scientific brethren, who cannot be suspected to have any reasons other than scientific for differing from him.

B.C.A.W.

THE extraordinary activity which has been shown by workers in the different fields of the wide domain of biology since the publication of Darwin's first book, the great number of different hypotheses which have been set forth, and the contending views which are held with regard to almost all, if not all, of them make the appearance

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of really adequate works of condensation not only acceptable but even necessary to the ordinary reader, who cannot be expected to wade through the morass of monographs and memoirs in which these theories are expounded, defended or attacked. The mischief is that these summaries have often been compiled by persons with but slender claims to pronounce opinions upon the important matters with which they set themselves to deal, with the result that we have libraries of rubbishy books by half-informed persons posturing before an ignorant public as men of science. In Mr Lock's *Recent Progress in the Study of Variation, Heredity and Evolution* (Murray. 7s. 6d.), we have a book which can be recommended, for it is written by a man who thoroughly knows his subject, who is alive to its most recent developments, and who is also, what the other kind of writer never is, alive to the fact that even in science everything is not yet fully discovered and determined. In a word, he is as modest as the sciolist is cocksure.

Mr Lock frankly writes as a Mendelian and a transmutationist, positions which are not common to all biologists of the day; and he is, as he allows in his preface, profoundly influenced by the personality and work of Bateson, the prophet of discontinuity in development. Of this side of the controversy we have never come across a fairer or more complete statement, and those who wish to know what the views are which are so deeply influencing scientific thought at the present day may safely be referred to Mr Lock as a guide. He touches most of the problems at present actively under discussion, and those who have read and digested his book will be in a position to understand the position of thinkers of to-day. Weismann, it is true, he passes over with what some would call rather scant notice, but that, we may take it, means that he, in common with many of his scientific brethren, is totally unable, whilst endorsing the verdict of the world as to the great and continuing value of many of Weismann's discoveries, to follow him into the region of theory and scientific romance in which he has wandered of late years.

The Study of Religions

The word romance reminds us that this term might without impropriety be applied to the history of Mendel and his discovery, a discovery which Mr Lock, in an outburst of enthusiasm, describes as "of an importance little inferior to those of a Newton or a Dalton." Mendel lived his life as a monk and died as an Abbot (by the way, why do all scientific writers call him Abbé instead of Abbot?) without having reaped the slightest atom of credit for his discovery, which indeed lay completely unheeded in the pages of a remote journal until it was recently rediscovered. Yet it is revolutionizing biological thought and may exercise an extraordinary influence on cattle and horse breeding and on farming generally.

Perhaps it ought to be added that Mr Lock's book is not of a purely popular character: it goes very fully into the matters with which it deals, and probes them to the bottom. But with the aid of the Glossary it can be read by any intelligent person, and may be particularly commended to those who are engaged in teaching not only biology but philosophy in seminaries and colleges.

B. C. A.W.

WE should like to draw attention to two papers published some time since by the Rector of the Diocesan Seminary of the Archdiocese of Albi—"Valeur Apologétique des Religions," par P. Alfarc, Directeur au Grand Séminaire d'Albi (*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Nov. 1 and 15, 1905). At a time when the question of the comparative study of religions is agitating many minds, these two papers are extremely opportune. We can only indicate the main outlines of his thesis. He begins by arguing that it is one of the leading characteristics of the human race to be profoundly religious. As far back as any evidence goes, we find that men believed in the existence of something they considered divine; and this is also true of the great bulk of contemporary savage races. It has been objected that Buddhism is an atheistic religion. But though Buddha ignored God, the great majority of his followers soon ceased to be non-theistic, adopted many of the ideas of those around them, and became polytheists. The universality of

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religion is borne out by the exhaustive studies of Quatrefages, and of Tiele, who writes as follows:

The assertion that there are peoples or tribes without religion is based either on inexact observations or on a confusion of ideas. . . . We have therefore the right to say that religion, taken in its widest sense, is a phenomenon proper to the whole of mankind.

This universal religiosity has always tended to urge men to seek what they deemed supernatural and divine. Every religion that has had any real place in history has tended in this direction. Such a universal aspiration, impulse or craving of our nature cannot be the result of chance, nor was it given in vain. It points to the conclusion that there is a God, who allows men to enter into communication with Himself and is willing to assist them by means above their nature, or by "grace." As religiosity is so widespread, we can say that this assistance extends to all men, and that no human being, however savage and degraded, is entirely excluded from it.

In order to determine their comparative value, we have to inquire, says Père Alfaric, how far the religions answer to the imperative demand of our being. The value of each will be in proportion to the degree in which it responds to that demand. That religion alone is entirely worthy of its name which is perfectly adapted to the religious needs of all kinds of men. Such a religion could not fail to meet with a ready acceptance, and spread rapidly amongst the whole of mankind. It is not meant that it would receive universal adhesion, or even that it would be embraced by the majority; for everybody has free will, and some may be predisposed against it by passion or prejudice. But, as such defects of our nature cannot become a constant principle, this religion ought to make way and gain adherents amongst all races of men, all classes of society and every type of mind. In this sense, at least, it would unquestionably be "Catholic."

The greater number of religions have never had any wide diffusion. Amongst savage races each tribe may be said to have its own special religion; its propagation is never dreamt of. National religions may have wider extension, but they

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seldom reach beyond national boundaries. On the other hand, there are three religions which students have sometimes classed as universal, namely, Buddhism, Islamism and Christianity. Tiele rejected this classification, and Kuenen came to the conclusion that it was vain to seek the marks of universality in Buddhism or Islamism, while, on the other hand, he found that it developed by degrees in Judaism and manifested itself in full vigour in Christianity. This conclusion, drawn from internal reasons, is strictly in accordance with objective facts, says Père Alfarc; and he proceeds to dispose, with arguments which are not less cogent because they seem to have been stated before, of the claims to universality put forward on behalf of Islamism and of Buddhism. He concludes of Islamism that a religion which has made such little progress amongst the most civilized nations of the world cannot be universal; and of Buddhism that a religion which after so many ages has gained so little influence has no claim to be regarded as universal.

The only universal religion on earth is Christianity, concludes Père Alfarc. Latins and Greeks, Teutons and Celts, Slavs and Tartars, Africans and Syrians, Yellow and Black, Redskins and Oceanians, Esquimaux and Patagonians, Indians and New Zealanders, Chinese and Japanese, have all supplied numerous, fervent and devoted adherents to it, many of whom proved their sincerity with their blood. Its followers represent the most varied social conditions. And this is all the more striking as Christianity is not satisfied with mere exterior and superficial adhesion; it aims at transforming and renovating the entire man. It has effectually introduced new sentiments as well as modes of thought and action. This influence was not slow in making itself felt. Christianity spread rapidly on account of its own intrinsic merits and by its own superior powers. In most cases it had to work its way in the face of fierce persecution, and its whole life has been one continual combat against worldly power, passion, vice and evil habit, and against the influence of the wealthy and the sneers of sophists. A religion so well calculated to meet the wants of all varieties of men must necessarily have the Maker of mankind for its author. C. A.

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DR AGAR BEET has for some years past won recognition as a representative theologian of the Methodist position. In his *Manual of Theology* (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) he attempts, after an apology for Christianity and a description of the sources of his inquiry, a synthesis of Positive Theology. Since the impetus to labour in this field of theological study was given by Möhler and Newman, there has been an ever increasing band of workers. Catholic and Protestant scholars have by courteous rivalry evolved a sound scientific method and produced a certain assured result. It is, therefore, a matter for some surprise that Dr Beet should ignore the labours of so many scholars of European reputation. This omission might be condoned if the result of his independent labours evidenced the exhaustive and critical method which we are accustomed to expect from the student of positive theology; but unfortunately this is not so, and least of all where he treats of the doctrine and practice of the primitive Church with respect to the Sacraments.

F. R.

MRS ELIZABETH MONTAGU, the "Queen of the Bluestockings" and most famous Englishwoman of her day, is now forgotten save by the readers of contemporary memoirs, where she is mentioned now in terms of admiration and sometimes adulation, now in terms of mockery. It has been M. Huchon's endeavour, in *Mrs Montagu and Her Friends* (Murray. 6s. net), to discover the right medium between these extreme opinions, and to decide Mrs Montagu's title to fame. He has done it very well.

Born in 1720, Elizabeth Robinson was noted from her earliest youth for her "uncommon sensibility, acuteness of understanding and extraordinary beauty." The learned Dr Middleton, her step-grandfather, delighted in her lively sallies, taught her Latin and encouraged her to read the classics. Her girlish friendship with the Duchess of Portland brought her into early acquaintance with the fashionable and literary world, where her beauty, wit and high spirits made her company much sought. Her letters

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were as much admired as herself; they were circulated among her friends, and Archbishops, among others, demanded copies. This adulation increased her self-confidence and stimulated her vanity and ambition, but she had too much sense and force of character to be carried away by it. She had no illusions, and knew exactly what she wanted in life. This is shown in her choice of a husband. She decided, when only eighteen, that he must be prudent and rich, and at twenty-one she wrote:

When I marry, I do not intend to enlist entirely under the banners of Cupid or Plutus, but take prudent consideration and decent inclination for my advisers.

This competent pair led her a year later to select a husband in all ways qualified to give her the position she required. Mr Montagu was rich and amiable, a member of Parliament, and a cousin of the Earl of Sandwich. He was fond and proud of his clever young wife, twenty-nine years his junior, and she esteemed him for his good qualities and as the source of her worldly prosperity. It was a happy marriage, though their only child, a little boy, died at two years old. This sorrow made Mrs Montagu throw herself anew into the literary and social pursuits she had been tempted to abandon while her child lived, and from the year 1747 her house in Hill Street became famous for the parties she gave there. All the distinguished people of the day in art, literature, politics and science flocked round her—many who are now quite forgotten, but were then thought much of. "I don't invite idiots to my parties," she told Garrick; nor did she allow cards, or conversation on any but literary subjects. In 1769 Mrs Montagu arrived at the zenith of her fame by the publication of her able essay in vindication of Shakespeare, in answer to Voltaire's abuse of that "intoxicated savage." It was received with acclamation in England, and for the first time raised a doubt in the French mind as to Voltaire's infallibility as a critic. Henceforward Mrs Montagu reigned supreme as a literary genius, though not without effort or adverse criticism.

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Miss Burney gives an interesting description of Mrs Montagu's method of entertaining:

The semicircle that faced the fire retained during the whole evening its unbroken form, with a precision that made it seem described by a Brobdignagian compass. The lady of the castle commonly placed herself at the upper end of the room, near the commencement of the curve, so as to be courteously visible to all her guests, having the person of the highest rank or consequence properly on one side, and the person of the next rank sagaciously on the other, or as near to her chair and her converse as her favouring eye and a complacent bow of the head could invite him to that distinction. Her conversational powers were of a truly superior order: strong, just, clear and often eloquent. Her process in argument, notwithstanding an earnest solicitude for pre-eminence, was uniformly polite and candid. But her reputation for wit seemed always in her thoughts, marring their natural flow and untutored expression. No sudden start of talent urged forth any precarious opinion; no vivacious idea varied her logical course of ratiocination. Her smile, though most generally benignant, was rarely gay, and her liveliest sallies had a something of anxiety rather than hilarity, till their success was ascertained by applause. Her form was stately, and her manners were dignified. Her face retained strong remains of beauty through life, and though its native cast was evidently that of severity, its expression was softened into an almost constant desire to please.

Wroxall says much the same, with the masculine comment that her voice was unmusical and that "there was nothing feminine about her."

Horace Walpole rarely mentions her or her parties without a gibe, and another shrewd observer, Fanny Burney's "Daddy" Crisp, derided her pretensions to learning. Dr Johnson, however, said that Mrs Montagu "diffuses more knowledge than any woman I know, or indeed almost than any man." The variety of these and similar opinions may be partly explained by the fact that Horace Walpole and Mr Crisp were in advance of their age, while Dr Johnson was not. The two former criticized the woman as a competitor, while Dr Johnson's views on the performances of women are embodied somewhere in Boswell, "Sir, a

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woman speaking [or writing?] is like a dog walking on its hind legs. It is not well done, but you are surprised to find it done at all." This is the true eighteenth-century opinion. Learning among men was confined to the few, and among women quite unknown; and women authors were held in disrepute. Mrs Montagu was the first woman of good character and assured position who "commenced author," and it is greatly due to her that the feeling against them changed. This is, in fact, her chief claim to fame.

Her learning and literary talent were inconsiderable. Had she lived in these days, it is doubtful if she would have been literary at all. Though she talked metaphysics and admired "universal Tully" and "deep Tacitus," and was certainly a well-read woman, her mind was essentially unliterary, active and practical rather than imaginative or reflective. To-day she would have been a platform orator, and social problems undreamt-of in her time would have given scope to her ability. For love of power was the main-spring of her life, and literature was then her sole means of acquiring it. Mrs Montagu wished to reign in the open; unlike most ambitious women she had no wish to rule through the minds or hearts of men. This is perhaps why she took no part in politics. Her supremacy was obtained through sheer force of character. She was the embodiment of the eighteenth century. "Reason" and "moderation" were her favourite virtues, and anything resembling "enthusiasm" she abhorred. "Virtue, wisdom, honours, prosperity and happiness are all to be found on the turnpike road, or are not to be found at all," she wrote with the comfortable assurance, peculiar to this age, that these qualities were to be found in chunks. She was very generous and a staunch friend, and according to her lights kind to the poor. Every May Day she gave a dinner to all the little chimney-sweeps; and when she visited her collieries in Yorkshire and Durham, she gave meat to the colliers and "some apparel, cheap rice, skimmed milk, and coarse beef" to their children. Anything more sumptuous would have savoured to her of "enthusiasm."

On the whole, then, she was "a character rather to re-

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spect than to love," as Miss Burney said; for she had not the *don d'aimer* by which alone love can be made fond or faithful. But it must be remembered that old Lord Bath said he did not believe a more perfect woman existed, and Burke, when told it, said, "I do not think he said a word too much."

M. L.

THE Anglo-Saxon race, here and in New England, may fairly claim to be interested beyond the average in problems of conduct. These held, it seems, a larger place in English fiction of "the earnest 'sixties" than they do now; but in much of the American fiction that reaches England ethical questions, apart from any theological aspect, are still the chief theme. From this literature a type of "New England Conscience" may be generalized, of which the more feminine sides are finely presented by Mary Wilkins and by Margaret Deland.

The New England conscience at its best would seem to produce a standard of lofty thought, delicate honour and unswerving self-sacrifice in ordinary human affairs, its faults being perhaps a too constant looking inward and a tendency to ignore large, national duties. For instance, Mary Wilkins has only once, in *The Portion of Labour*, dealt at length with wide social issues and the brutal, insistent problems of rich and poor. Yet her earlier books, chiefly character-studies from New England villages, treat mostly of the working classes, and have a reality and seriousness lacking in her last, which describes types and environment very like those of English suburbs.

We had better confess that *By the Light of the Soul* (Harper Bros. 6s.) does not seem to us to rank with Miss Wilkins's best work, but it has that suggestive quality, often found in a good writer's "second-best," which causes a careful reader to realize high intentions unfulfilled. Briefly, it relates the development of a pretty, silly and rather unpleasantly precocious little girl into a strong-willed, deeply-conscientious woman. Her life is crossed by an extraordinarily foolish marriage, one of those imbecile happenings of real life that fiction usually discards as too

By the Light of the Soul

absurdly unlikely. She meets all the ensuing difficulties with a fine disregard of her own interests, and even of common-sense, and also with the traditional New England firmness of will.

Little is heard of her intellectual growth. The chief interest of the story is the development of temperament, passionate or maternal. Strong will, modified or intensified by the workings of conscience, is a favourite subject with Miss Wilkins. She can realize the darker and wilder side of human nature, its possibilities of brute-like persistence and rage. She has written of the unseen in a volume of ghost stories, subtle and telling, but marred by her pervading fault of materialism, or perpetual concern with material things. To this quality her work owes much of its force and colour, but it has seemed to degenerate latterly from the picturesque writer's legitimate "love of things," such as Scott's enjoyment of the shape of a swordhilt or the stuff of a doublet, to a Gautier-like obsession with physical beauty and sensuous refinement. Her besetting sin is a tendency to make spiritual and material refinement synonymous terms. From her last book, especially, one would think that she could not conceive the light of the soul showing through a thick skin or heavy features, nor circumstances under which the most refined heroines should and must have dirty hands and shabby clothes. This is a failing most incident, perhaps, to women writers, but not exclusively to them.

In Margaret Deland's work, however, "love of things" keeps its due place. Book for book, *The Awakening of Helena Richie* (Harper Bros. 6s.) is a far better work than *By the Light of the Soul*. Miss Deland is perhaps more of a thinker, but we feel that her characters did not make the stories for themselves, but were chosen to work out problems of life and conduct. We tire a little of "Old Chester," where live most of her personages, carried on from book to book. Yet, if the atmosphere is not so bright as in Miss Wilkins's book, the situation is a stronger one and the drawing of the chief personages much finer. Helena Richie is one of those frail, pretty beings whose utter helplessness is

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sometimes irresistibly appealing. A conscience is developed in her by her love for an adopted child. How she comes to realize that, having lived in sin, she is no fit guardian for the child is most powerfully told.

These two books, evidently representing the ideals if not the standards of a living community, set us wondering what possible relation the New England conscience can have to New York and a certain notorious trial proceeding there. Perhaps the only answer is to be found in the words of John Oliver Hobbes, who said once that the United States of America contained as many different countries as Europe, and even more various ones. R.C.T.

THE *Lost Word* is in affinity to the whole literature of allegory, legend and fable, but with a marked difference from the type. Miss Underhill not only strives to blend the inner meaning and the symbol, the ideal and the actual, spirit and flesh, but to analyse as well as to present, to dissect as well as to mould. The book is astonishingly clever, and much of it is truly beautiful; the characters are also extremely interesting but, with the exception of Catherine and Lotty, not very clearly defined. However, they are individual enough for the purpose. They rouse our sympathies and touch our emotions with their cravings and their aspirations. Their souls are with us, and that should suffice. The curious thing is that the dimness around them is not because they are immaterial, but because the material side is too much insisted upon and too much dissected. The soul and body do not form one living whole. Happily the spiritual side is not destroyed.

Was there no true artistic instinct in the old method of the parable and the allegory? In them the spirit was all in all. The material side of human nature became typical, almost abstract. The tendency was to simplify and unite, not to analyse and dissect. It is a question of proportion and perspective.

Miss Underhill attempts the double task of analysing the passions of the lower man as well as describing his intercourse with the unseen. It is at moments as if the hero

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were a Sir Galahad who had fallen into the hands of a moral Zola—a Zola far too high-minded to speak in the tones of experience. The treatment of the temptations of the hero and heroine is too crude and too young to make the story suitable reading for the young or entirely pleasant reading for their elders. And yet it is a pity! For the exquisite beauty of the consoling of Catherine by the Maria Desolata (to take one out of many fine passages) is a wonderful piece of work, a thing to have and to hold in the treasury of sacred imaginative art.

After all, it is not a deliberate judgement, only a query that here ventures forth. Are the methods of this distinctly valuable bit of literature the true and possible methods? Can the same artist be lavish in the use of all the inner and outer beauty of legend and of spiritual lore, and also use the dissecting knife? And this gives rise to a further and sadder thought. Perhaps the true legendary art in literature, the true symbolic workmanship, passed away under the growth of the scientific tree of knowledge? If so, it can only be that it is to give place to a larger discourse, a more manly idealism, as the book of life is further opened to the children of men. S.

WE often notice that with a writer of distinction, if the first book has been tentative, the second holds the place of "cette première œuvre, toujours trop abondante, trop touffue, dans laquelle on jette tout un arriéré d'idées et d'opinions." And in the third the author gives more attention to form than to material. If he considers the same questions as before, he will present other less striking aspects of them, and generally the third book interests us more as a complement to the second than as a new departure.

Benedict Kavanagh, by George Birmingham (Edward Arnold. 6s.) seems to belong to this type of third book. We miss the large dramatic and national issues of *Hyacinth*, its forerunner, and above all the poetical atmosphere. The purpose is too evident to please those who wish to enjoy good writing untroubled by problems; there is less story to

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amuse the thoughtless, and no love-interest. And, as in *Hyacinth*, there is a certain formless realism in the plot, characters appear and vanish, as they often do in real life, without making their mark. Yet the most exacting critic, desirous that Mr Birmingham should be always surpassing himself, would allow that the personages, great and small, are better drawn and the reflections more concise and telling than in the earlier book. There is plenty of humour, fine specimens of election oratory (though the author in his commentary should beware of too facile wit), a most sympathetic description of Irish provincial railways, country-town journalism and entertainments, a rather terrible account of a Dublin music-hall, and a gallery of delightful middle-class figures. If the sketches of those socially above them are less interesting, it may be that, as Socialists say, it is almost impossible to write well of the leisured classes when once you are convinced of their artificiality and remoteness from real life.

But the most remarkable subsidiary figures in *Benedict Kavanagh* are the Orangemen, for the characteristics and the virtues of Protestant Ulster are brought out with a rare appreciation, the more valuable since the author's sympathies are clearly with Connaught and the West.

Benedict Kavanagh, the illegitimate son of a Nationalist leader, is brought up in Orange surroundings, and then left to take his own way. He is at first an ineffective, slowly-developing character, the prose counterpart of Hyacinth Conneally, who re-appears at the end of this book. He is early brought in touch with those who are working for Ireland, but cannot yet recognize the value of their labour, his own national entity being unawakened. When he does recognize it, the difference between him and Hyacinth is this: the latter desired greatly to serve Ireland, and had what some call the Religion of Patriotism. Benedict awakens to his own infinite need of a religion, and at length chooses that of patriotism, but though he learns to serve Ireland finally, the task was first undertaken for the good of his own soul. Readers of *The Seething Pot* and *Hyacinth* will have little doubt as to the nature of Bene-

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dict's patriotic labours; he becomes a worker on the land and an active member of the Gaelic League.

The Gaelic League, "educational, non-political and non-sectarian," is uniquely fitted to cope with those terrible hindrances to a national life which Mr Birmingham so well describes: the profound cleavage between the two Churches, mutual party hatred and distrust, acute class distinction, long-fostered lack of initiative in dealing with practical difficulties, and, worst of all, cowardice and time-serving in the electorate. "Be brave!" "Be true!"—the exhortations to these most simple, most difficult virtues recur again and again.

And let it be noted that these are all recognized as hindrances from within, failings of national character, for which neither the Castle nor even the Congested District Board are directly responsible. There is none of that dependence on help from without which marred so much of the patriotic verse of '98. "Reform yourselves, educate yourselves," is the war-cry of the Gaelic League.

Pages could be filled with quotations of the swift, incisive passages which tell of the difficulties the Gaelic League must meet and surmount. But since the first of these difficulties is the acquiring, by learned and unlearned, of a very puzzling language, we may give the indcement and the reason for this:

"It is the language of my heart."

The Irish blessing, and the simplicity with which it was uttered, called up in him a sense of high romance. . . . The genius of the people was in the language he listened to. . . . Among these people, preserved for them in their language, preservable by no other means except their language, dwells faith, . . . that belief in the reality and immanence of the eternal for which the great world sighs in vain. . . . And along with faith there linger other things—the high emotion of great romance, a splendid indifference to small material matters, a lofty vision of life, a serious courtesy.

Strange feelings crowded in upon Benedict; . . . the phrase formed itself on his lips, "It is the language of my heart."

"The tide has turned," says Hyacinth Conneally to Benedict Kavanagh when they met on the sands at Carrowkeel, "but I did not see it until now."

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Even now there are long wastes of hatred and misunderstanding (between Irish and Irish, as well as between England and Ireland) to be covered by the clean, united sea. Perhaps the tide began to turn and flow in 1890, but we hardly saw it then.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

R.C.T.

THOSE Catholic girls for whom it is mainly intended will welcome *Honour Without Renown* (by Mrs Innes-Brown. Burns and Oates. 3s. 6d.) as a pleasing addition to their library of lighter literature. The earlier part of the book in particular holds the attention with a pleasant thrill of excitement, and the picture of the young Sister of Charity, who may be called the heroine, is refreshing.

During the whole of Manfred's story the plot is well sustained, but after his death it sinks to the obvious. We are hardly told enough, despite some attractive glimpses, of the poor prisoner to feel in him the interest which Manfred awakens.

The volume is complete in itself, yet it should be remembered that it is a sequel to *Three Daughters of the United Kingdom*, two of whom are, however, but slightly touched on in its pages. It is indeed with England's daughter, Sister Marguerite, that the author is principally concerned, and we are shown how the goodness and self-denial of a naturally strong and fiery temperament render her the guiding spirit of the others. This gives the book an excellent moral. Yet one criticism must be made. The conversations and descriptions are sometimes rendered tedious by the length to which moral reflections are drawn, and by the repetition of ideas already dwelt on. If these had been pruned away, and if the coming events cast less shadow before, the interest of the story would last to the end.

M.W.

Saint Patrick

TWO books, costing one shilling each, and each concerned with Saint Patrick, were published by Messrs Burns and Oates in time for the great feast of March 17. One is a fourth edition of *Ireland and Saint Patrick*, by the late Father William Bullen Morris, of the Oratory. The discerning reader will gather that this discursive book of controversy first saw the light in the 'eighties. The second edition appeared in 1892, but no date is given either for the third, or, most important of all, for the first.

It is difficult to disengage from such a book the central principles which it was intended to defend and expound. There is so much "beating about the bush with deep emotion" that one contemplates the emotion and forgets the hares. Yet perhaps the main plea of the essays is that the power of the Christian religion alike in ancient Rome and in modern Ireland is a fact which history cannot afford to ignore.

Christian history has been presented to us by some modern writers as an effect without a cause, a drama with the omission of the principal part. When historians give us facts for causes; when we are asked to content ourselves with an explanation which only brings us back to the same point; when the pleasure-seeking Roman, who revelled in seeing other men devoured, is supposed to have been unaccountably smitten with the desire of being devoured in turn; when we are told that the fanaticism and superstition of a few Galilean fishermen silenced and captivated the philosophy of Greece and Rome, and that warlike and barbarous nations knelt to the Cross from a natural sympathy with shame and sorrow, we can only say that it is rationalism, not faith, which asserts its independence of reason and common-sense.—pp.7-8.

There are many equally forcible passages in the book. But, as a whole, it is out of date and too discursive to have much value, when every possible allowance has been made for the rust which accumulates upon weapons of controversy during twenty years of disuse. At the time of its first appearance Father Morris's work did good service to religious and political truth in pushing home the thrusts which Mr Lecky had dealt at Mr Froude. In a recent book Mr Herbert Paul has endeavoured to reverse or modify the judgement which time and honest research have passed

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upon Froude's methods; but his *Life of Froude* was no more than a *tour de force* in the service of a cause long since lost.

Thus it is that the chief interest of this fourth edition of Father Morris's controversial essays lies in its indirect testimony to the movement of opinion in England during the last twenty years.

The essays are also valuable for the use made of the writings of Edmund Burke. Here is a mine of good ore which should be further exploited by those Catholic writers who are not content to preach to the convinced, but desire to influence the opinions of their countrymen in general. For Burke, besides being a great writer, has also a great name, which is probably more acceptable to English ears than the name of Newman. In his *Present Position of Catholics in England* Newman writes that "the religion which forbids private judgement in matters of revelation is historically more tolerant than the religions which uphold it." Far more persuasively Burke makes a similar contention in his *Irish Affairs* (edited by Matthew Arnold, p. 43):

When an ancient establishment begins early to persecute an innovation, . . . it puts its own authority, not only of compulsion, but prepossession, the veneration of past age as well as the activity of the present time, against the opinion only of a private man, or set of men. . . . Commanding to constancy, it does nothing but that of which it sets an example itself. But an opinion at once new and persecuting is a monster, because on the very instant in which it takes a liberty of change it does not leave to you even a liberty of perseverance.

Concerning Saint Patrick himself there is surprisingly little in the book, except in so far as every characteristic of the Irish character may be traced back to his apostolic work. Research has been hard at work upon the sources of our knowledge of the Saint since Father Morris wrote his chapter on "Saint Martin and Saint Patrick." The value of this part of the book would have been much enhanced if some competent writer had discussed in an introduction the views put forward during the last eighteen months by Professor Bury and by Dr Healy, Archbishop of Tuam.

Father Morris argues that the birthplace of Saint Patrick was in Gaul, and, more particularly, in Touraine, thus

Saint Patrick

making him the countryman as well as the disciple of St Martin of Tours. Professor Bury concludes that the Saint was born not far from the mouth of the Severn. From the *Tripartite Life* we know that Saint Patrick joined Saint Martin at Tours, and from Probus that he was there four years. Saint Patrick himself says in his "Confession" that he was about sixteen when he was taken captive to Ireland, that he was in servitude six years, and that on his release he went to his *patria*. If he was four years with St Martin, he must have reached Tours at the age of about twenty-two, early in the year 393, for St Martin died in March 397. Thus Saint Patrick at his death in 492 must have been 120 years old, and (so said Father Morris) Touraine must have been his *patria*. But he may have used the word of Touraine because he was ordained priest there. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and it must be acknowledged that the whole of Father Morris's argument rests upon a literal interpretation of one word.

Katharine Tynan, in *The Rhymed Life of St Patrick* ("pictured by Lindsay Symington; with a Foreword by Gen. Sir William Butler, K.C.B." Burns and Oates. 1s. net), is careful to slur over this point.

At last his slavery was done:
In great patience for Mary's Son
He had endured so long to keep
Through the hard weather Milcho's sheep,
But hungered still for his own country.
At last a voice called him that he
Make ready, for the good ship was ready,
The sail was filled and the wind steady.

The next page (with its charming picture of Marmoutiers above the Loire) tells us of St Martin:

St Martin of Tours, the story ran,
Shared his cloak with a beggar man;
And afterwards in a vision saw
The King of Heaven on His throne of awe
In the half of the cloak the beggar had.
(Doubtless said Martin, then dismayed,
"I wish I had given the other half.")
He was St Patrick's cousin and staff.
His monastery, Marmoutiers,
Brought many pilgrim feet that way;
Upon the banks of Loire it lay.

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There for awhile Patrick abode,
Had sweetest rest upon his road,
And there was made a priest of God.

These two extracts, taken at random for another purpose, will serve to show the quality of Mrs Hinkson's verses. Their one defect is that so many of them are not well rhymed. For children a rhyme must be good and true in sound, whether it be good or not according to the canons of literature or of pedantry. Nor would any canons, pedantic or poetic, justify such rhymes as "pollute her" with "otter," "caressed" with "beast," "faith" with "death," "had" with "dismayed," or "ruddy" with "body," which last occurs twice. Nevertheless the verses have the charm of directness, and are not marred, like so many others of their kind, by an attempt to "write down" to children. The last poem is the best:

St Bridget sat with Patrick and listened,
When suddenly a great light glistened
Over the churchyard; and some one said,
"Tell us, Bridget, what this portends."
"It means," said Bridget, "that one of God's friends,
The greatest in Ireland, will soon be dead."
Patrick bowed his head, and he saith,
"Gaudeamus!" for his death.
He took the Lord's Body and died,
Full of years and labours, well satisfied.
He lay in Bridget's shroud at Down,
And while he lay unburied,
The Lord's glory wrapped his head.
They laid him under the earth brown
Under the green and springing grass:
Deo Gratias!

Mr Symington's illustrations are admirable in every way except that, as in *The Alphabet of Saints*, the type and pattern of this series of children's books, he seems unable to draw a being at once young and masculine. But his pictures are remarkable for their broad vigour and for their decorative effect. His illustrations of St Patrick's baptism and of Marmoutiers are perhaps the best, while for emotional effect he has done nothing so good as the picture of Saint Bridget beside the body of Saint Patrick, illustrating the poem just quoted.

A.B.C.



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